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# THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By J. A. FROUDE, M.A. Vols. I., II. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1856.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this is a work of very great ability. Mr. Froude has written it under a conception of history, which, though inadequate as regards his actual subject, is nevertheless essentially correct. He thinks rightly that history, to be of real value, should be a clear and harmonious picture of national life, expressing the various agencies which produce it, in their natural likeness and true relations. He eschews the tribe of historical sophists, of whom Sir A. Alison is the great representative, who give us views about their subject, not the subject itself, and who generalize whole periods into stereotyped conclusions, or overlay their facts with a mass of their own ideas. In short, he believes that history as well as poetry should be disinterestedly objective; and he has eminently the art of throwing himself thoroughly into his work, and of freeing it from the deceptive colours of modern opinions. And, as he sustains his conception just in the main by considerable learning, a powerful imagination, a reverent and most sympathetic spirit, and a perfect mastery of excellent language, his history is vivid in all its delineations, and forms a drama of singular interest, which, though cast after the type of the author's thoughts, does not continually obtrude them upon us. We think it entitled to this commendation, that whatever may be its errors or defects, it is a noble attempt to fulfil a high ideal, and that it is one of the finest specimens of modern English.

But the conception of this history is imperfect, and this has seriously injured its value, and has made it too nearly resemble

a series of scenes, very dramatic, but not trustworthy. It is a conception under which the annals of early Greece or of the Rome of the later Cæsars might be very adequately composed, but which cannot do justice to English history. For the historian of England at any phase of her existence, more especially at such a period as that of the Reformation, cannot faithfully represent the national life unless he accurately describe the constitution which supported it—the organic structure which gave it its development. He should therefore trace out with care the form of the Government of England, the status and co-relation of the estates of the realm, the influences of authority paramount in the State, the methods by which its acts were carried out, and the character of the administration of general justice. But, as the polity of England can only truly be found out by following it along vast tracts of time, he is compelled to generalize this part of his subject; and although broad conclusions must be the result, they are absolutely necessary to guide the reader, and, when they are philosophically deduced, they protect the historian himself from some errors of judgment and fancy. Now Mr. Froude has almost altogether avoided this duty; in his anxiety to be particular and specific, and to deal only with the facts of his period, he has omitted to give us some general ideas required by his subject; and this inadequacy of conception is the fruitful source of many errors. It has led him to hasty conclusions, to false judgments, to giving undue significance to certain facts, and less than their real value to others, and to a series of very remarkable paradoxes. We must add, that partly in consequence of this defect, partly from a want of judgment in the author, and partly from the excessive tyranny of his imagination, the premises of this history are sometimes incorrect, that in several particulars it leaves false impressions on the mind, and that really it is as much under the dominion of peculiar views as the philosophizing histories he so carefully avoids.

The period of Mr. Froude's narrative is perhaps the most interesting in the history of Europe. It is a period famed for its external events, its terrible wars, and its large conquests; for great political revolutions, the effects of which are still working; and for the most important religious change since the fall of Paganism. The last seventy years of the sixteenth century are marked with these momentous characteristics—the perilous extension of the Ottoman power, the triumph of autocracy over feudalism in Germany, France, and Spain, the general extinction of Italian independence and civilization, the planting of European races in America, the rise and progress of the Reformation, and the partial revival of Catholicism. They beheld the hordes

of the Crescent, directed by an able leader, and availing themselves of the discord of Christendom, penetrate into the heart of Germany, besiege Vienna, overrun Hungary, and sweep the coasts of the Mediterranean. They saw Charles V. knit together the states of Germany into something like an homogeneous empire, and, throughout each state, promote the cause of despotism. They beheld the ancient monarchy of France, having gathered into itself the great independent fiefs, and becoming thoroughly freed from English control, gradually break down the feudal forces, which so long had kept it under, and, resting upon a powerful army, extinguish one by one the franchises of the noblesse, and shape itself into an absolute sovereignty. They saw how Charles V., and Philip II., by state policy, by cunning oppression, or by sheer force, destroyed the old free institutions of Spain, and coerced into subjection that haughty race of nobles who had once addressed their sovereign as 'equal to each of us, unequal to all.' They saw, as Hall pathetically exclaims, how on Italy, 'sometyme called the quene of the earth and floure of the world, there came a great defacing and blotting;' how that fair civilization of imperial cities was overwhelmed in the strife of foreign invaders, and gave place to a succession of ignoble tyrannies; how Florence fell, not unworthily of her old renown; how Venice was left to eke out an inglorious existence; and how, in Genoa alone, Doria preserved the image of liberty. They saw the monarchy of Spain organise its colonies in America under the auspices of mingled superstition and cruelty, and the free sailors of England—the authors of her naval and commercial greatness—commence that series of independent settlements which were ultimately to develop into the greatest of Republics. Finally, they witnessed the beginnings, the progress, and the partial repression of that great moral, spiritual, and religious revolution which we term the Protestant Reformation: how the extension of learning, the growth of commerce, the gradual decline of feudalism, and even the hostile intercourse of war, obliterated throughout a portion of Europe the unreasoning faith and the blind obedience which are the characteristics of Catholicism; how this impulse was promoted by the decay of religion in the representatives of the ancient faith by the lives of such Popes as Alexander VI. and Leo X., by the general corruption of the monastic orders, and by the arrogance of ecclesiastical domination; how, at length, it took a positive shape, and with intense earnestness, but in various forms, according to the diversities in the nature of its missionaries, it issued in the different creeds of Protestantism; how it spread abroad with extraordinary speed, everywhere asserting that the authority of

the Scriptures is higher than that of any visible church, and, therefore, insisting on the right of individuals to interpret them; how it penetrated deeply into large masses of men, and, becoming associated with power, with corruption, with ignorance, with ambition, and with other evil elements of human nature, it identified itself accidentally with rebellion, irreligion, and revolutionary excesses; how the Catholic church at length uprose against it, and, throwing off much of her old corruption, reforming herself through all her orders, welding anew her spiritual machinery, and, with her usual policy, cajoling tyranny into alliance with herself, combined against Protestantism a league of portentous strength; how, at length, Christendom became involved in a war of opinion, in which men, shaking off the bonds of nationality and family, and recognising no tie but that of religious party, coalesced into strange and unnatural unions, or broke off into equally extravagant strife; how England and Spain became at last the representatives of the contest, but carried it out with a very different policy, the cautious and selfish isolation of Elizabeth from the Protestant cause contrasting forcibly with the intense fanaticisms of Philip; how, backed by power, and sustained by renovated spiritual forces, Catholicism, though banished from many parts of Europe, regained much of her old dominion, and how Protestantism, though triumphant in part, was driven back from some of the territories she had won, though not without leaving her traces behind, and penetrating the ancient faith with much of her essence. The only period in European history which can show events of even nearly equal importance, is that of the first revolution in France; and the epic of the outburst of modern democracy is not as really interesting as that of the decline of the feudal system, the formation of the great continental monarchies, and the struggle of the Reformation with Catholicism.

This great national, political, and religious revolution was reflected in the destiny of England at this epoch, but its phenomena here were far less violent and convulsive, and, although their characteristics were essentially similar, they led to a very different issue. The tendency to governmental consolidation visible on the Continent, was seen here in the subjugation of Ireland, in the thorough incorporation of Wales with England, and in the union of the two crowns in James the First. In England, as throughout Europe, the feudal system succumbed; but, although at one time it seemed probable that despotism would succeed it, and that the Tudor dynasty would become as absolute as that of Charles the Fifth, the peril passed away, the germs of our constitutional government were sown, and the

form of our modern polity was cast. For, in England, owing to her insular position, to her customary isolation from European politics, and to the steady pacific policy of Elizabeth, the standing armies with which the monarchs of France and of Spain established absolutism on the ruins of feudal power, were most fortunately never brought together; the strength of the House of Commons was allowed to develop itself and at last to mature into the Long Parliament; and the martial spirit of the nation found a safe issue in a series of magnificent naval enterprises which extended our empire, without touching our liberties. And, although England had her Protestant Reformation, it was different in its crisis and its fate from that upon the Continent: for here it really originated with the Government; it commenced by an attack upon the political power of Rome, and not upon her spiritual doctrines; it progressed very slowly to a religious change, and for the most part under the auspices of the State; though not altogether free from peril and proscription, it was usually in alliance with power, and never organized a durable rebellion against it; and it ended in a compromise between the old and the new faiths, which combines them into a neutral system, Protestant and even Latitudinarian in its doctrines, but approaching the Roman Catholic polity. To show how the great Revolution of the sixteenth century, which throughout all Europe had an affinity of symptoms, led to such different results in England and on the Continent, is perhaps the most important duty of the historian of this period, and of course will engage the attention of Mr. Froude in the progress of his work.

Passing from this general view of the subject to Mr. Froude's account of it, so far as it appears in his first two volumes, we regret that, disregarding Lord Macaulay's example, he has not attempted to describe the external features of the England of the Tudors. Undoubtedly his genius is critical and dramatic rather than pictorial; but the materials for such a delineation are not wanting; and, had Mr. Froude devoted his attention to them, we think that his assertions with regard to the condition of the English peasantry at this period, would have been considerably modified. For, briefly, what is the picture of early Tudor England as it may be collected from contemporary and other writers? The surface of the country was still such as Arnold described it; 'cultivation had scarcely ventured beyond the valleys, or the low sunny slopes of the neighbouring hills, and whole tracts now swarming with inhabitants were a wide solitude of forest or of moor.' Harrison separates England into the 'champaign' and the 'woodland' districts, and of these the



region north of the Trent and Dee was by far the least civilized, as its climate was severe, its soil was unkindly, and its upper border was often devastated by Scottish incursions. Speaking generally, the champaign country was parcelled out, between cottier holdings, dotted thickly with mud cabins of many colours, and growing patches of barley, rye, and oats,—between the larger farms of the yeoman or the franklin, overlooked by unsightly homesteads of rude timber, from which the smoke made its way through an aperture in the rear, and boasting scanty crops of inferior wheat, intermingled with coarse pasturage—between large enclosures, thickly studded with gorse and heath, over which the grazier, disregarding penal statutes, sent his sheep to browse among the wrecks of depopulated hamlets—between fat pastures, in 1527 still abandoned to monasticism, but soon to pass into the hands of a new aristocracy—between vast chases, fenced off from the intruder's tread, and crowned by the Norman or Plantagenet castle, along which the deer wandered in flocks only visited by the hunter—and between the narrow areas of rude towns, whose irregular alleys of quaint houses, in frames of woodwork filled up with painted clay, nestled around the stately spires of a cathedral or an abbey. Again, speaking generally, the woodland country, to an extent it is now impossible to ascertain, was divided, either into wastes of forest, through which the red-deer still wandered, or the outlaw built his solitary hut, or in the glades of which rude villages were huddled together,—or into turf mosses, intersected by sluggish streams, along the banks of which the bittern boomed, or the industrious beaver made his dwelling,—or into huge islands of fens, surrounded with water, over which the cormorants flew thickly, and the wild geese gathered in flocks,—or into plains of wild common, rough with stunted hazels, over which the bustards strayed in large troops, or the wild bull led his shaggy herd. Nor did the appearance of even the largest towns denote a higher state of civilization, at least as regards the great mass of their inhabitants. The population of very few of them could have exceeded three thousand souls, and though they usually had one or two handsome churches or abbeys, or even a few houses built of stone, they were for the most part squalid villages of ugly cabins. Even London, although in the time of Henry the Eighth its religious and public buildings could show much magnificence, was a long straggling mass of narrow streets and rude dwellings, extending along the Thames from the Tower to Temple-bar, with a suburb running onward to Charing-cross, and perhaps half a mile broad at its widest point. Undoubtedly a great improvement in husbandry and in architecture took place in the reign of Elizabeth ;

more especially in the mansions of the country gentlemen; but the general features of Tudor England disclose a very low state of material prosperity, particularly with regard to the humbler classes in society. Their special characteristics are an immense mass of land altogether out of cultivation; large tracts engrossed by the demesnes of the nobility, or the pastures of graziers; a very low condition of agriculture; a general poverty and squalor in town districts; a most magnificent ecclesiastical architecture; and an extraordinary disproportion, as regards size and comfort, between the mansions of the aristocracy and the dwellings of every other class. It is the natural aspect of a country in which the commonalty are only rising into civilization, and as yet are held in small account by the State; in which the feudal system was still existing, and in which Catholicism had been established in great splendour.\*

But if the form of Tudor England is not traced by Mr. Froude, he reviews at length the condition of the English of the period—the amount and distribution of the population, the social principles under which they lived, the actual results of their organisation, and the general complexion and colour of the national life. This review is very able, and is beautifully written; but we think that some of its positions are untenable; that it rests several of its conclusions upon premises either insufficient or incorrect; and that it is suffused with the false lights of a powerful imagination in too fervent a sympathy with the age it deals with. According to Mr. Froude, in the first half of the sixteenth century, all the influence of the classes powerful in the state was directed to secure the common weal, to keep under the tendencies of private selfishness, and to guide the action of the nation to patriotic objects. For this result the estates of the realm worthily cooperated; and, availing themselves of the feudal system, still rooted in the land, and still strong with a noble spirit, they stamped its form and nature upon all the relations of society; and thus secured a magnificent national army; annexed to the tenure of land this civil obligation, that it should be used in a strict subordination to the public interests; established practically the rule that the right of the subject to property existed under a paramount right vested in the State; organised all trading and manufacturing industries into a curious hierarchy of guilds, corporations, mysteries, and apprenticeships, 'set on foot to realise that most necessary, if most difficult, condition of commercial excellence, under which man should deal faithfully with his brother, and all wares offered for sale, of whatever

\* We have endeavoured to transfer Harrison's description of England to this paragraph.

'kind, should honestly be what they pretended to be;' did not 'let that indispensable task go wholly unattempted of distributing the various functions of society by the rule of capacity;' kept down the tendency of capital to adjust its dealings according to its own interests and the rate of the market; and protected the industrious labourer by securing to him a rate of wages above the natural level, and averaging twenty shillings a week, while they visited the lazy and the vagrant with terrible penalties. And, according to Mr. Froude, the moral effects of this discipline were 'the coherence of society upon principles of fidelity;' 'men held together by oaths, free acknowledgments, and reciprocal obligations; duty to the State, at all times and in all things, supposed to override private interest or inclination;' 'the discipline of an army transferred to the details of social life, which issued in a chivalrous perception of the meaning of the word duty,' and 'in the old characteristic spirit of English loyalty;' in a word, an ideal of patriotic unselfishness in the State. And as society was thus raised to this high moral tone, so it was established in a great material prosperity, in which the five millions of souls who, Mr. Froude tells us, were the population of England, 'were prosperous, well fed, contented, and loyal, in all points of material comfort as well off as they had ever been, better off than they had ever been in later times;' in which they were not dealt with as useful but perilous 'masses,' or 'hands,' but were encouraged to bear arms, and to be thoroughly formidable; in which the 'glory of hospitality' shone equally in all classes, and was seen as well in the cottage of the peasant as in the castle of the baron; in which a national life, 'unrefined perhaps, but coloured with a broad, rosy, English health,' had its issue in vigorous martial exercises, in the splendid tournaments and revels of the nobility, and the archery and wrestling meetings of the lower classes; and in which England, then truly 'merry England,' exhibited the bright features of national contentment, in a hearty pursuit of dramatic representations, and the joyous sports of a careless people.

Mr. Froude, however, admits that, during the latter portion of the sixteenth century, the 'type upon which this old society grew,' began to wear out under influences adverse to it; and that, though not without an effort on the part of the State to preserve it, it gradually disappeared from English society. He thinks that, by degrees, the chivalrous spirit of feudal fidelity evaporated in the covetous tendencies of private selfishness; and that the ancient organisation of England, unsustained by the national life, either utterly decayed, or became a mere name. And so, by degrees, the kindly relations which had associated the

landed classes into union, each with the other, and with the State, were replaced by the harsher, and yet weaker bonds of contracts, founded upon mere self-interest, without any regard to the Commonwealth; the old mercantile bodies became unfitted for their purpose, and either degenerated into selfish monopolies, or disappeared under the pressure of new interests, conforming to the principles of modern trading; capital, being unrestrained by legalised fetters, and being allowed freely to make its own arrangements, gradually beat down the wages of labour to a level, lower than had ever previously existed; the condition of the lower classes sank in proportion; and accordingly, in that England in which once 'the principles of political economy were consciously or unconsciously contradicted; where an attempt, more or less successful, was made to bring the production and distribution of wealth under the moral rule of right and wrong, and where these laws of supply and demand, which we are now taught to regard as immutable ordinances of nature, were absorbed or superseded by a higher code,' a considerable moral and material deterioration has taken place as regards the large mass of its inhabitants. For many years, however, and until the close of the sixteenth century, Mr. Froude contends that the State struggled to preserve the old ideal; that the continual regulation of its various interests, appearing in the statute-book of this period—the sumptuary laws, and the laws with respect to wages, to tenure, and to manufactures—had all, more or less, this object in view; but that at length the new forces in the national body became irrepressible; the new wine burst the old bottles; and the form, character, and tendency of English society changed. Very beautifully Mr. Froude thus shadows forth this revolution:—

'For indeed a change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still are hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world, were passing away never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

'And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come

to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of our cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world.'

It is a 'pity to deface a beautiful picture, of which our miniature is very imperfect; but we do not think it is true to the reality. In the first place, we must observe that, in this view of English society, Mr. Froude is really very inconsistent with himself. As we shall see hereafter more particularly, he throws the blackest colours on the Church of the early Tudors, for he describes its priesthood generally as grossly corrupt, profligate, worldly, and ambitious; and he assumes that even the Reformation, wrought by Henry VIII., relieved England of a great moral and social evil. Now, if this account of the Church be correct, is it conceivable that such a church should have had side by side with it—and that in a close alliance, unbroken till 1534, and which survived its first severance for many years—a State organised upon the lofty principles Mr. Froude details, almost a utopia of noble patriotism? Is it possible that the gross corruption of the clergy could have coexisted with the high moral culture of the laity, and have coalesced with it, in prolonged contentment; that the powers of evil and of good should each have settled in a lodgment when each was scarcely to be expected, and, though naturally antagonistic, should have arranged a long compromise? If the Church of Wolsey was thoroughly debased, it could never have retained its hold upon a noble-minded people; and thus we think that Mr. Froude's antithesis between the civil and ecclesiastical estates of England almost approaches a self-contradiction; and, in fact, we believe that the moral tone of the Church was not so low, and that that of the State was not nearly so high, as he has sought to represent it. An ideal commonwealth resembling Plato's republic could never have harmonized with a thoroughly vicious institution.

But, in the next place, what are the evidences out of which Mr. Froude constructs this ideal of a feudal England sustained upon the principles of faith, and self-sacrifice, and of a state struggling against evil and selfishness in their various forms? We hope that we shall do Mr. Froude no injustice, and that we shall state his own case as fairly as possible, but these evidences, in fact, are very hasty inductions, evolved mostly from a study of the statute book, under the influence of a tyrannous imagination, which has adjusted a very ductile material to a special theory. The evidences of this splendid theory are, that for about five

hundred years the feudal system was paramount in England ; that certain Acts of Parliament prescribed a ratio of apparel and diet for the nation ; that the engrossing of farms in the Isle of Wight was expressly prohibited by statute ; that in the age of Henry VIII., and subsequently, the conversion of tillage into pasture was discountenanced ; that a great number of trading associations existed subject to a strict examination by State officials with regard to the quality of the commodities they offered for sale ; that the apprentice system was the form of mercantile education ; that *probably*, about the time of Henry VII. the money rent of land was not high ; and that, compared with the price of the necessaries of life, which was forced somewhat under the market level, the wages of labour, themselves settled by Act of Parliament, were enormously high, and certainly averaged twenty shillings a week of the present currency. We have no hesitation in saying that, even if true, these premises do not sustain all Mr. Froude's conclusions ; that in many particulars they are not correct, or are not fairly stated, or are encountered by overwhelming evidence to the contrary ; and that they do not make up a trustworthy description. The foundations of Mr. Froude's imposing superstructure are either unsubstantial or delusive.

For *first*, Mr. Froude, in our judgment, has not seized the true idea of the feudal system in England, and the real nature of its influence on society. It is undoubtedly true that its complicated tenures, overlaying the soil with a long gradation of owners, were generally subject to the condition of military service ; and that thus a powerful and brave militia was raised for the State, which was at last superseded by a regular army, as has become a matter of real science. It is also true that the restrictions it placed upon the Crown, and the power which it gave to the territorial nobility, created a mutually checking balance of forces in the State, which saved England from either despotism or oligarchy, enabled the weight of the people to be early felt, and opened an avenue to constitutional freedom through the severance caused by regal and aristocratic antagonism. And, as Adam Smith observes, it did indirectly, and, as it were, accidentally, prevent the rent of land from reaching its natural level, and agriculture from taking its natural form, because it preferred the multiplication of retainers on land, to any pecuniary renders from it. But that the feudal system ever constructed a state upon the high ideal type Mr. Froude sets forth, appears to us a complete delusion. On the contrary, there is conclusive evidence that, in theory, it was an oppressive form of misgovernment, which gave full scope to regal and aristocratic domination and that the state

of society which underlay\* it was, compared with our own, essentially barbarous. For what was its nature and character, even as regards the free population of England, which, we must remember, during the greater portion of the feudal period, formed a decided minority in the State? It established the odious forest laws,—the most complete specimen of mere oligarchic selfishness—whereby, as the statute 34 Edward I. declares, the king admits ‘we have learned from the information of our faithful servants, and the frequent cries of the oppressed, whereby we are disturbed with excessive conviction of mind, *that the people of this realm are, by the officers of our forests, miserably oppressed, impoverished, and troubled with many wrongs, being everywhere molested.*’\* It sanctioned the scandalous injustice of purveyance; that is, it enabled the king and the great barons, under pretence of supplying their domestic wants, to ‘seize the corn, hay, litter, bestial, and other victuals and goods of the people,’† without payment, until the ‘very name of purveyor became hainous in the realm.’‡ It enabled the king and the great lords of manors to hold the lands of their tenants during minority, without any account of the profits, to sell their wards in marriage to the highest bidder, or otherwise to exact a heavy fine by way of ransom.§ Wherever the relation of landlord and tenant existed throughout England—that chivalrous relation of loyalty which is now a degenerate contract—it made the failure of the feudal tenant to perform any one of the feudal services an excuse for confiscating the entire land—a practice which, however, soon gave way to the right of distraining.|| Until Magna Charta, it permitted the Crown to tax the lands of England almost at will; and until the famous statute de Tallagio non concedendo,¶ it left the towns of England exposed to this arbitrary wrong. And, although fortunately for the English nation, it never created that system of seigniorial jurisdiction which was one of its natural incidents, and was so ruinous in France, it gave powers to the Lords of the Counties Palatine and to the Courts Baron which were scarcely consistent with justice, and, we have no doubt, were often abused.\*\* Finally, as it was decidedly anti-commercial in spirit, so it promoted a hostile jealousy of foreign traders, which is evident throughout the ancient statute-book, and is amply illustrated in Hall’s amusing pages.

Again, what were the provisions of feudalism with regard to the masses of the English nation, whom it bound in villainage, and whom it never once endeavoured to emancipate? The

\* St. 34 Ed. I.

§ *Litt.* 103.

† St. 4 Ed. III. c. iii.

|| St. of Merton.

\*\* *Coke Inst.* ii. 533.

‡ St. 36 Ed. III. c. i.

¶ 34 Ed. I.

English villains of the middle ages were simply predial slaves. To them Magna Charta was a dead letter; they had no inheritance to the great rights that fundamental law secured. They had no claim to either liberty, security, or private property; and were either bound to the soil and passed with it in unalienable mortmain, or were 'villains in gross' following the person of their owner. Their lords might inflict on them any wrong whatever, except, as Littleton\* gravely tells us, put their parents to death, commit rape upon their wives, or mutilate their bodies; in which cases 'the lord should be indicted at the *King's suit*, 'and if he should of that be attainted he should for that make 'grievous *fine and ransom* to the King.† But this partial protection of the villain, analogous to that which the commonwealth of the United States extends to the African slave, precluded him from ever seeking any redress against his lord: for 'the villein 'shall not have by the law any appeale of mayhem against his 'lord; for in appeale of mayhem a man shall recover but his 'damages; and if the villein in that case recover damages 'against his lord and hath thereof execution, the lord may take 'that the villein hath in execution from the villein, and so the 'recovery is voyde.' And when this was the state of the villain's personal freedom, it is unnecessary to add, that against their lords they could acquire no property whatever; that the law of *sic vos non vobis* was the law under which they lived; and that their industry was literally in perpetual mortgage to the rapacity of others. For—we quote again the grave old jurist, who narrates these iniquities with a simplicity that proves them matters of course—'when a villeine purchaseth lands in fee simple or in 'fee taile the lord of the villeine may enter into the land, and 'oust the villeine and his heirs for ever,' since, as Lord Coke adds, *quicquid acquiritur servo, acquiritur domino*.‡ How Mr. Froude can suppose that this odious growth of feudalism, which reduced the status of the English peasant very nearly to that of the negro, and the estimation of which is clearly marked by the meaning of the term 'villain' in modern language, was, or ever could be 'a relation in which the dignity of man was preserved,'§ or had the slightest resemblance to a bond of graceful dependence, is quite a psychological curiosity.

Besides, what were the practical issues of the feudal system in England, not in the days of the *Front de Bœufs* of romance, or of the *Simon de Montforts* of actual history, not in periods of Norman despotism, or of social anarchy, but several generations after the passing of Magna Charta, when the harsher features of

\* Co. Litt. 123 b.

† *Ibid.* 126 a.

‡ *Ibid.* 116 a, 117 a.

§ Vol. i. p. 19.



the system had been softened, when its worst evils had been removed by usage or prescription, and when the Church in many instances had 'convinced the laity how dangerous a practice it was 'for one Christian man to hold another in bondage, so that temporal men by little and little, by reason of that turn in their 'consciencs, were glad to manumit their villeins?''\* The statutes of 2 Richard II. c. 6, and of 3 Henry VII. c. 1, which we quote from among a multitude of similar laws, are scarcely, we think, in accordance with Mr. Froude's ideal. The preamble of the former act recites—

'Because that our Sovereign Lord the King hath perceived, as well by many complaints made to him, as by the perfect knowledge of the thing, that, as well divers of his Liege People in sundry parts of the Realm, as also the People in Wales, in the County of Hereford, and the People of the County of Chester, with the Counties joining to Chestershire, some of them claiming to have Right to divers Lands, Tenements, and other Possessions, and some espying Women and Damsels unmarried, and some desiring to make Maintenance in their Marches, do gather them together to a great Number of Men of Arms and Archers, to the Manner of War, and confederate themselves by Oath and other Confederacy not having consideration to God, nor to the Laws of Holy Church nor of the Land nor to Right nor Justice, but refusing and setting apart all Process of law do ride in great Routs in divers Parts of England, and take Possession and set them in divers Manors, Lands, and other Possessions of their own authority, and hold the same long with such Force doing many apparelments of war, and in some places do raviſh Women and Damsels and bring them into strange countries where please them; and in some places lying in await with such Routs do beat and main, murder and slay the People for to have their Wives and their Goods, and the same Women and Goods retain to their own use; and sometime take the King's Liege People in their houses and bring and hold them as Prisoners, and at the last put them to Fine and Ransom *as it were in a Land of War*, and sometime come before the Justices in their Sessions in such guise with great Force whereby the Justices be afraid and not heed to do the Law; and do many other Riots and horrible offences whereby the Realm in divers Parts is put in great Trouble to the great Mischief and Grievance of the People and the Heart of the King's Majesty, and against the King's Crown.—Be it enacted.'

The latter Statute begins thus—

'The Kyng our Sovereign Lord remembereth howe by onlawfull mayntenance givng of liveries, signes, and tokens and retaynders by indenture, promyses, othes, writings or otherwyse, embraceries of his sub-jettes, untrue demeanyng of shrevys in makyng of panells and other untrue returns by taking of money by Jurryes by greate riotts and unlawful assemblies the polacye and good rule of this nation is almost subdued.'

\* Sir T. Smith's *Commonwealth*, iii. 10.

And it proceeds to establish the Court of Star-Chamber, the censorian power, as Lord Bacon calls it, by way of remedying these monstrous evils. We leave it to our readers to decide whether the picture of English society disclosed in these statutes, be that of a nation held together by mutual confidence, and sustained by a lofty and patriotic unselfishness, or whether it be that of a rude and almost anarchical people, requiring the coercion of the State at every turn of life, brave indeed, and fearless, but exceedingly turbulent, and in which, though revealing themselves in different forms, the elements of selfishness are quite as apparent as in modern England, but are mingled with a barbarism and savageness from which we have, in a great measure, become emancipated?

*Secondly*, as regards the laws regulating apparel and diet, and those which prevented the engrossing of farms in the Isle of Wight, and struggled against the great agricultural change of the sixteenth century—the conversion of tillage land into pasture, they were undoubtedly the work of Parliaments desirous to prolong the existence of feudalism, but their object appears to have been military only—to make the feudal militia as perfect as possible, and not to have been inspired by a large patriotism. The two Acts of Edward III., which attempted to regulate diet, and which evidently were altogether inoperative, for they do not recur upon the statute book, were directed against the evils of luxury, ‘whereby the lesser people were not able to aid themselves nor their liege lords in time of need as they might,’\* that is, against any relaxation of the military discipline of feudalism. The various statutes between the reigns of Edward III. and Henry VIII., which sought to classify the people of England into distinct orders, by laying down a scale of apparel according to their degrees, were obviously designed to transfer to social life the regimental subordination of a camp; and the 24 Henry VIII. c. 13, expressly recites, that ‘the sumptuous and costly araye and apparele accustomedlye worne in this realme is, to the greate, manifest and notorious detryment of the common weale and the subversion of good and politike order in knowledge and distinceion of people according to their estates, pre-emynences, dignities, and degrees,’ a recital full of the feudal and military spirit. So the Act of Henry VII., which attempted to divide the Isle of Wight in small holdings, by enacting that ‘no manner of person of what estate, degree, or condition whatsoever should take any several farms more than one, whereof the yearly value should not exceed the sum of ten marks,’ declares that its purpose was military only, ‘for the

'surety of the réalme of England for the defence as well as of our  
'antient enemies of the realm of France as of other parties.' And the same conception pervades the many statutable efforts to prevent the conversion of tillage into pasture land, which mark the legislation of the sixteenth century; the principal mischief they seek to remedy is, that the 'people are sore mynysshed in  
'the realme whereby the power and defence thereof is feebled  
'and emparyd to the high dyspleasure of God and agenst hys  
'lawes, and to the subversion of the common weale of thys  
'realme, and desolacion of the same ;'\* and Lord Bacon, who must have been aware of their object, expressly says, in reference to them, 'This did wonderfully concern the weight and manner-  
'hood of the kingdom, to have farms as it were of a standard  
'sufficient to maintain an able body out of penury, and did in  
'effect amortise a great part of the lands of the kingdom unto  
'the hold and occupation of the yeomanry or middle people of a  
'condition between gentlemen and cottagers and peasants.'  
'How much this did advance the military power of the kingdom  
'is apparent.'† That, therefore, the object of all this complicated legislation was military only, to preserve as far as possible the feudal institutions in their warlike aspect, we think is clear from this testimony; and, notwithstanding the authority of Lord Bacon, we believe that that object was equally unattainable and unwise, and that the attempt to perpetuate feudalism in England was not for her real interest or security.

*Thirdly*, we cannot agree with Mr. Froude in thinking that the ancient mercantile organization of England, and the intricate legislation enacted to regulate it, were the result of any special patriotic ideas, or of a vigorous and continuous effort by the State, to adjust the course of trade to moral rules. In the records of this obsolete system of commerce,—as they appear in the various charters which created it, and in the statutes which sought to contest and modify it,—we search in vain for any fundamental principles, except, perhaps, 'hat monopoly encourages production, that it is possible for the State to settle the price of commodities and the tendency and locality of the market, and that foreign merchants and manufacturers are natural objects of English jealousy. As to the first point, it seems to have been a settled notion from the time of Henry the Third to that of Elizabeth, that capital and industry had a right to more or less 'protection;' and for this purpose every trade, handicraft, or manufacture, was embodied into a monopoly more or less stringent, with an oligarchic government to prevent its natural expan-

\* 6 H. VIII. c. 5.

† *History of Hen. VII.*

sion, and a system of apprenticeships to reduce the number of its members. These close corporations were usually created by royal charter; and how thoroughly they did the common work of monopolists, how they enhanced the price of commodities and retarded the growth of trade, and how they were alternately encouraged and opposed by Parliament, is visible upon the ancient statute book. As to the second point, it appears sufficiently in an immense mass of legislation extending over four centuries; in laws regulating the assize of bread and of ale,\* preventing forestalling and regrating;† appointing staples as exclusive markets,‡ interfering with the trade in corn,§ and settling the prices of butcher's meat;|| but throughout these acts we can find no definite purpose but that of an arbitrary State interference. And, as to the third point, the English jealousy of foreign traders is evident in many passages of Hall, and is, perhaps, most perfectly visible in the 1 Ric. III. c. 9, which enacts, in accordance with many other statutes, but with a more than ordinary severity, that alien merchants shall employ their money in purchasing English commodities; that, unless they are of the same nation, they shall not be hosts or guests of each other, and that they shall live in separate houses, and 'neither exercise nor occupie any man's handicraft, or the occupacion of any hand-crafty man within this realme of England.' The three principles we have enumerated will, we think, account for almost all the old trading legislation of England; and we cannot believe that they were either patriotic or rational.

The natural results of this vicious mercantile system were, of course, the enhancement of the price of commodities, the deterioration of their proper value, a tendency to fraud and deceit in trading, a hostility to any but 'native industry,' and a retardation of the progress of the nation. These evils are visible in the statute book, and some of them may be seen in the 15 Hen. VI. c. 6, which, after reciting—'That the masters, wardens, and people of the guilds, fraternities, and other companies incorporate dwelling in divers parts of the realm, often times by code of rule and governance, and other terms in general words, to them granted and confirmed by charter and letters patent of the king's progenitors, make themselves many unlawful and unreasonable ordinances as well of many such things whereof the cognisance, punishment, and correction all only pertaineth to the king, lords of franchises, and other persons,—as of things which oftentimes sound in confederacy for their singular profit, and common damage of the people,' enacts that the mas-

\* 51 H. III.

† See statute book, *passim*.

‡ 27 Ed. III.

§ 17 Ric. II. c. 7.

|| 24 H. VIII.

ters of every such corporation shall register their charters, 'and that from henceforth no such masters, wardens, or people make or use no ordinances which shall be to the disherison or diminution of the king's franchises or of other use against the common profit of the people.'

So the 28 Hen. VIII. c. 5, discloses the vice of those monopolists in restricting the proper development of trade by abusing the system of apprenticeships; and it enacts that 'no masters, wardens, or fellowships of craftes, nor any of them, nor any rulers of guildes, fraternities, or brotherhoods, from henceforth compell or cause any prentise or journeyman, by oathe or bond heretofore made, or hereafter to be made, or otherwise, that he after his apprenticeship or terme expired, shall not sett up nor kepe any shopp, house, nor sellar, nor occupie as a freeman, without license of the master, wardens, or fellowship of his or their occupation for and concerning the same.' And if this mercantile system produced these evils, if it created monopolies, if it encouraged fraud in trading, if it enhanced the market rate of articles exposed for sale, it is no proof that it was the work of a patriotic State, inspired by a grand idea of mercantile probity, that that State struggled vehemently to control and reduce these evils. The fact that the statute book records the mischiefs wrought by a system which the Government of England had instituted, and that it contains many attempts to ameliorate those mischiefs, is assuredly no evidence that that Government was resolved, throughout the range of commercial dealings, to substitute the rule of equity for that of economy, or to create the trading Utopia Mr. Froude presents to us.

But *lastly*, although Mr. Froude's conception of the ancient social system of England, and of the nature of the State interference in regard to it, were far too exalted to be correct, that system would still deserve commendation if it secured a high rate of wages to the labouring classes, and if it prevented the rent of land from rising unduly. As these two particulars are very important, we shall quote Mr. Froude's own text upon them:—

'The state of the working classes can, however, be more certainly determined by a comparison of their wages with the prices of food. Both were fixed by Act of Parliament, and we have, therefore, data of the clearest kind by which to judge. The majority of the agricultural labourers lived, as I have said, in the houses of their employers; this, however, was not the case with all, and if we can satisfy ourselves as to the rate at which those among the poor were able to live who had cottages of their own, we may be assured that the rest did not live worse at their masters' tables.

'Wheat, the price of which necessarily varied, averaged in the middle

of the fourteenth century tenpence the bushel; barley averaging at the same time three shillings the quarter. With wheat the fluctuation was excessive; a table of its possible variations describes it as varying from eighteenpence the quarter to twenty shillings; the average, however, being six and eightpence. When the price was above this sum, the merchants might import to bring it down; when it was below this price, the farmers were allowed to export to the foreign markets; and the same average continued to hold, with no perceptible tendency to rise, till the close of the reign of Elizabeth.

‘Beef and pork were a halfpenny a pound, mutton was three farthings. They were fixed at these prices by the third of the 24th of Henry VIII. But this Act was unpopular both with buyers and with sellers. The old practice had been to sell in the gross, and under that arrangement the rates had been generally lower. Stowe says: ‘It was this year enacted that butchers should sell their beef and mutton by weight—beef for a halfpenny the pound, and mutton for three farthings; which being devised for the great commodity of the realm (as it was thought) hath proved far otherwise; for at that time fat oxen were sold for six-and-twenty shillings and eightpence the piece; fat wethers for three shillings and fourpence the piece; fat calves at a like price; and fat lambs for twelvepence. The butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor, every piece two pounds and a half, sometimes three pound for a penny; and thirteen and sometimes fourteen of these pieces for twelvepence; mutton eightpence the quarter, and an hundred weight of beef for four shillings and eightpence.’ The Act was repealed in consequence of the complaints against it, but the prices never fell to what they had been, although beef sold in the gross could still be had for a halfpenny a pound in 1570.

‘Strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteenpence a gallon, was then a penny a gallon; and table-beer less than a halfpenny. French and German wines were eightpence the gallon. Spanish and Portuguese wines a shilling. This was the highest price at which the best wines might be sold; and if there was any fault in quality or quantity, the dealers forfeited four times the amount. Rent, another important consideration, cannot be fixed so accurately, for Parliament did not interfere with it. Here, however, we are not without any tolerable information. ‘My father,’ says Latimer, ‘was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a *farm of three or four pounds by the year* at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept a half-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the King a harness with himself and his horse. I remember that I buckled on his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King’s majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles each, having brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did of the same farm.’ If three or four pounds at the

uttermost was the rent of a farm yielding such results, the rent of labourer's cottages is not likely to have been considerable.

'I am below the truth, therefore, with this scale of prices in assuming the penny in terms of the labourer's necessities to have been equal in the reign of Henry VIII. to the present shilling. For a penny, at the time of which I write, the labourer could buy more bread, beef, beer, and wine, he could do more towards finding lodging for himself and his family, than the labourer of the nineteenth century can for a shilling. Turning then to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the 3rd of the 6th of Henry VIII., it was enacted that master carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tylers, plumbers, glaziers, joiners, and other employers of such skilled workmen, should give to each of their journeymen, if no meat or drink was allowed, sixpence a day for half the year, fivepence a day for the other half; or fivepence halfpenny for the yearly average. The common labourers were to receive fourpence a day for half the year, for the remaining half threepence. In the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more; so that in fact (and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated) the day-labourer received on an average fourpence a day for the whole year. Nor was he in danger, except by his own fault, or by unusual accident, of being thrown out of employ; for he was engaged by contract for not less than a year, and could not be dismissed before his term had expired, unless some gross misconduct could be proved against him by two magistrates. Allowing a deduction of one day in the week for a saint's day, or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of twenty shillings a week: twenty shillings a week and a holiday: and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. In most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and unenclosed forest land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range and ducks and geese; when if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that, when the commons began to be largely inclosed, Parliament insisted that the working man should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry.'

And Mr. Froude proceeds at some length to contend that this great prosperity of the working classes, this Utopia of more than twenty shillings a week wages, is not to be ascribed to any fulness of demand in the labour market, but was the result of direct interference by the State, 'for labour was not looked upon as a market commodity.'

As regards the rent of land in the time of Henry VIII., we have no data at all to go on, for it was left to find its own level; and if it was low, as compared with that of modern England, which appears probably to have been the case, the State is not

entitled to any credit on this account.\* But as regards the wages of labour, and its real remuneration, that is, its command over the necessaries and conveniences of life, we have very fortunately the means of refuting Mr. Froude's assertions completely, and of showing that the interference of the State as to wages, was always to reduce them below their natural level; that they were very much lower than they are represented to have been; and that it is absurd to elevate the condition of the ancient over the modern labourer. For, *first*, instead of having the forcing up of wages as their object, according to the theory of Mr. Froude, a single purpose runs through all the old labour statutes, and expresses itself in many shapes, namely, that the State has a right to keep the wages of labour down, and to compel the labourer to adjust his industry to its arbitrary caprice. The 23rd of Edw. III. is the first of these enactments, and forms a key to every one of them; and assuredly it is a curious specimen of the organization of labour under a 'protecting' government. It commences thus:—'Because a great part of the people, and especially of workmen and servants late died of the pestilence, many seeing the necessity of masters, and great scarcity of servants, will not serve unless they may receive excessive wages, and some rather willing to beg in idleness than by labour to get their living; we, considering the grievous incommunities which of the lack especially of ploughmen and such labourers may hereafter come, have, upon deliberation and treaty with the prelates and the nobles and learned men assisting us, of their mutual counsel, ordained: That every man and woman of our realm of England, of what condition he be, free or bond, able in body, and within the age of threescore years, not living in merchandize nor exercising any craft, nor having of his own whereof he may live, nor proper land about whose tillage he may himself occupy, and not serving any other, if he in convenient service, his estate considered, be required to serve, *he shall be bounden to serve him which shall so him require, and take only the wages, livery meed, or salary, which were accustomed to be given in the places where he oweth to serve . . . . .* And if any such man or woman, *being so required to serve, will not the same do, that proved by*

\* It is idle to conjecture on this point, but two causes appear to have kept down the rent of land in the Tudor period. 1st. The feudal system was not extinguished, and the service of the man at arms was still to some extent of greater value than money rents. 2nd. The unsettled condition of the country at the period Mr. Froude speaks of, viz., about the time of the battle of Blackheath, when the recollections of Tewkesbury and Bosworth were still fresh, would in itself cause the rent of land to be low, just as now it is very low in Spain. The 'State,' it is plain, had nothing to do with the fact; and indeed a low rental of a country is rather a proof of national misgovernment than otherwise.



'two true men before the sheriff of the town where the same shall happen to be done, *he shall anon be taken by them, or any of them, and committed to the next gaol, there to remain under strict keeping* till he find surety to serve in the farm aforesaid;' and it proceeds with even more stringent enactments. Every one of the subsequent labour statutes, the 12 Ric. II. c. 4, the 6 Hen. VI. c. 3, the 8 Hen. VI. c. 8, the 2 Hen. VII. c. 22, and the 6 Hen. VIII. c. 3, are conceived in the same oppressive spirit; and this last Act, on which Mr. Froude so boldly relies as a specimen of State protection to industry, after laying down an arbitrary scale of wages, and making it compulsory under heavy penalties, declares, 'Be it also enacted that in such shires and countries, that where it hath been, and is now, used to gyffe lesse wages, that in thiss shires and countries, *they shall gyt and the take of the wages be compelled, according as they have bene used, to take, this Acte notwithstanding.*' We leave it, not to a vaporous imagination, but to plain common sense, to decide whether these Acts bear out Mr. Froude's theory that they were all passed in the interest of the labourer; and whether they do not conclusively prove that their object was to depress labour below the market level of remuneration, and to do this under the heaviest penalties?

But, *secondly*, Mr. Froude has altogether misrepresented the real remuneration of the labourers of the Tudors, as measured in the necessaries and conveniences of life. On this point the evidence is so clear that, although we acquit Mr. Froude of intentional unfairness, we cannot think him free from that wilful neglect or unconscious injustice which so often accompany a foregone conclusion. We feel so certain upon this point that, although we might object against it, we will concede, for the sake of argument, that at *decennial* periods the *average* price of the commodities which usually enter into the labourer's consumption stood really at the rates Mr. Froude lays down; that their *nominal* price was twelve times cheaper than at present, that is, that one shilling and eightpence in 1527 could purchase as much as one pound sterling in 1858; and that the *intrinsic* value of such commodities was equal at each period; that is, that the bread, beer, wine, and butcher's meat sold in 1527 were or might be really as good as they are at present. But, even arguing upon a basis so favourable to Mr. Froude, it is clear, first, that he has not stated fairly the prices of the necessaries of life in the Tudor period, and that he creates a false impression on this particular; and, *secondly*, that he has altogether overstated the money wages of the labourer, even assuming that the statutable rate of payment prevailed. For when Mr. Froude constructs a scale of the prices

of articles of necessary consumption upon the principle of averages at long periods, when, for instance, he tells us that the price of wheat ranged usually at about six and eightpence a quarter, he conceals this most important fact, *that occasionally such prices ascended to a point which now they never approach*, and therefore that occasionally the Tudor labourer *was exposed to a degree of hardship*, from which his modern successor is altogether exempt. For instance, Hall informs us that twice in the course of half-a-dozen years, between 1521 and 1526, the price of wheat rose to twenty-five shillings a quarter, that is, to three hundred shillings present currency; and we who have witnessed Irish famines, and have an accurate record of the state of the industrial classes in the fearful winter of 1801, when, however, wheat was barely above one hundred shillings undepreciated, can conceive what must have been the condition of the Tudor labourer at such a period, and how miserable a compensation it must have been to him, that in other years the price of cereals was at a low average. We have, therefore, a clear right to assert, that even upon Mr. Froude's own principle he has not given us a true idea of the price of necessities at the Tudor era; inasmuch as occasionally at that era that price was so enormously high, that it caused the greatest misery to the labouring classes. His principle of *averages* conceals a phenomenon of *variations*, which makes his estimate altogether unjust, and which *practically* compels us to reject it.

But, again, Mr. Froude's scale of wages is altogether incorrect, and conveys a notion altogether false. For what are the real facts of the case, even supposing that the scale fixed by the 6th Henry VIII. was everywhere paid? Mr. Froude dexterously assumes that the wages settled by the statute *were paid throughout the entire year*; and thus that the skilled artificer received continuously fivepence halfpenny a day, equivalent, on Mr. Froude's theory of prices, to our thirty shillings a week; and that the common labourer received continuously about fourpence a day, equivalent to twenty shillings at the lowest. Now, setting aside the *à priori* improbability that in the uncivilized and ill-cultivated England of the Tudors such a steady demand for work could have existed as would give regular employment to artificers and labourers, the statute itself affords clear evidence that Mr. Froude's assumption is incorrect, and that the wages in question could not have been continuously paid. For, as regards common labourers, the statute lays down *an alternate scale of wages, a scale by the day, and a scale by the year*, and we have a right to assume upon every principle of common experience, *that the sum which could be obtained in a year under the former, could not have been much more than that receivable under the latter*. And although

this alternate scale does not exist in respect to artificers, we have the same right to postulate that if it had existed the same proportion would have held; and therefore, as regards the entire wages of England, we have a right to say that this assumption would have all experience in its favour. What, then, is the annual scale of wages determined by the statute for common labour? 'Be it therefore enacted,—First, that no bailiff of husbandrye shall take for his wages by yere above 25s. 8d., for his clothyng 5s., with his mete and drinke; no chief hyne or a carter or chief shepherd above 20s. by the yere, and for his clothyng 5s., with mete and drinke; *no common servant of husbandrye above 16s. 8d. a yere, and hys clothyng 4s., with mete and drinke; no woman servant above 10s. by yere, and for hir clothyng 4s., with mete and drinke;*\* that is, the common labourer, whether male or female, was entitled, if the one, to £1 0s. 8d., if the other, to fourteen shillings a year wages, with a *personal* allowance for diet in kind. This allowance at the prices of the day could not have cost more than ten shillings per annum, as this sum could purchase three quarters of barley and ninety-six pounds of beef; and, therefore, we may very justly conclude that the *annual* wages of the common male labourer in the time of Henry VIII. did not exceed £1 10s. 8d., and that those of female servants were about £1 4s. 0d. These sums, translated into the present currency upon the hypothesis of Mr. Froude, amount to £18 8s. 0d. and £14 8s. 0d. respectively; and thus we have a conclusive proof that the annual wages of the common male labourer were only slightly above seven shillings a week, and that those of the female servant just passed five shillings. It must be assumed that the wages of skilled labour were in a like proportion; and this difference between the results of the annual and of the daily statutable scales can only lead to these conclusions,—that the annual scale affords the true criterion of wages; that this diversity can only be explained upon the supposition *that the daily rate of wages was not continuously paid*; that the entire remuneration of labour in Tudor England was far lower than it is now, and that, too, at a period when the price of wheat occasionally rose to three hundred shillings a quarter. How Mr. Froude can reconcile these conclusions, from which we see no possible escape, with the theory of a paternal government forcing up the rate of common wages to more than twenty shillings a week, we leave it to him to decide for himself.

But, beside this, all contemporaneous and other testimony proves that the condition of the Tudor labourer was inferior to that of our generation of labourers. Harrison informs us† that

\* 6 H. VIII c. 3, Sect. 1.

† P. 314.

during the reign of Henry VIII. seventy-two thousand malefactors suffered death for offences against property only; and he makes the low rate of wages the cause of a fact which indeed admits of no other explanation. Unless we are prepared to charge the Legislature of England with a disinterested cruelty unparalleled for its elaborate and continuous harshness, the tremendous vagrancy laws of the sixteenth century are conclusive evidence of a great general destitution, and of much depression in the demand for labour. And although Mr. Froude may gloss over these savage acts as 'a stringent bracing of the moral sinew of England,' and, upon his false hypothesis of a State interference in the interest of the labourer, they become relieved of their worst colours, they were evidently an attempt to coerce an enormous and unmanageable pauperism. Besides, what in fact does Harrison say about the condition of the poorer classes in the time of Elizabeth, when the great diminution of crime, as compared with the era of Henry VIII., was a sufficient index that society had generally become more prosperous, and when that condition, as he expressly tells us, was better than it had been within living memory? \* 'The bread,' he says, 'throughout the land is made of such graine as the soile yieldeth, nevertheless the gentilitie commonly provide themselves sufficiently of wheat for their own tables, whilst their household and poor neighbours in some shires are inforced to content themselves with rie and barlie bread, and in time of dearth manie with bread, made either of beanes, peas, or otes, or of altogether, and some acornes, of which scourge the poorest doo often taste, sith they are least able to provide themselves with better. I will not saie that this extremitie is oft, so well to be seen in time of plentie as of dearth.' We say with confidence that this single quotation outweighs any paradox evolved by mystifying the statute-book, and that it discloses a state of penury among the poorer classes in the sixteenth century, which has been unknown in England for upwards of a hundred years. And when we add to this, that what Lord Macaulay says of the condition of the lower classes in the time of the Stuarts, when he compares it with that of their modern successors, † applies with greater force to the lower classes of the Tudor period, namely, that at present, as contrasted with three centuries ago, the progress of civilization and of science has added as many blessings to the labourer as to the peer, that it has extirpated many diseases to which he was subject, that it has increased his means of obtaining health, that it has multiplied his powers of enjoying life, and that it has opened to him avenues of advancement in the social scale which once were hopelessly

\* P. 317.

† *History of England*, i. 3.

closed against him, we may safely pronounce against the trustworthiness of Mr. Froude's theory on this matter.

These several considerations lead us on to the conclusion that Mr. Froude's view of the social state of Tudor England, has very little foundation in fact; that it is a beautiful ideal, without form and void. We think it plain, that in the time of Henry VIII., the people of England were not ruled by any particular principles of patriotism; that their feudal and mercantile organizations were not formed with any purpose of controlling private selfishness, but were the result of influences altogether different; that the 'State' of England was not inspired with any ideal of public duty, but shaped its legislation with a view to keep up a military system, and on the whole to protect the interests of the few against the many; that its interference with the natural course of trade and of industry is not to be ascribed to any design of superseding economic laws by a higher code, but to crude, ignorant, or empirical ideas of government; that the national life which underlay this ancient system, was rude and uncivilized, though bold and martial, and was quite as full of wickedness and selfishness, as that of modern England; and especially, that the condition of the masses of the people was, compared with that of the nineteenth century, altogether inferior. We think it plain, although the State has abandoned some of the functions it once usurped, and no longer attempts to annex military services to landed tenure; to erect trade into monopolies, and then try and control them; to regulate the proper remuneration of industry in the interest of the employer, and to visit vagrancy with enormous punishments, that we are now in a better social condition than was the England of 1527; that the principles which have sway in the nation have not deteriorated; that we are brave as ever, and yet more civilized; that our peers and country gentlemen, our merchants and our manufacturers are as patriotic and just in their actions and dealings as were their predecessors, and that the labourer and artificer of 1858, has no reason whatever to envy 'the good old days of merry England.' And so, while we admire the beautiful picture Mr. Froude has created, we think it as unsubstantial as a dream of the heroic age, and we must dismiss it through the 'ivory gate' of vain imaginations.

We have said that Mr. Froude's *History* is deficient in this, that it does not give us a full picture of the polity of England during the Tudor period. It is only by a careful scrutiny of his volumes, by catching at a remark here, and a conclusion there, and by observing what influences he supposes paramount in the State, that we can arrive at his conception of that polity. And this idea, if we interpret it justly, seems to us very incorrect, and to

be the result rather of *à priori* notions, or of a resolution to consider facts from a particular point of view, than of careful induction, or legitimate reasoning from analogy. For Mr. Froude is plainly of opinion that, on the whole, the government of England, even in the reign of Henry VIII., was essentially a constitutional government; that is, that the monarch was under the control of law, could not really act against the will of the people, and in fact formed a national executive; that the Houses of Lords and Commons were practically independent, and represented fairly the will of England; and that the administration of justice, between the crown and the subject, was, generally speaking, pure and upright. As this theory makes England responsible for many acts, which have been supposed the crimes of an arbitrary and violent king; as it identifies Henry VIII. and the people in the proceedings touching Catherine of Arragon; in the inauguration of Erastianism in the Church of England; in the suppression of the lesser and the greater monasteries; in the cruel persecutions which defaced the early annals of our Reformation, and in the atrocious laws which characterize the statute-book of this period, and as further, it converts into legal executions what, hitherto, men have deemed judicial murders—it may be worth while to consider whether it is trustworthy. If it is, we must admit that all historians before Mr. Froude, have as completely misunderstood the Tudor period, as Thucydides tells us that his countrymen misunderstood the story of the Pisistratidæ. If it is, we must own that some of the most important events in our annals have been altogether misinterpreted; we must suppose that Henry VIII. throughout his reign, reflected the will of his people, and we must transfer to them much of the odium which has accumulated on his name.

Now, undoubtedly, to a superficial eye, this view of our polity at the Tudor period, will have much to sustain it. In 1527, when Mr. Froude's *History* commences, upwards of three hundred years had passed away since Magna Charta had emphatically declared the social rights of English freemen, and had foreshadowed the type of our parliamentary constitution. Then as now, the noble words had the stump of antiquity, 'that no freeman should be taken or imprisoned, or be disseised of his freehold or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or any otherwise destroyed;' and that power was not to 'pass upon him, nor condemn him, except by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.' Then as now, the treatise of Bracton had for centuries asserted that no King of England was above the law; and neither Henry VIII. nor Mary Tudor in their fiercest moods ever thought that their will was equivalent to a statute,

that they could alter the legal descent of the crown, declare that the feudal tenures should be abolished, or deprive a felon of his right to a trial by a jury. The great statute *de Tallagio non concedendo*, was then more than two hundred years old ; and this important guarantee of Parliamentary taxation had\* received the construction that the Crown of itself could not lay 'any subsidy, tax, tenth, fifteenth, imposition, or burthen or charge,' upon any subject. Even the extraordinary claim of the monarch to 'benevolences,' though not obsolete in practice, was quite as illegal as it would be at present ; for a statute of Richard III. had pronounced,† 'that exaccions called benevolences, afore this tyme takyn, be take for no example to make suche, or any lyke charge of any subjectes of this Roialme hereafter, but be dampned and adnulled for ever ;' and Wolsey, at the height of his power, was forcibly reminded of this enactment.‡ Nominally, Parliament was then exactly the same power it remains : it was the only recognised organ of the national will ; it alone could legislate or impose taxes ; it was composed of the three estates of the realm ; it was elected under a statute of Henry VI., which required that 'the knights of the shire should be notable,' and which survived almost to our own age ; the only *visible* organic change it has undergone is, that the House of Commons is now unpaid ; and so thoroughly, in theory, was its existence secured, that the 4th Edward III., had provided that it should be held once a year. Nor, while the will of the sovereign was thus under legislative control, was his executive power above responsibility. The principle that, although the king in himself could do no wrong, his agents and advisers were answerable for his illegal acts, and that his authority was no bar to the severest penalties for their crimes, had been exemplified in several notable instances ; and, as early as the year 1322, Humphrey de Bohun had obtained a Parliamentary indemnity for the punishment of the De Spencers. And we must add that at the Tudor period our common law had long acquired its actual type ; that it was administered by tribunals which still exist, and nearly according to modern forms ; that in the majority of criminal cases it interposed a jury ~~between~~ the subject and the crown ; and that, until the year 1532, the law of treason was fixed at its present standard, and was even more jealous of the sovereign's rights in this respect, for the 25th Edward III. had not received the construction, that a conspiracy to levy war was an attempt on the life of the king.§ On the whole, it is nothing more than the

\* Co. Inst. ii. 532 ; and authorities there cited from the *Year Books*.

† 1 Ric. III. c. 2.                   ‡ Hall, 697.

§ Co. Inst. iii. 10. The words of Lord Coke are very remarkable.

truth, that, on the day when Henry VIII. ascended the throne, no English jurist of any character could have asserted, that the King could make laws without the assent of Parliament; that he could legally impose a tax without a vote of the House of Commons, or even levy a benevolence without contravening a positive statute; that his authority of itself could screen a minister who had done a public wrong; that he could send a traitor to the block without a verdict of his peers; or that in any one particular he could interfere with the common law, or, like Louis XIV., declare that he formed the State. The attempt of Hume and similar writers, to prove the Tudor constitution a mere despotism, similar to that existing in Russia, is a plain perversion of historical facts.

But though the Tudor polity was what we have stated in theory, it was subjected to certain special influences, and was swayed by a series of particular circumstances, and fell upon a peculiar period, which conspired to reduce its securities for national freedom, to elevate unduly the executive power, to restrain the proper development of Parliament, and to enable a line of singularly able monarchs to commit a great number of arbitrary acts, and to govern despotically in many particulars. The English monarchs of the middle ages, though they could not legislate, nor impose taxes, nor govern independently of the common law, were feudal lords paramount of the entire kingdom; and this sovereignty gave them a large revenue from their demesne lands, enabled them to exercise a dominion over every manor and freehold in the kingdom, and invested them with a vast undefinable authority, which, under the name of prerogative, gave much scope to oppressive actions. They were by law, and in fact, depositories of the whole executive power; and, as such, they commanded the feudal militia, dispensed all patronage, controlled and regulated the entire administration of justice, and summoned or dissolved the legislature of the realm as they pleased. Moreover, as in the executive power, there is implied a right in the sovereign to express his will, except where it is limited by positive enactment, they were held justified in dispensing with statutes, unless they were expressly prohibited; they were accustomed to issue proclamations which approached very nearly to laws, and they had a right to pardon offenders convicted at common law. With these united powers, a really able and popular monarch could exercise an enormous authority; he could collect considerable sums without the assistance of Parliament, as the exactions of Dudley and Empson sufficiently attest; he could harass and annoy every feudal tenant in his kingdom, and make him glad to compound by a benevolence for oppression;



he could direct the army of the State against his public and private enemies, and control its officers at his pleasure ; he could bind to himself a powerful and numerous following, by corruption, favouritism, terror, and friendship ; he could fill every court of justice, from the King's Bench to the Quarter Sessions, with judges ready to fulfil his wishes ; he could suspend altogether the voice of the legislature, or intimidate it with threats, or win it over with bribes ; he could almost usurp the functions of Parliament by promulgating edicts, superseding laws, and withdrawing offenders from punishment ; and he had a large range of individual action, with regard to which there was no check upon him. And we can comprehend his great influence in criminal cases, and how it must have made the crown an object of general awe, when we reflect that the Tudor princes sometimes fined and imprisoned juries, that their judicial officers were removable at pleasure, and that the State trials of their period show an utter disregard to any rules of evidence, and were not unfrequently disgraced by personal torture.

From Magna Charta, however, until Bosworth, there was a rough but efficient check upon our monarchs, which, upon the whole, seemed a large measure of liberty for England. If a fierce, a reckless, or a domineering Plantagenet attempted to invade the great franchises of the nation, he was encountered by an armed opposition of feudal nobles, supported by masses of military retainers, who caused him to retrace his steps at his peril. Thus, Henry III. was controlled by Simon de Montfort ; Edward I., perhaps the most illustrious of our kings, was forced to yield to the will of Humphrey le Bohun and Roger Bigod ; Edward III., in all his glory, was held in check by his barons, who extorted from him many popular laws ; and, in the reigns of Henry VI. and of Edward IV., the great house of Neville twice transferred the crown at its pleasure. Thus, too, Edward II. and Richard II. were murdered for State offences ; and, for the two hundred and seventy years between 1215 and 1485, the power of the aristocracy over the Crown is attested by a variety of statutes, such as the repeated confirmations of the Great Charter, the act defining the crime of high treason, and the statutes against subinfeudation, and for perpetuating entails. And as this check of force was ever at hand, and was efficiently used, while the baronage of England retained the feudal vigour, so, as Lord Macaulay most justly observes, it was always capable of instant and powerful application in a rude and uncivilized state of society, when the national wealth chiefly consisted of land, corn, and cattle, and was not liable to lasting diminution from the effects of civil dissension. Hence, the power of the Crown,

though nominally such as we have described it, was practically very limited during all this period; and, though the Plantagenet kings occasionally levied taxes under the name of forced loans, though they sometimes dispensed with acts of Parliament and infringed on the rights of the legislature, and though their influence in State trials was probably very iniquitous, they were kept within bounds by a regulating force, by means of which the national rights were made tolerably secure, and, in the fine language of Mr. Hallam, 'the vigorous shoots of liberty thrive more and more, and drew such strength and nourishment from the generous heart of England, that in after times, and in a less prosperous season, though checked and obstructed in their growth, neither the blasts of arbitrary power could break them off, nor the mildew of servile opinion cause them to wither.'

But, from the accession of Henry the Seventh, the power of the Crown in the State began to acquire a most formidable aspect; and, in virtue of several concurrent causes, the Tudor dynasty became very arbitrary monarchs. For, in the first place, the destruction of the old aristocracy by the wars of the Roses—a destruction sufficiently attested by the fact, that whereas, in the 34 Edward I., there were ninety-three temporal Lords of Parliament, in the 1 Henry VII., there were only twenty-nine—the gradual substitution for the old seigneurie of the Nevilles, the Mowbrays, and the Monthermers, of such a courtier nobility as that of the Brandons, the Seymours, the Paulets, and the Cavendishes—the progressive and steady decline of the feudal system, under the joint influence of commerce and luxury, and the consequent decay of the military strength of the Barons—the inventions of gunpowder and of artillery in war, which deprived the knightly noble of his prestige in the battle, and elevated the martial status of the lower orders—and the general diffusion of knowledge and literature, which dissipated slowly feudal ideas, and furnished government with a choice of mercenary administrators—combined to destroy the old check of force upon the Crown, and thus to disturb the balance of our ancient polity. In the next place, the absence of the constitutional powers, which now belong exclusively to Parliament, such as the complete and efficient control over taxation, the right of disbanding instantly the army of the State, and the entire command of every kind of legislation—the comparatively inferior status of the House of Commons as regards education, capacity, and experience in political action—and the impossibility, in an age of slow intercommunication, of condensing a formidable popular opinion, and of raising a solid moral barrier against oppression, gave to a vigorous and permanent centralized monarchy a large opportunity

for arbitrary conduct. Again, the dependence of the courts of justice upon the Crown, the extreme laxity of the rules of evidence; the method of procedure in criminal cases, and the difficulty of directing the attention of the nation to instances of individual wrong—the evil consequences of which, of course, were aggravated by the decline of the power of Parliament—placed State offenders almost wholly at the mercy of the monarch, and have made the State trials of the Tudor period mere precedents of iniquity. And lastly, the despoliation of the Church, which, however unpopular it certainly was with the mass of the nation, was sedulously promoted by all the executive power of the State, gave Henry VIII. and even Elizabeth, ample means of dominion, by transferring to the Crown a large prerogative which formerly had been a check upon it, by creating a new and subservient aristocracy completely identified in interest with an Erastian revolution, and by placing revenues at the disposal of our monarchs, which Lord Coke expressly informs us,\* were intended to make them independent of Parliament. The results of this augmentation of the sovereign power, and of this deterioration of constitutional restraints, are visible throughout the whole Tudor period; and although the Tudor princes remained under certain definite checks, and never established the great support of despotism—a standing army dependent upon them, they succeeded in making large inroads on the feudal polity; they repeatedly terrified or corrupted their Parliaments into submission; they encircled themselves with a new and obedient aristocracy, who became the willing instruments of their pleasure; they frequently legislated indirectly, by proclamations, and over and over again obtained a Parliamentary sanction for their misdoings; and they seem to have had a perfect licence to commit as many judicial murders as they pleased. Upon the whole, it is not too much to say that, in consequence of their peculiar prerogative, and of the collapse of controlling forces in the State, they were enabled to rule the people of England very much at their pleasure, provided that their despotic acts were confined to individuals, or identified themselves with a strong minority of the nation, and provided they did not attempt illegal taxation at wholesale, in which case they always met a vigorous opposition. This conclusion is forced inevitably upon us by a study of the facts and authorities of the period.

But if Mr. Froude's account of the Tudor polity be meagre and incorrect, he gives us a very vivid delineation of the Roman Catholic Church in England—of its status, tendencies, and character in public estimation, just before it was to succumb to

\* Coke, 4 *Inst.* c. 1.

Henry VIII., and while as yet the lustre of Wolsey's genius was upon it. This picture is exceedingly interesting; but we think it overwrought in some particulars. We entirely agree with Mr. Froude that, owing to a variety of causes, to the great reduction of the temporal nobility by the wars of the Roses, to the final settlement of the Avignon schism, to the persecution of the Lollards by the English Parliament, and to the ecclesiastical sympathies of the House of Tudor, the Church of Rome in England, in 1527, had attained a degree of political power, and was surrounded by an external magnificence, which contrasted forcibly with her position in the time of Richard II. We agree with him, also, that she formed an *imperium in imperio* which was quite incompatible with good government; that the powers of the clergy in convocation were excessive; that their exemption from the jurisdiction of the secular tribunals was unwarrantable; that their abuse of the ecclesiastical courts was indefensible; that too often they made their holy office an instrument of speculation and extortion; that it is impossible to deny that, in many instances, they were profligate; that the evidence against several of the monasteries is irresistible; and that the interference of the Pope in England, as regards presentations to benefices, drawing pecuniary supplies to the Roman exchequer, and appointing foreigners to dignities in the English Church, though not without precedent, was certainly illegal. We may also agree with him, that the Papal supremacy in ecclesiastical causes was an evil; that in 1527 a large measure of Church reform was necessary; that the simony, the non-residence, the want of discipline, and the vices which, he contends, were so common among the clergy, required a vigorous and sharp correction; and that, upon the whole, some secularization of Church property was advisable. But, while we make these admissions, we cannot assent to his sweeping censures of the Church in general, to his\* assertions, 'that the bishops and clergy held themselves independent of either Crown or Parliament, and passed canons by their own irresponsible and unchecked will, irrespective of the laws of the land;† that 'no clerk was answerable for the worst crimes to the secular jurisdiction until he had been tried and degraded by the ecclesiastical judges;‡ that 'under this plea felons of the worst kind might claim to be taken out of the hands of the lay judges, and to be tried at the bishop's tribunals; and at these tribunals, such a monstrous solecism had Catholicism become, the payment of money was ever welcomed as the ready expiation of crime;' that 'the

\* Vol. i. 202.

† Vol. i. 177.

‡ Vol. i. 329.

' grossest moral profligacy in a priest was passed over with indifference; and, so far from exacting obedience in her ministers to a higher standard than she required of ordinary persons, the Church extended her limits, under fictitious pretexts, as a sanctuary for lettered villany;\* that 'two-thirds of the monks of England were living in habits which may not be detailed;† and that Latimer's exclamation 'that the one resident bishop in England was the devil,‡ is to be taken as an historical fact. And, although unquestionably long before the Reformation Parliament of 1529, there was a great deal of floating discontent in England against the clergy—though Fish's pamphlet, and the curious story of Hun, and a great number of passages in Hall's *Chronicle*, prove that the ecclesiastical system of England had become unpopular—we differ from Mr. Froude in his belief that Catholicism, as such, was an object of dislike to the English nation until long after the death of Henry VIII., and that any reasonable analogy exists between the religious fervour of Germany, in 1517–40, and the purely political movements of our earliest Reformation. In short, we think that Mr. Froude has unduly magnified the status of the Church of Wolsey; that he has exaggerated its shortcomings and corruptions; and that he has overstated the feelings of the English nation against it.

For, *first*, as regards the political status of the Church in England, although the petition of the House of Commons in 1530, and the singular answer of the bishops to it, disclose, in the words of the 25 Hen. VIII. c. 19, that 'divers constitutions, ordinances, and canons, provincial and synodal, which theretofore had been enacted by the clergy, were thought to be much prejudicial to the King's prerogative royal, and repugnant to the laws and statutes of the realm,' it must be remembered, as Lord Coke informs us, that Convocation§ 'could never assemble together of themselves, but were always called together by the King's writ,' and therefore that there was always a temporal check upon any irregular ecclesiastical legislation. And, that such legislation in contravention of the laws of England was altogether exceptional, and accidental, is stated by the same high authority, for || the 'clergy were often times commanded by the King's writ to deal with nothing that concerned the King's lawes of the land, his crown and dignity, his person, or his state, or the state of his counsell or kingdome;' and further,¶ 'the statute 25 Hen. VIII. c. 19, whereby it was enacted that no canons, constitution, or ordinance should be made or put in execution within this realm by authority of the Convocation of the clergy

\* Vol. i. 177.

† Vol. ii. 435.

‡ Vol. i. 89.

§ Coke, 4 *Inst.* 322.|| *Ibid.*¶ *Ibid.*

‘ which were contrairiant or repugnant to the King’s prerogative  
 ‘ royall, or the customes, lawes, and statutes of this realm, was  
 ‘ *but declaratory of the old common law.*’ Again, although un-  
 questionably the partial exemption of the clergy from the secular  
 jurisdiction was a great and scandalous abuse, it was not so abso-  
 lute as Mr. Froude represents it, nor did it extend to so large a  
 class of persons; for (1),\* Lord Coke expressly tells us, that  
 ‘ the Parliament of Edward I. and the custom of the realme re-  
 ‘ strained it only to felony, so as the clergy were to answer to high  
 ‘ treason, and all offences under felony;’ (2) according to  
 Britton, even in cases of felony, *the culprit could only plead the*  
*privilege after arraignment*, and so was partially amenable to the  
 secular tribunal; and ‘ if he was found guilty by an inquest of  
 ‘ office, though he was delivered to the ordinary, his chattels  
 ‘ were seised, and his lands taken into the King’s hands,† that is,  
 he was liable to all the temporal penalties of confiscation; and  
 (3) after the enactment of the 4 Hen. VII. c. 13, and therefore  
 at the period of Mr. Froude’s *History*, no iterate layman, if  
 indicted of felony, could have the benefit of clergy more than  
 once; and, even upon his indictment for his first offence, he was  
 tried in a court of common law, and if convicted, was sentenced  
 to burning in the hand. \* *Lastly*, great as were the possessions  
 of the Church just before the Reformation, her wealth ought not  
 to be measured by the acreage of her estates, for these were  
 generally let on long leases at easy rents, as the returns of the  
 revenues of the greater monasteries,‡ collected by Dr. Lingard,  
 show; and there was this additional drawback upon the ecclesias-  
 tical revenues, that they were subject to heavy Papal exactions,  
 and to far more than their proportionate share of taxation to  
 the State. These several considerations should not have escaped  
 Mr. Froude when he was giving his account of the status of  
 the Church of Henry VIII. in 1527; and we think they prove  
 that that account is not altogether trustworthy.

*Secondly*, it is altogether idle to deny that there were many  
 instances of corruption and profligacy in the Church of Wolsey  
 in England. The letters of the great Cardinal, which alludes to  
 the *animus improbus* of some of the clergy, his partial suppres-  
 sion of some of the monasteries, his vigorous attempts to make  
 all of them amenable to a royal visitation, and a very remarkable  
 letter from old Bishop Fox, once the minister of Henry VII., in  
 which he declares,§ ‘ I discovered what before I had not ima-  
 ‘ gined, that all things relating to the primitive simplicity of the

\* Coke, 2 Inst. 633.

† Mirror, cap. 3.

‡ History of England, vol. iv. p. 260. Ed. 1820.

§ See Fiddle’s Life of Wolsey, appendix, p. 86. Quarto. London. 1726.

‘clergy, especially of the monastic state, were perverted either ‘by indulgencys or corruption,’ sufficiently prove, by disinterested evidence, the need of reform throughout the Church. It is also clear from Hall’s narrative, and from several authorities cited by Mr. Froude, that, long before 1527, the moral strength of the clergy had declined in public opinion; and unquestionably, as early as 1523, the project of secularizing a considerable portion of the revenues of the Church had been discussed by Henry’s Privy Council. Nor, can we shut our eyes to the nauseous details, collected and reported by Cromwell’s commissioners, with a fulness and precision incompatible with utter falsehood, although justly liable to grave suspicion; nor should we forget that Latimer, no Erastianizing reformer, has distinctly told us that,\* ‘when the enormities’ of the monastic clergy ‘were first ‘read in the Parliament Houses, they were so great and abominable that there was nothing but Down with them.’ But a variety of circumstances induce us to think that Mr. Froude has unjustly stigmatized an entire class, for the errors and crimes which belonged to a part, much rather than the whole; that his picture of the degeneracy of the Church is somewhat overcharged with dark colours; and that he has not fairly stated the evidence with regard to the moral condition of the monastic orders. For (1) the Petition of the House of Commons in 1530, which must be assumed to be the national Bill of Indictment against the Church, though it details many causes of complaint against the clergy, does not charge them with any general profligacy; (2) the Articles against Wolsey declare that his letters to Rome, complaining of the vices of the monastic orders, were a libel upon the Church of England; (3) the reports of several of Cromwell’s commissioners, which may implicitly be believed on this particular, give a very favourable account of some of the monasteries, as, for instance, those of Catesby, Wolstrop, Polsworth, Hales, and others; (4) as Dr. Lingard not unjustly observes,† the fact that Cranmer admitted to high stations in his cathedral no fewer than twenty-nine of the monks of Christ Church, who had been charged with the grossest misconduct, shows that he at least distrusted the sweeping charges against some of the clergy; and (5) it is difficult to believe that, if the Church in England had been to so great an extent corrupt, it would have produced such martyrs as Fisher and More; that it would have so long retained such a hold upon the affections of the laity, as to cause them to rise twice in rebellion against Henry VIII. and once against the Protector Somerset, in behalf of a faith they still revered; and

\* *Sermons*, p. 123, cited by Mr. Froude, *History*, ii. 435.

† *History*, iv. 261. Ed. 1820.

that it would have had sufficient vitality to promote the great Roman Catholic revival in the reign of Mary Tudor. Where, as in Scotland, the Church was altogether degenerate, it fell easily under the attacks of the Reformers, and became a mere mass of decomposition.

*Thirdly*, we cannot agree with Mr. Froude's opinion that Catholicism, as such, was becoming generally distasteful to the English in the reign of Henry VIII.,\* or that there is so great an analogy as he seems to intimate between the first religious reformation of Germany and of England. On the contrary, the early statutes of the reign of Henry VIII., which are full of pious phrases towards Holy Church, and which characterize the wars against France in the Papal interest as a crusade; the evident pride the nation felt at the King's title of Defender of the Faith; the care which the Parliament of 1530 took to dissociate the cause of ecclesiastical reform from that of doctrinal innovation; the bloody statute of the Six Articles; the indifference with which the frightful persecutions under this statute were beheld; and, perhaps as much as anything else, the last speech of Henry to his Parliament, in which he complained bitterly of the evils of any religious discussions,—show plainly that, during this period, the Roman Catholic faith had still great influence in England. So Hall tells us, that even the political changes effected in the Church by the reforming Parliament of 1530–35, caused many men 'to clamour that Christian religion should be utterly violate, despised, and set aside, and that rather than so it behoved and was the parte of every true Christian manne to defend it even to the death, and not to admit and suffre by any meanes the fayth in which theyre forefathers so long, and so many thousand years had lyved and continued nowe, to be subverted and destroyed;' and Hall himself reflects the spirit and feeling of his generation, for, though anti-Papal, he is but a no-Lutheran. Nor should we infer any change in the religious sentiments of the nation from the violent language of the Parliaments of Henry VIII. against the Pope and the Court of Rome; for such language, in terms almost equivalent, occurs very early in our statute-book, and that even before Lollardy was heard of, and while as yet Catholicism held undisputed sway in Christendom.

Such, then, as we have attempted to describe it, we believe to have been the social, political, and ecclesiastical condition of the

\* It is not easy to ascertain Mr. Froude's views upon this particular. He states repeatedly that in the earliest stages of the English Reformation the mass of the nation was thoroughly given to Catholicism; but in other passages he leads us to infer that a great religious change towards Protestantism was slowly maturing in their minds, and the view suggested would be more just as applied to the reign of Elizabeth than to that of Henry VIII.



England of 1527, while as yet Henry VIII. and his people were in close communion with Rome, and while Wolsey was still first Minister of Church and State. A number of causes had conspired to elevate England to the highest point in the scale of European powers, to make her more prosperous within than hitherto she had been, to secure the affections of the nation to the Crown, and, apparently, to bind Henry VIII. in close alliance with the Court of Rome. The siege of Tournay, the battle of Guinegate, and the brilliant campaign of 1525, when Paris was virtually at the mercy of the English army, had restored the martial renown of England, somewhat impaired during the inglorious reign of Henry VII.; and, in consequence of the protracted and internecine strife between Charles V. and Francis I., which arrayed France and Germany each against the other in a ruinous antagonism, Henry VIII. was enabled to become the real arbiter of Europe. The proud motto he had borne on the Field of the Cloth of Gold '*cui adhæreo præest*,' was a literal fact; and as he graced his high position by a noble presence, by a splendid court, and by a liberal hospitality—as he encircled himself with a brilliant aristocracy—as he had proved himself no contemptible general and statesman, and as he still gave his confidence to one of the greatest of the ministers of England, he had acquired a very remarkable popularity. At home, the battle of Flodden had extinguished Scottish invasion: the Border, along which for generations a fierce strife had raged, 'wasting the country, burning the townes, and murdering the people,'\* was comparatively quiet; and although a strong party in Scotland adhered to a French alliance, and was eager for any occasion against England, it was held in check by a large and increasing minority, completely identified with English interests. Within England the frightful traces of the civil wars were almost effaced; only a few old men could recollect how the black plume of Warwick had sunk amidst carnage at Barnet, and how Bosworth had settled for ever† 'the 'funeral' titles of York and Lancaster;' even the memories of Blackheath, and of the murder of the last male Plantagenet, were ancient; and forty years of settled and tolerably peaceful government, the gradual relaxation of the feudal system, the steady and evident increase of capital throughout the nation, the growth of commerce, and the real improvement of husbandry, had made England more prosperous than hitherto she had been. And while the material state of the nation was thus progressing, her destinies were ruled by a powerful and sagacious genius, who appears to have been eminently calculated

\* Hall.

† *Ibid.*

to maintain England in her position as regards the Powers of Europe, to carry her safely through the transition from feudalism to true government, and to purify the English Church from its worst corruptions. For eleven years Wolsey had been really sole minister, and during this period he had steadily carried out a foreign policy which had made Henry VIII. the mediator of Christendom; he had coerced the feudal aristocracy into subjection to the Crown, and, although he had displayed something of Wentworth's dislike of Parliaments, he had not been oppressive to the English Commons; he had largely extended the jurisdiction of equity as Lord Chancellor, and, perhaps before any other English jurist, had perceived the inaptitude of the common law to civilisation; he had wrought a large reform in the Ecclesiastical Courts; he had resolved to extirpate the abuses prevalent in the Church, and with this object had obtained a legatine authority from Rome, by means of which he had suppressed some of the large monasteries; and, although he was a sincere Roman Catholic, and honestly believed that Protestantism was unmixed evil, almost alone among the men of his generation he abstained from harsh and violent persecution. Such a man, had he been permitted to carry out all his views, would probably have changed the entire course of English history: humanly speaking, he would have retarded our Reformation for many years, and by a change of discipline would have prevented a change of doctrine; and certainly he would have saved his master from many dark and indisputable charges. But the ways of Providence are not as our ways; and although until 1527 Henry VIII. was the firm friend of the Pope, though he had recently gained the title of Defender of the Faith, though the English nation was still essentially Roman Catholic, though a statesman capable of reforming the Church in many particulars was in power, a single event was to work a complete revolution.

That event, as all our readers are aware, was the determination of Henry VIII. to divorce himself from Catherine of Arragon, and to enter into a second marriage with Anne Boleyn. Though not very important in itself, it spread out into the most momentous consequences; for it led to the fall of the great mainstay of the Church of Rome in England; it dissociated Henry VIII. altogether from Papal sympathies, and united him with his people in hostility to the Papal jurisdiction; it caused an Erastian Catholicism to be established in England, which, being an absurd and illogical system, was destined gradually to change into a temperate Protestantism; it parted off England and Spain upon opposite sides—as representatives of opposite principles in Church and State—in an antagonism which, though

at first very moderate, terminated in a fierce and continuous strife; and to this hour it has left its traces behind in the peculiar constitution of the Church of England. It is natural, therefore, that an event, which has had such results, should receive a great deal of unjust criticism; that it should be viewed in the most deceitful lights, and under the influence of the most partial conceptions; that the conduct of some of the parties immediately concerned is not likely to be truly and fairly interpreted; and that probably it will always be considered through a medium of prejudice or of false ideas. In looking, however, at this question of the divorce, we quite agree with Mr. Froude, that we are to judge of it from the point of view taken by contemporaries; that we are, as far as we can, to disembarass it of modern feelings and notions; and that we are to estimate it only by contemporary evidence, or by legitimate inference from it. For Mr. Froude's remark is perfectly just, that 'where motives are mixed, men all naturally dwell most on those which approach nearest to themselves: contemporaries where interests are at stake overlooking what is personal, in consideration of what is to them of broader moment; posterity, unable to realize political embarrassments which have ceased to concern them, concentrating their attention on such features of the story as touch their own sympathies, and attending exclusively to the private and personal passions of the men and women whose character they are considering.\*'

But, although we should view this question under these proper limitations, and, placing ourselves towards it in the attitude of contemporaries, should consider it, as it was estimated in the years 1527-33, we cannot agree with Mr. Froude in his account of the reasons which originated the divorce, of the motives of Henry VIII. in seeking it, of the supposed State necessity for it, of the complete national sympathy with it, and of the construction to be given to the indisputable fact, that Wolsey, the English House of Lords, and at first Clement VII., were all in favour of it. The case made by Mr. Froude upon this question is, we think, more remarkable for dexterous advocacy, or at least for the influence of preconceptions upon him, than for an unbiassed and discerning judgment. For that case is briefly this:—That the death of Henry VIII. without male issue would have exposed England to the horrors of civil war, in all probability aggravated by aggression from France and Scotland; that, in such an event, such a multitude of claimants to the throne would arise,—as, for instance, James of Scotland, the Lady Margaret Lennox, the Countess of Salisbury, as grand-

\* *Hist.* i. 93.

daughter of the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Norfolk, in right of his wife, as descended from Thomas of Woodstock, and the Duke of Suffolk, in right of Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry,—that the natural title of the Princess Mary would not be respected, even if that title had not had the stain of constructive incest upon it;—that, therefore, there was a positive necessity of State that the king should divorce Queen Catherine, and should contract a new alliance which should give a promise of male issue—that Henry was quite aware of this necessity, *and that this was his paramount motive in seeking the divorce*—that the nation fully and thoroughly sympathized with him, and was so alive to the danger of a disputed succession, and of the possible recurrence of the Wars of the Roses, that ‘the safe establishment of the reigning family, in fact, was the determining principle of their action’—and that all concurring testimony proves, that an event which we are accustomed to consider as ‘the sacrifice of an outraged and injured wife to a false husband’s fickle appetite,’ was thought right and necessary by the statesmen and the Parliament of England at the time, by the father of the Church in his unprejudiced moments, and ‘by all indifferent and discreet persons.’

The truth and falsehood of this account are, we think, so artfully intermixed, it has so much to sustain it, and it is so completely a one-sided rather than a wrong statement, that the task of exposing its error is not an easy one. But, *first*, if in 1527, or at any other period within the probable duration of human existence, Henry VIII. had died without leaving a son, we deny that any English statesman could reasonably anticipate that France or Scotland were likely to make any aggression upon the title of the Princess Mary. For France was so wasted by foreign wars that an invasion of England was not to be expected, and all her energies were directed towards Italy only; the strength of Scotland had been utterly ruined at Flodden, and there was such a strong English party among her nobility, that a cordial union of the two powers against England was really impossible; and, besides, any attempt upon the Crown of the Princess Mary would have had to encounter the whole force of Charles V., who was then the natural ally of England, and whose feelings and interests alike would have identified him with the cause of his cousin. *Secondly*. Granting that there was a certain amount of infirmity in the title of the Princess Mary, in consequence of a popular prejudice against the validity of Henry’s first marriage, we cannot believe for an instant that that infirmity would have prevented her easy accession to the throne, when we reflect that the only other pretenders to it would have been the royal family of Scot-

land, who were extremely disliked, the Duke of Suffolk, who had really no right at all, and some collateral heirs of the Plantagenets, whose strength had been utterly broken by the Tudor dynasty. Even admitting, therefore, that a dispute about the title of the Princess Mary was a possible contingency on the death of Henry VIII. without a son; and admitting, further, what seems to us very improbable, that an \* Act of Parliament would not have extinguished any difficulty of this kind—an assumption altogether too favourable to Mr. Froude—we cannot find in the condition of England in 1527 that State necessity for the divorce of Queen Catherine he so confidently relies on, or even the reasonable prospect of such a necessity.

And, although we have no right to deny that such a necessity may have *appeared* inevitable to the English of 1527 because subsequent events disproved its existence—though we must judge of the question of the divorce, so far as the conduct of all parties is concerned, without making any appeal to what afterwards occurred—we may collect the *probabilities* of such a necessity from looking at the facts of history, and so may form an opinion of its real aspect. In fact, then, it is perfectly certain that, notwithstanding the animosity he created against himself in Europe, and the internal disunion he caused within his kingdom, by separating himself from the Papal Communion, Henry VIII., during his reign, was not really in danger from foreign powers; and his Crown was transmitted to Edward VI., to Mary, and to Elizabeth—though his own acts after 1527 had made its inheritance most uncertain—without any serious interference from abroad. In fact, also, the people of England, in choosing his three children successively as their sovereigns, adhered inflexibly to the common rules that directed the descent of the Crown, although the later events of Henry's reign might well have bewildered them; for the title of Lady Jane Grey did not endure an instant; Mary Tudor, though declared by statute the offspring of an incestuous marriage, became Queen of England really as her father's heir, though nominally she claimed by a given parliamentary right; Elizabeth was placed in precisely the same circumstances, and governed England by the same title; and during the reigns of these three monarchs the claims of other pretenders

\* It is of course impossible to conjecture whether an Act of Parliament would have altogether got rid of this difficulty, but the probability seems to be that it would. There were at least two precedents for settling the succession to the crown by statute, that of Henry IV. and Henry VII.; it was, as we know from Sir T. More himself, the recognised opinion of the jurists of the day that Parliament could arrange the devolution of the royal title; and in fact both Mary and Elizabeth became queens of England by Act of Parliament. It seems difficult to believe that a lineal descent, although with a doubtful flaw in it, when strengthened by a legislative sanction, would have had any real opposition to encounter.

were either disregarded, or only acquired strength from the accidents of the Reformation. From these facts we are surely entitled to infer that, as the hereditary title to the Crown was respected in the cases of Henry VIII.'s three children, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, which could not have been anticipated in 1527, that, as it was not seriously interfered with by foreign powers, and that, as it overbore the claims of all other persons, so, in 1527, it would, *a fortiori*, have triumphed before it had been rudely broken in upon by law, before it had been made the subject of the greatest uncertainty, before it had been exposed to the fierce trial of a stormy period of revolution, and while as yet it centred in a single power. We must, therefore, assert, that both contemporaneous and subsequent historical facts are against the conclusion that the divorce of Catherine of Arragon was a necessity of State, except, perhaps, in the sense that it seemed expedient, as did the separation of George IV. from Mrs. Fitzherbert, and his marriage with the Princess Caroline.

Again, we cannot agree with Mr. Froude that the desire of securing a male heir to the Crown, by entering upon a second marriage, was the principal object of Henry VIII. in divorcing his first queen. Undoubtedly it was a convenient pretext, which was openly used before the Pope and in England, and we are disposed to think that it had some sincerity in it. Nor are we, in the face of much genuine evidence, and of the superstitious tendencies of Henry's character, inclined to deny that he had really conscientious scruples with regard to the validity of his first marriage. He was not at all hypocritical, and he was a most devout son of the Church; and there seems to be good reason to think that his theological studies, and the ominous circumstance of the death of several of his children, did make him believe his union with Catherine incestuous. But, granting all this, his own conduct, the nature of his second choice, and a number of other circumstances, convince us that his paramount motive in seeking the divorce was a resolution to marry Anne Boleyn. Else why should he have sought so ill-suited an alliance? Why should he have resorted to a connexion almost as discreditable to himself, and as injurious to his Crown, as was that of his grandfather and Elizabeth Woodville? Why should he have raised questions as regards the possible legitimacy of his offspring by marrying Anne Boleyn in private before Convocation had pronounced upon the divorce of Queen Catherine? Why should he have had recourse to the outrage upon his former wife—while as yet she was legally his Queen Consort—of parading for years her rival before her eyes, and of treating that rival as his future bride?

It seems impossible to doubt, that the popular belief on this point is correct,—that a passion for Anne Boleyn was the real motive of Henry in seeking the divorce, and that the motives which Mr. Froude assigns, although they did exist, were quite subordinate. That Queen Catherine was of this opinion appears evident from her offering to assent to the divorce, provided that Henry would remain single ; and, although there is usually some exaggeration in the notions ‘of a woman scorned,’ this offer appears to us of peculiar significance.

It must, however, be fairly admitted that Wolsey, Clement VII., and the nobility of England, did concur with Henry VIII., in 1527, as regards the divorce. But we are disposed to attribute this undoubted fact—upon which Mr. Froude very properly lays considerable stress—to motives other than that of a simple consciousness that the divorce was a necessity of State. It appears that this reason did operate with the Cardinal in part ; but he was also influenced by a desire to cement the alliance of France with England which he had just concluded in 1526, by marrying the king to the Duchess d’Alençon, by a resolution to separate Henry VIII. from Charles V., whom he not unreasonably supposed the great foe of the Roman See, and *perhaps* by a personal dislike to Queen Catherine herself. As regards Clement VII., it was only to be expected that in 1527 he should have been willing to assent to the divorce, or to any other wish of Henry ; for, in the chaos of war and of opinion which for twenty years had been threatening the Papacy, Henry alone, of all the sovereigns of Europe, had been the steady ally of the Holy See ; and, in 1527, when the Imperial armies had devastated Rome, when France and England had united against Charles V., and their combined forces had crossed the Alps, the interests and feelings of Clement naturally concurred against Queen Catherine. More weight may perhaps be given to a very remarkable petition of the House of Lords in 1531, to Clement, as an index of the opinion of England and of Europe upon the propriety of the divorce, for this document claims the assent of the nation, and of ‘many learned men’ on the Continent to the king’s conduct ; and it justifies the right of the sovereign to seek the chance of male issue in a new marriage ; for otherwise, in its emphatic language, ‘we perceive a flood of miseries impending on the commonwealth, threatening to bring back upon us the ancient controversy on the succession, which had been extinguished only with so much blood and slaughter.’ But we cannot admit the perfect sincerity of this document—that it utters the genuine belief and sentiments of its authors,—when we recollect

that the House of Lords of Henry VIII.\* ever made itself the instrument of his arbitrary will; that it was composed of a very few courtiers bound over to him by interest and terror; and that, in the somewhat parallel instance of the divorce of Anne of Cleves,† the recorded and most abominable depositions of its most important members attest its complacency with Henry in any of his caprices, and the facility of finding plausible reasons of State for such ineffable baseness. Upon the whole, therefore, while we give Mr. Froude the benefit of the fact that there was a large identity of opinion in favour of the divorce of Queen Catherine, we mistrust the motives he assigns for such an agreement, and we think that other and numerous motives account for it. Still less can we take it as any proof of a strong national eagerness for the divorce; for though Hall upon this point is a thorough partisan of Henry, and insists upon the complicity of the Parliament with him, as a justification of his conduct, he observes, as it were, unwillingly, ‘after this day the kyng and she [i.e. Queen Catherine] never saw together, *wherefore the common people daily murmured and spake their folysh fancies*;’ and again, ‘One Thomas Abell, clerke, both preached and wrote a booke that the marriage was lawful, *which caused many symple men to believe his opinion*;’ and again, ‘In the beginning of this 23rd year, the Lady Anne Bulleyne was so much in the kyng’s favor, *that the common people which knew not the kyng’s trew entent, sayd and thought that the absence of the quene was only for her sake*.’ And to this we must add that the noble and touching portrait which Shakspeare gives us of Catherine of Arragon, a portrait which is the more remarkable because it was delineated in the time of the daughter of Anne Boleyn, and the strong animosity to the new government of Henry VIII., which the wrongs of his first wife unquestionably aroused, and of which the Roman party in England made ample use, are to our minds conclusive evidence that the feelings of the nation did not sympathize with the conduct of the king.

But, whatever may have been their determining motives, in 1527, Henry VIII., Wolsey, and the Privy Council of England resolved to apply to Clement VII. for a dispensation to enable the king to marry again. In this, as in all other public acts of Henry at this period, the great Cardinal’s policy and spirit are apparent. He was, perhaps, not well disposed towards Queen Catherine; he was probably anxious to regain his influence with Henry, which for some reason or other appears to have been declining; he was not undesirous of agreeing with Henry’s

\* See Strype, *Eccles. Mem.* ii. 452.

† Pp. 782, 784, 788.



courtiers, who certainly seem to have wished for the divorce, and with whom he had become very unpopular; and these personal reasons of course had weight with him. But the real causes of his concurring with the King's purpose were evidently a hope of securing the male succession to the Crown, and, most of all, a determination to separate Henry from Charles V., to identify him completely with a French policy, and thus to combine the joint alliance of France and England against the spoiler of Rome and the Ottoman enemies of Christendom. Almost alone, of all the parties concerned on the side of Henry, he seems to have had patriotic and statesmanlike motives in urging the divorce; and certainly, when we reflect that in 1527-8 Charles V. was apparently the deadliest enemy of the Pope, that his armies had recently devastated Rome under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, that Clement VII. hated him with an Italian hatred, that Henry VIII. and Francis had joined in the Holy League, and that a French army under De Lautrec, with many English allies, was in Italy, it seemed reasonable to expect that the Pope would grant the divorce as a matter of course, and that the policy of the Cardinal, if morally wrong, would not be unsuccessful. It was, however, liable to be thwarted if Clement refused compliance either from conscientiousness or timidity, or if Charles V. could secure the Papal interest for his aunt; and if it were thwarted, it would necessarily entail Wolsey's ruin: for failure would only alienate Henry completely, increase the growing hostility of the courtiers to the minister, exasperate the entire body of the people, who, whether they cared for the divorce or not, disliked the French and courted the Imperial alliance, and thus would unite all elements of the nation in a desire for a change, the issues of which were not easy to calculate. Such a contingency, however, seemed almost impossible when, in 1527, Wolsey wrote to Sir Gregory Cassilis at Rome, anticipating 'that his majesty's requests would be conceded' as of course, and urging upon Clement the indignities inflicted upon him by Charles; how Henry and the Emperor had at length been dissevered; and how the grant of the divorce was necessary and politic.

But the fears, the hesitation, and the political position of Clement combining with what, for want of a better name, we term accident, united to defeat the scheme of Wolsey, to strike him down from his high place, to array the King and all the nation against him, to identify the cause of the divorce with that of the independence of England, to draw to a head the long smouldering jealousy of the English against the Papal jurisdiction, to mature their political revolt from Rome, and to separate England and Spain upon opposite lines of conduct,

which eventually were to bring them into a desperate conflict. Time showed that Wolsey had made a mistake in supposing that Clement could adopt a decided policy which could, even in consideration of any advantages, make the Papacy responsible for the divorce of Queen Catherine. For the power of the Papacy was then at its lowest point of decline: it had been gradually sinking from the time of Boniface VIII., and had not yet felt the new vigour of the Roman Catholic revival; its material force had suffered terribly from the long Italian wars, in which the Popes had most unwisely intermeddled; its moral strength was enervated by the attacks of Protestantism and by its own corruptions; it was used by the powers of Europe as a convenience of superstition, a pretence of dispute, or a tool of ambition; and it was now in the hands of a feeble old man whose life was a game of small dissimulations. And hence, although at first Clement dealt in fair promises, though he admitted the validity of Henry's demand, though he actually appointed Cardinal Campeggio to decide the divorce in England, jointly with Wolsey, and promised on no account to withdraw the hearing of the cause to Rome, we cannot be surprised at discovering that in all this conduct he was not acting an independent part, that he was merely yielding to the momentary pressure of Henry's agents, that he had resolved to temporize and commit himself to nothing, and that, between his dread of England and France on the one side, and of Charles V. on the other, he was driven to the ignoble course of 'waiting on events.' During the year 1527 he did nothing but nominate Campeggio to his office; and from the retreat to which he had betaken himself after the sack of Rome, and from which he ruefully watched the coming conflict of the French and the Imperial armies, he kept Gardiner in suspense by frivolous pretexts, evidently awaiting the issue of the summer campaign of 1528. That campaign was destructive to the French army and their English allies; it instantly caused the policy of Clement to shift; he had not committed himself to Henry and Francis in any essential particular; the Imperial forces were before him 'like a lion in his path;' he resolved to identify himself with Charles V., and propitiate his enemy; and, as this could only be done by espousing the cause of Queen Catherine, to whom her nephew inflexibly adhered, he no longer scrupled in secret to refuse the divorce, to break his former promises, and to dissociate himself from England. And thus, though Campeggio set off for England in the summer of 1528, with apparent authority to determine the question of the divorce, he betrayed to Francis I., on passing through Paris, that he had no intention of allowing judgment to be passed; and, it is but too

evident, that his mission was a mere nominal compliance with the request of Henry, and that he had been instructed really to carry out the wishes of the Emperor. We may perhaps feel some compassion for Clement, who seems really to have been forced into this wretched policy of dissimulation, and who merely played the part of a vacillating man in contact with a power he could not resist; but the effects of this policy were ruinous to himself, and to the Church of which he was the head, and undoubtedly was the signal of a revolution in England.

After the arrival of Campeggio in England, and some vain attempts, on his part, to effect a compromise between Henry, who had resolved to marry Anne Boleyn, and Queen Catherine, who was equally determined to abide by her rights, the Papal policy began slowly to develop itself. Wolsey was steadily proceeding to promote the divorce, when his associate discovered a new feature in the case, which his opinion rendered its 'advocation' to Rome a matter of necessity. The weight of Henry's claim had been rested on some informalities or defects in the original bull of dispensation, which had enabled him to marry his brother's widow; and at the moment when the Court of the two Cardinals was about to be opened, a copy of a brief was brought forward, bearing the same date as the bull, and exactly meeting the objection. The authenticity of this brief was thus put in issue, and as the original of it was in the hands of Charles V., who refused to send it to England, but offered to send it to Rome, Campeggio declined to hear the question of the divorce until that about the brief had been decided. Wolsey protested loudly, but in vain—the divorce was postponed, indefinitely complicated, and practically referred to Rome. After an idle formality, in which Queen Catherine appealed from the legates to the Pope, and the Pope declared that, owing to the new feature in the case, his promise to Henry was no longer binding, and the cause must be referred to his jurisdiction, the Court of the two Cardinals was dissolved; and with its dissolution commenced the Reformation of England. It is needless to add that the entire proceeding was a mere stroke of Papal finesse, calculated to give a semblance of fairness to Clement's conduct, to sustain apparently his obligations to Henry, and not really to carry out the views of Queen Catherine and the Emperor.

But, as Mr. Froude very justly remarks, this policy, if it answered Clement's immediate purpose, dealt also the hardest blow to the Holy See which, as yet, it had received in England. It proved to the King that he was being made the tool of a foreign power. It roused up all the English jealousy of the Papal jurisdiction, which had gradually been growing keener and keener,

and which had become exasperated by the corruptions of the clergy. 'The great men of the realm were storming in bitter wrath,' the legates admitted; and Wolsey wrote to Rome, 'that it shall not ever be said that the King's cause shall be mutilated or decided in any place out of his realm; but that if his Grace should come at any time to the Court of Rome, he would do the same with such a main and army royal as should be formidable to the Pope and all Italy.' And while the elements of discontent were thus gathering against the Pope, the news was spread abroad that Charles V. was meditating vengeance for the insult offered to his aunt; that the advocacy of the cause was all his doing; that Clement and he were united to frustrate the will of the King; that the independence of England was made to rest with alien powers; and that the time had come to rally round the Crown in the interest of the people. Henry instantly availed himself of this general feeling: he sacrificed Wolsey—whom indeed, perhaps, he could not save, so strong was the national indignation against him, which connected him with the Pope in the matter of the divorce, and which, besides, had many old grudges against him. The writs were issued for a new Parliament; and the year 1529 witnessed the first great scene of the nation against Rome.

The political aspect of England at this period is thus sketched by Mr. Froude,\* and on the whole we agree with his picture, and with it close this article:—

'Wolsey, however, failed in his protest: the advocacy was passed, Campeggio left England, and he was lost. A crisis had arrived, and a revolution of policy was inevitable. From the accession of Henry VII. the country had been governed by a succession of ecclesiastical ministers, who, being priests as well as statesmen, were essentially conservative; and whose efforts in a position of constantly increasing difficulty had been directed towards resisting the changing tendencies of the age, and either evading a reformation of the Church, or retaining the conduct of it in their own hands. It was now over: the ablest representative of this party, in a last desperate effort to retain power, had decisively failed. Writs were issued for a Parliament when the legate's departure was determined, and the consequences were inevitable. Wolsey had known too well the unpopularity of his foreign policy, to venture on calling a Parliament himself. He relied on suc-

\* We speak of course only of a general agreement. We think that Mr. Froude has overstated the 'freedom' of England at this period, and has assigned too pure a motive to Henry's conduct. This very Parliament, Hall tells us, was composed chiefly 'of the kynge's friends,' that is, of his instruments; and as to Henry, his acts from this time with regard to Anne Boleyn are certainly not those 'of a great statesman.' But we transcribe the passage as being tolerably just, and to give a specimen of Mr. Froude's flowing and beautiful narrative.

cess as an ultimate justification; and inasmuch as success had not followed, he was obliged to bear the necessary fate of a minister who, in a free country, had thwarted the popular will, and whom fortune had deserted in the struggle. The barriers which his single hand had upheld suddenly gave way, the torrent had free course, and he himself was the first to be swept away. In modern language, we should describe what took place as a change of ministry, the government being transferred to an opposition, who had been irritated by long depression under the hands of men whom they despised, and who were borne into power by an irresistible force in a moment of excitement and danger. The King, who had been persuaded against his better judgment to accept Wolsey's schemes, admitted the rising spirit without reluctance, contented to moderate its action, but no longer obstructing or permitting it to be obstructed. Like all great English statesmen, he was constitutionally conservative, but he had the tact to perceive the conditions under which, in critical times, conservatism is possible; and, although he continued to endure for himself the trifling of the papacy, he would not, for the sake of the Pope's interest, delay further the investigation of the complaints of the people against the Church; while, in the future prosecution of his own cause, he resolved to take no steps except with the consent of the legislature, and in a question of national moment, to consult only the nation's wishes.

'The new ministry held a middle place between the moving party in the Commons and the expelled ecclesiastics, the principal members of it being the chief representatives of the old aristocracy who had been Wolsey's fiercest opponents, but who were disinclined by constitution and sympathy from sweeping measures. An attempt indeed was made to conciliate the more old-fashioned of the churchmen by an offer of the seals to Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, probably because he originally opposed the marriage between the King and his sister-in-law, and because it was hoped that his objections remained unaltered. Warham, however, as we shall see, had changed his mind; he declined, on the plea of age, and the office of Chancellor was given to Sir Thomas More, perhaps the person least disaffected to the clergy who could have been found among the leading laymen. The substance of power was vested in the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the great soldier nobles of the age, and Sir William Fitzwilliam Lord Admiral; to all of whom ecclesiastical domination had been most intolerable, while they had each of them brilliantly distinguished themselves in the wars with France and Scotland. According to the French ambassador, we must add one more minister, supreme, if we may trust him, above them all. 'The Duke of Norfolk,' he writes, 'is made President of the Council, the Duke of Suffolk Vice-President, and above them both is Mistress Anne;'<sup>\*</sup> this last addition to the Council being one which boded little good to the interests of the Sec that had so long detained her in expectation. So confident were the destructive

<sup>\*</sup> This admission of Mr. Froude ought surely to have made him ascribe more weight than he has done to Henry's passion for Anne Boleyn in estimating the motives of his conduct.

party of the temper of the approaching Parliament, and of the irresistible pressure of the times, that the general burden of conversation at the dinner-tables in the great houses in London was an exulting expectation of a dissolution of the Church Establishment, and a confiscation of ecclesiastical property; the King himself being the only obstacle which was feared by them. 'These noble lords imagine,' continues the same writer, 'that the Cardinal once dead or ruined, they will incontinently plunder the Church, and strip it of all its wealth,' adding that there was no occasion for him to write this in cipher, for it was everywhere spoken of.

At this important point—the prelude of the Reformation in England—we take leave of Mr. Froude for the present. Our readers will have seen in the foregoing pages our judgment upon his work. We admire his vivid imagination, his creative power, his sympathy with his subject, and his beautiful language; but we mistrust his judgment, we dissent from many of his views, and we think the conception of his history inadequate. We perceive as these sheets are passing through the press, that two more of his volumes are to appear immediately; and, in a subsequent article, perhaps, we may recur to this period, and endeavour to retrace its eventful incidents: how Henry VIII. and his Parliament moved in equal opposition against Rome, the one, as we believe, principally from selfish motives, the other partly from compliance with the King, and partly from hostility to the Papal jurisdiction in England; how the conduct of the one gradually became marked by a cruel recklessness and a remorseless severity, and that of the other by sycophancy, injustice, and revolutionary measures, not however unmingled with wise legislation; how this policy aroused a powerful opposition which almost plunged the nation in civil war, and which, though crushed by an iron hand, for many years menaced the Tudor dynasty; and how upon the wreck of the Papal system in England was raised an Anglo-Catholic Erastianism, which, after a brief reaction in favour of Rome, gradually gave place to the tempered Protestantism of the Church of England.

- ART. II.—(1). *Portraits d'Artistes, Peintres, et Sculpteurs.* Par GUSTAVE PLANCHE. Paris. 1853.  
 (2.) *Essai sur la Peinture.* Par DENIS DIDEROT. Paris. An VIII.

WE entirely agree with Mr. Ruskin in his opinion that the Pre-Raphaelite painters of Italy, as distinguished from the Post-Raphaelites, must be regarded as having made their art a vehicle for the expression of religious sentiment, while with the latter we find the converse to be the case—religious subjects being the *means*, and painting the *end*. Such were the machinists as contrasted with the Fra Angelicos and Francias of earlier times. From the zenith of Leonardo to the death of Raphael was therefore the most perfect period of Italian art, for we recognise in the works of that time all the strength of feeling of the earlier artists united with that technical excellence in drawing which had been the slow accumulated growth of three centuries of scholastic experience. There was besides in Raphael and Michel Angelo a fertility of invention and a grandeur of comprehension which at once exalted painting to a sisterhood with philosophy and high poetry. But criticism was yet to come; for most of the criticism of the greatest age of painting was wretched compared with the modern standard. The epoch was a revolutionary one in art, and a revolution cannot be properly described or analysed when it is in progress; the end must be seen, and time must be given for contrast and comparison. The artists of that day were bent on the invention of allegorical representation, the direct observation of nature, the selection of types, the intuitive practice of linear harmony, and that mechanism of the brush which shows that the mind seizes the essential projection and colour of every object. They had the sensibility to feel and the power to create, but the time for analysis was not yet come. Besides, the patient criticism of the Northern nations seems foreign to the Italian genius. Byron, Beyle, and Monti dining together, the last-mentioned person, who wrote admirable verse, made such absurd criticisms, that Byron said to Beyle, 'Monti does not know *how* he is a poet.' We might say of more than one of those great artists, if we are to judge from their essays and correspondence, 'He did not know *how* he was a painter.' Take Leonardo or Vasari, and we see the critical art in its crudest state. Even in the latter, who is the most celebrated of art-biographers, we are struck with the poverty of his observations. The strength of his book is in his anecdote, and in a certain quaint Boswellian style of his own, in which we laugh quite as

much at as with the biographer. Vasari has produced a delightful book, and an instructive one, in spite of many errors in fact, which subsequent industry has evolved; but a critic he is not, and one gets tired of the perpetual stereotype phrases of 'maravigliosa bellezza,' 'divina grazia,' &c., with which his accounts of pictures are interlarded. Joachim Sandrart, who is the Vasari of Northern art, had the advantage of living more than a century later, and of belonging to a nation more remarkable for patient thought, observation, and reflection, than for the creation of forms of beauty; but his matter and manner are heavy and lumbering. The vast Nuremberg folio, with its innumerable divisions and subdivisions, is a treasure and a curiosity to the bibliomaniac; but from its uncouth German of the seventeenth century, and its large admixture of dross with gold, it can never become a popular book, although much of the biographical matter of the pupil of Gerard Honthorst and the friend of Rubens is highly interesting.

To sift the grain from the chaff, or to extract the essence from the flower of poetry, is an artificial process inevitably subsequent to the grander alchemy of primary production; and it is since the extinction of the celebrated schools of Italy, Spain, and the Low Countries, that criticism arose. In art the eighteenth century was one not of vigorous production but of dilettanteism; and this being coincident with the development of literary journalism, fine-art criticism became a distinct department of *belles lettres*. This was first fully recognised by the French encyclopedists; and the true founder of European fine-art journalism was Denis Diderot, in other respects, and on other topics, one of the most pernicious writers of that age of moral dissolution. But while his materialism has been long since utterly exploded, his fine-art criticisms contain a multitude of sound canons, brilliant descriptions, and curious felicities of observation, so as to be still familiar to the amateurs of modern France. He was the first to expose with success the effete and voluptuous school of the age of Louis Quinze, as represented by Boucher and the Vanloos—those impossible pastorals preserved on Sèvres vases and in Dresden china—those episodes of rural life, taken rather from the ballets of the opera than from nature; those Colins and Chloes, gipsying in classical landscapes, with the complexions, airs, and graces of the boudoirs of the Faubourg St. Germain. To this pretty and sensuous untruthfulness Diderot opposed Greuze, who peopled the fields and cottages with real peasants in dramatic action, founded on their duties and affections, or their real vices and miseries, or other artists who painted high life with unaffected accuracy and not lackadaisical



pastoral travestie. Take, for instance, the Exhibition of 1765, and we find Carl Vanloo, Michel Vanloo, Vien, Chardin, Greuze, Louthembourg, Fragonard, the engravers Wille and Strange, passed in review. All these names are familiar to the students of French art, but some are only slightly known on this side the Channel. The highest praise is given to Vernet, the grandfather of Horace, and the sharpest censure is bestowed upon Boucher, not for his want of talent, for he was both an excellent draughtsman and colourist, but for his misapplication of his great technical gifts, which made a school which David threw down half a generation later.

#### BOUCHER.

'I do not know what to say of this man, whose degradation of taste has followed close upon the depravation of modern manners. His canvas bears the stamp of disordered life, and the grace of his shepherdesses is the posture-making of the boards. I defy you to find a genuine blade of grass in his landscapes. All ideas of delicacy, innocence, and simplicity, which really constitute grace, are as foreign to him as that nature which speaks to my sensibility, or yours. In the multitude of faces of men and women which he has painted I defy you to find four having the severe simplicity requisite for a bas-relief or a statue. In vain does he show me the half-robed Grecian fair; I always seemed to see the rouge, the patches, the ribbons, and the gew-gaws of modern toilette. His compositions are a hubbub and an anarchy to me; and the defect of moral unity is total. And yet, my friend, it is at this time, when Boucher has ceased to be an artist, that he is named first painter to the king. [Vice Vanloo deceased, and whose works are reviewed as of a defunct master.] He is another Crébillon fils, and the only advantage that he has over the author is a fecundity which never exhausts itself. When he paints children, he groups them well; but then they ought to remain on clouds. In all this innumerable family you will not find one fit to be employed in the real actions of life—studying a lesson, reading, or writing. They are little bastards of Bacchus and Silenus, fat and plump, who would do for an antique vase. His angels are little libertine satyrs, and his virgins are no better than they should be. And yet Boucher is not a fool; he is a spurious-good painter, just as one is a *faux bel esprit*. He has not the large intelligence of the artist, but only *concelli*.'

What Diderot was driving at was the severity of the antique; but when David afterwards perfectly complied with this desideratum, he justly laid himself open to the reproach that he was cold and statuesque, that he was abstract and not French; and it is a curious illustration of the changes of fashion that the works of Boucher have in our own time become popular, saleable, and even sought after, not because his classical scenes were supposed to be faithful representations of ancient Greece, but

because they are so thoroughly French in character. The gaiety, vivacity, gesticulation, and amiable affectation of the modern French is diametrically opposed to the calm severity or august serenity of the antique. Boucher was foppish and sensuous, but his Greeks were not one whit more untruthful than the Hebrews of Paul Veronese and his predecessors of the Venetian school.

The landscapes of Vernet filled Diderot with admiration, and he dilates with evident pleasure on their most striking characteristics. A ship is wrecked, a child escaping is carried on the shoulders of his father, a wife is stretched dead on the shore and her husband is inconsolable—the sea is agitated, the winds whistle, and the thunder rolls, the lightning rends the clouds, the sail of the vessel is shattered—some despairing of saving their lives by their own efforts implore the Divine protection, and others have cast themselves into the waters. In another landscape we have all the charms of a calm, the tranquil smiling waters stretch from the shore to the horizon, where they are confounded with the azure sky. The vessels are motionless, and passengers give themselves up to amusements, the crew to light labours. If in the morning, vapours rise revealing the objects of nature refreshed and vivified. If in the evening, the crests of the mountains are tinged with chequered gilding, and the warm clouds above deposit their broad shadows on the semi-transparent waters.

David was destined to overthrow the system of Boucher, Vanloo, and all the lighter works of that period. An early visit to Rome familiarized him with the works of the great masters. His knowledge of fine-art history taught him the great use which Raphael, Michel Angelo, and other eminent artists had extracted from the study of the Greek statuary then in course of active exhumation; but he carried this too far, and was too apt to forget that mere good drawing and linear harmony, with considerable dramatic power, are not enough to make the great painter. His system was a successful protest against that of Boucher, and until his pupils brought other qualities into play the works of David were the object of exclusive admiration. He certainly has the merit of being the founder of the modern classic school of France, which has produced such fruit as the 'Apotheosis of Homer' and the 'Romans of the Decline.' Even in the time of David his imitators and pupils produced remarkable works. Those of Guérin show clever drawing and invention, but in exaggeration of expression he is even more defective than our own Maclise. While Boucher copied the ballet, Guérin went to French tragedy, and transferred to canvas the poses and gesticulations of Talma, Georges, and Duchesnois.

To us the works of David are cold, with much to admire and study, but nothing to offend. Guérin, notwithstanding his great reputation, and undoubted talent, is to us frequently offensive.

M. Etienne Delecluze gives an interesting biographical notice of this painter, from which we learn that he was born in Paris in 1774, and having, at the age of twenty, become a laureate of the Academy, had his first great success in 1798 by his picture of 'Marcus Sextus returning from exile and finding his wife dead and his daughter in tears.' This work appears to have had a sort of adventitious vogue from the friends of the Royalist emigrants applying it to their position. His other most noted performances are 'Bonaparte pardoning the insurgents of Cairo' (1808), 'Andromache' (1810), and 'Dido listening to the story of Eneas' (1817), generally considered his best production. As an academic professor and director of the Academy of France at Rome (where he died in 1833), Guérin is entitled to a high position, and he had the distinguished honour of having for his pupils Gericault, Paul Delaroche, Eugène Delacroix, and Ary Scheffer. Without seeking to transmit his manner to these men, he sought—and with success—to lead each of them to a spontaneous development of his faculties; this constitutes the larger part of his fame. Of his pictures Delecluze says:—

'The success of 'Marcus Sextus' fixed Guérin's choice of composition, which was particularly theatrical. A first view of his works produces always surprise and emotion; the artificial arrangement of his personages has the calculated symmetry to which actors resort in filling up a tableau. These artifices and compositions, in which everything is calculated, comprise the qualities and defects of the talent of Guérin, who is a man of pure reflection.'

Guérin having been the master of the eminent men mentioned above, and having enjoyed a vast popularity in France itself during the Republic and the Empire, has been an object of far more study and speculation to the French critics than seems to correspond with his reputation on this side the Channel. The reason of this is that, during all the war, except during the brief interval of 1802, the two countries were absolutely severed as far as pure art was concerned. M. de Châteaubriand and Madame de Staël, having portable books for the vehicles of their fame, were as well known in London as in Paris. But with huge gallery pictures the case was different; they could not be known out of Paris; and even when the year 1815 came, and the Continent was permanently opened to us, our eyes were altogether uneducated to works which, even setting aside their acknowledged defects, were executed on principles so different

from those of the British school. The classical type was somehow in the eyes of the John Bull of 1815, associated with the horrors of the Revolution, and the Greco-Roman bombast which was mingled with the real heroism of the long war. The great blot of the French character, which was constantly hit by the English writers of all parties and on all occasions, was a certain theatrical exaggeration. If the more severe David could not escape criticism, which was envenomed by national hatred, Guérin was less likely to gain applause, and it is only in later times that a few who occupy themselves especially with art, have been able to do justice to his fertile invention and singularly-talented composition as visible athwart all his defects of exaggerated expression. Gustave Planche, recently deceased, the most charming of French fine-art critics, in *Portraits d'Artistes, Peintres, et Sculpteurs*, devotes himself to a minute analysis of the career and works of Guérin.

‘Pierre Guérin recommends himself to us neither by his severity of design, nor by the brilliancy of his colour. [We entirely agree with M. Gustave Planche; Guérin’s colour is frigid as an icicle.] But there are in several of his works a merit of composition which cannot be contested. ‘Cato of Utica,’ and ‘Marcus Sextus,’ clearly show that he was early accustomed to meditation, for the first of these works was projected at two-and-twenty, and ‘Marcus Sextus’ a few years afterwards. The insufficiency of anatomical knowledge in the second of these works, which established the reputation of Guérin, may be criticised, and, without exposing ourselves to the charge of malice, we may ask where Guérin found the type of the colour chosen in this composition? Yet it is impossible to deny the power displayed. Some men of five-and-twenty, now living, might be better draughtsmen, but we could scarcely find an intelligence capable of concentrating the thought of the artist with as much energy; grief and despair are expressed with a rugged grandeur which justifies the popularity which Guérin acquired by this work. Guérin had not the advantage of such a severe master as David; it is not, therefore, surprising that Guérin, having only the lessons of Regnault, should not have found a more precise form for his ideas. The reading of the historians and poets of antiquity had stored his mind, but his hand did not correspond with his idea. If the emotion which the sight of ‘Marcus Sextus’ produces in the mind of the spectators is no proof of the technical excellence of the picture, it still shows that the painter had strong poetical feeling. His ‘Phedre’ and his ‘Andromache’ are far from being so good. Instead of inspiring himself with the models which Racine himself had consulted—that is to say, instead of going to Euripides, he went to the modern theatre. Now Talma, notwithstanding his genius, was obliged to submit to the conditions of the theatre, in order to gain the applause of the pit. Notwithstanding his knowledge of truth and nature, he dared not avoid a certain exaggeration of gesture.

It was one of the necessities of his art, for absolute simplicity would not have been understood.'

With this we perfectly agree: had Talma so violated all conventions as to make the stage a literal transcript of real life he would have been hissed off the stage. The best stage-player is a bad model for a painter, and on our own side the Channel we entirely approve of Mr. Wilkie having declined to paint Mr. Kean, senior, in his characters. Art, save as a rare exception, ought never to reproduce the artifices of art. It may be said that this would exclude all scenes from Shakspeare's plays. We answer—By no means if the artist go to nature—which was the prototype of the Shakspeare of the closet though not perhaps of Shakspeare as arranged on the boards.

A far superior colourist to Guérin was Prudhon, whose celebrated picture of 'Crime pursued by Justice and Divine Vengeance,' is one of the most striking ornaments of that hall in the Louvre which contains the principal productions of the modern French school. He was born in 1760 at Cluny, and was thus the fellow-countryman of Greuze. He had great difficulties to contend with in early life, from inevitable poverty, aggravated by a not very reputable marriage, Madame Prudhon having been a mother before she was a wife. The first circumstance that made him known was a prize given by the States of Burgundy, which carried with it funds for a residence in Rome. The gaining of this biennial prize not only procured Prudhon fame in his province, but enabled him to complete the higher education requisite for his art comparatively free from pecuniary embarrassments. Here he familiarized himself with the works of the great masters, and made the acquaintance of Canova. But his return to France being coincident with the Revolution, which for a time extinguished the arts, he addressed himself to Greuze for advice in his difficulties, who told him that if he had not talent his case would not be so bad, for he could paint portraits. But Prudhon had no such airs of high art. 'I have got a family,' said he, 'and am willing to paint sign-boards.' He therefore opened a studio which might be styled a shop, painted miniatures, and drew designs for concert tickets, commercial accounts, boxes of sweetmeats, and so soon as he had scraped together three thousand francs he again turned to high art and was rejoined by his family, so that Greuze sometimes found him at a picture in the midst of his six children.

The Empire was favourable to Prudhon: he painted the portrait of Josephine, and became the drawing-master of Maria-Louisa; he also produced a celebrated portrait of Talleyrand. On the birth of the King of Rome, the city of Paris employed

him to draw a design of the state cradle, and according to the genius of allegory then in fashion, the cradle was supported by Strength and Justice in a bas-relief; the Nymph of the Seine receives the child from the hands of the gods. Arsene Houssaye considers Prudhon to have been the true genius of the school of the Empire; while the other painters of that epoch were simply men of brilliant talent.

In the seventeenth century, under the pompous reign of Louis XIV., two celebrated painters contend with each other, the one, Le Brun, has talent and a bold spirit; the other, Le Sueur, has genius, but is timid, cherishing the solitude that inspires, and the silence that elevates the artist; and, being simple in character, his affections were centred on painting and the hidden joys of the artist, rather than the trumpet of renown. But great painter as he was, he yet succumbed to his rival during his lifetime, and until time put everybody in his place. David, like Le Brun, was the painter of his age. To his pencil belonged the sombre figures of 1793 and the imperial pomp of 1812. Prudhon, like Le Sueur, was the painter of all ages and countries. What particularly characterizes him is his exquisite poetry, for he painted not only for the eyes, but for the soul. In tracing the most graceful undulations of the human form, he never forgets to reproduce the sentiment which comes from the heart, illuminating the brow, eyes, and the lips. A materialist said, on seeing one of those charming creations of Prudhon, 'he would almost make me believe in the immortality of the soul.' In colour, Prudhon was both ideal and true; in expression, he descended from Coreggio in a direct line.

About the year 1810, Napoleon established the decennial prizes; his intention being that all the scientific, literary, and artistic works of the first ten years of the century should be presented and judged by the Institute, and that the author of the best work in each line should receive a national recompence. The work presented by Prudhon was his 'Justice and Divine Vengeance,' and it is curious to see what were the other pictures exhibited at the same time for the decision of the Institute. They were divided into two classes—the historical works, and works representing an event creditable to the national character. In the former category was the 'Sabines' of David, one of his most celebrated pictures, representing, not the rape of the women, but a subsequent stadium, when they had become mothers, and presented their infants to the soldiers of Romulus in order to arrest the vengeance about to fall on their new homes. Girodet sent up his 'Deluge' and his 'Atala,' the latter taken from Chateaubriand's then popular production, and familiar to all

who have visited the Louvre. Gerard sent his 'Three Ages,' and Guérin his 'Marcus Sextus' and his 'Phedre.' Comprised in the second category, that is to say, subjects glorious for the national character, we find David's large picture of the 'Coronation of Napoleon,' Guérin's 'Revolt of Cairo,' Girodet's 'Napoleon receiving the Keys of Vienna,' Carl Vernet's 'Morning of the Battle of Austerlitz,' and Gros' three large and successful pictures, the 'Plague of Jaffa,' the 'Battle-field of Eylau,' and the 'Battle of Aboukir.' But there was the greatest difficulty in pointing out the best picture, from the fear of giving offence to, and stigmatizing as secondary, artists who had gained the highest popularity in public estimation; the consequence was that nobody was distinguished, in order that nobody might be offended.

The system of Prudhon was, in fact, a protest against that of David; and in his correspondence he criticised it so sharply, as almost to ignore the real service which David had rendered by his overthrow of the affectations of the eighteenth century.

'*'Nature,'* says Prudhon, 'has given us the example of the richest variety; and if she has modelled the human race upon a type of similarity, has she not made infinite modifications of colour, form, and figure? Yet you wish that although I am a daily spectator of these variations I should adopt, to express what I see, a style foreign to their nature. One might as well in a picture adopt the same sentiment for all men, and the same beauty for all women. I neither can nor will see by the eyes of others; their spectacles do not fit me. Liberty is the strength of the Arts. If Racine and Corneille have produced masterpieces, must we only speak and write in Alexandrine verses?'

But the greater part of France at that time was of opinion that high art was associated chiefly with the classic model; not only the works of David were mostly devoted to classical subjects, but those of his pupil Gerard were on mythological subjects. The natural tendency of Prudhon was towards gay and graceful subjects, such as his 'Zephyr'—balancing himself above the water of a fountain, a most charming production; and it was the intention to rival in severity the historical subjects of David that called forth his 'Justice and Divine Vengeance' for the decennial trial of strength.

With the Restoration came the so-called Romantic school, which has been repeatedly fully treated by the French fine-art critics. M. Granier de Cassagnac is inclined to make us believe that it was a natural French development; but Gustave Planche, Etienne Delecluze, and Théophile Gautier, all admit the Anglo-German origin of the fall of classicism. During the uprising of the Northern nations, from 1812 to 1814, in order to shake off

the supremacy of Napoleon, the love of country was so strongly combined with a religious spirit of re-action against the French school of materialism, that patriotism and Christianity took hold of the minds of populations that had been temporarily led away by the writings of the French encyclopedists. Hence the classical mania of the French Republicans and Imperialists fell completely out of fashion. Hence the new German school of Cornelius and Overbeck, which professed to be essentially Christian. In France, the works of M. de Châteaubriand and Madame de Staël laid the first foundation of the Romantic school, and the works of Scott and Byron completed the discredit of the classic dramatists and painters. 'The German mysticism, the 'satanic poetry of Byron, and the picturesque erudition of Scott,' says Delecluze, 'had nothing in common with each other, except 'putting antiquity out of fashion, so that classic became 'synonymous with 'false' or 'used-up.' We now proceed to say something of the French romantic reaction, the former of which proceeded chiefly by secular, the latter by religious subjects. Cornelius and his school represent the new phase of German art; in France the first of the great anti-classic painters was the celebrated Géricault, whose picture of 'The Wreck of the Medusa' occupies so prominent a place in the vaulted pavilion of the Louvre.

Although there could not possibly be a horse in his most celebrated picture, it was as a horse painter that Géricault gained the greater part of his fame, and even when at college *gaudens equibus* was visible in all his proceedings. He spent all his leisure time at Franconi's circus, or in riding-schools. He even went to the Faubourg St. Germain and the Faubourg St. Honoré in order to examine the fine horses standing at the doors of the wealthy, and would follow them with breathless haste when at full speed in order to enjoy and to study their varieties of muscular action; and he established himself for a short time as a pupil of Carl Vernet, who was also a horse painter. But Géricault, who had a sincere admiration of the beauty of the horse, and who understood it in all its varieties, did not remain long with him. He therefore passed to the studio of Guérin. But the new pupil and master did not and could not possibly agree; Géricault's passion for reality accorded ill with the classic idealism of Guérin, so that the latter actually advised the subsequent painter of the 'Raft of the Medusa' to give up painting!

'Although the manner of Géricault,' says Planche, 'entirely differs from the manner of Guérin, yet I do not think that we ought to regret the lessons which the former received from the latter. The future master may have received a new energy even from his contra-



diction; and although Guérin's execution was not equal to his conception, yet he recommended himself to his pupils by a permanent elevation of thought, and by his always attributing to higher intelligence the larger part of what was necessary in the arts of imitation. The tendency of Géricault was towards mere realism; and therefore it was useful to have a master who should lead him to habits of reflection. Guérin had not received a literary education; his mind was self-formed, but his works are full of fine thought, in consequence of long habits of mental application, as well as of a natural poetic turn. Géricault had received in the 'Collège Napoléon' all the advantages of a high literary education, yet his works have no traces of erudition. There is, however, in the works of Guérin, an elegance and an elevation of style which Géricault never forgot. Even in the representation of scenes taken from familiar life, such as the painting of a horse-breeding establishment, or a farrier's shop, we see in the composition ulterior results of the teaching of Guérin.

Géricault's first work submitted to the suffrages of the public was in 1812, the year of the expedition to Russia, when the military mania was no longer at its height, for the heads of the army wanted retirement and splendour—*otium cum dignitate*—and the people wanted the cessation of the Conscription. Still the impending reverses were not dreamt of; the retrospect was highly flattering, and the pictures of Gros, such as the 'Plague of Jaffa' and the 'Battle of Eylau,' had popularized military scenes. Géricault's 'Chasseur de la Garde,' mounted on a fiery horse, making a rare and difficult, but singularly natural stride, was therefore received at once by the public with the most signal success and even astonishment, for it resembled nothing that had gone before in French art, the military realism of Gros comprising rather large historical assemblages than single figures of a poetical character. The originality, the startling boldness, and yet perfect truth of this figure, are well known to many of our readers, and the audacity of the soldier has been generally admitted to have been translated to canvas with rare felicity. It is undoubtedly a matter of astonishment that it should have been executed at the age of two-and-twenty. It cannot be said that the expression is exaggerated or theatrical, for when a horseman, in the crisis of combat, turns half round to cheer on his men for a dash, it is one of those rare moments when even the least gesticulative of men seeks to communicate a moment of fire to the combatants following on.

'Le Cuirassier Blessé' is a complete contrast to the 'Chasseur de la Garde.' The one is a soldier in the frenzy of action, the other the unfortunate combatant, disastrous himself, surrounded by disaster. The one was the type of the bands that up to 1812 had spread the terrible conquests of France to the Vistula, the

Tiber, and the Tagus; the other, the combatant, after the grand climacteric of Moscow. The 'Chasseur de la Garde,' is the man of Jena and Austerlitz, the wounded Cuirassier, the man of the retreat from Russia, or of the dwindled ranks of Champagne in winter. The general sphere of Gericault has been admirably characterized by Gustave Planche in his great work, and as the importance of this name in French art is derived quite as much from the new part that he opened as from the intrinsic excellence of the works themselves, our readers will not, we hope, consider our dwelling at length on this artist as lost time.

'Gericault saw that the French school had gone astray in the exclusive study of antique statuary, in combining laboriously lines and masses borrowed from the marbles of Greece and Italy, and neglecting the interrogation of nature. Convinced that such a system would deprive painting of all sap and life, he resolved to proceed with violence against the sculptural traditions of David. He proceeded as if nature had not counted from Phidias to Raphael eloquent and immortal interpreters. This was not disdain or forgetfulness on the part of Gericault, but rather profound respect for those illustrious masters. He felt that the surest way to resemble them was to go back to their sources. Had Phidias been a servile imitator of his predecessors, he never would have conceived and planned the elevation of the Parthenon. Gericault understood, in spite of his youth, that statuary and painting, which both employ imitation as a means, are bound to obey different laws; he did not think that a bas-relief and a picture should be compared on the same principles; in fact, good taste condemns picturesque statuary as much as sculptural painting; and to ignore this distinction would be to produce bastard works.'

The consequence of all this was a great deal of discussion in Paris, one party maintaining that Gericault had left the high road of pure art indicated by David; others, that he had come back to the high road of nature from which David and others had gone astray, although following a different path from that of Boucher and Vanloo. Gericault, in order still further to carry out his system, proceeded to Italy, bent not upon imitating any artist, but upon freely examining the processes of all. But from his passion for reality it was evident that he was not seduced by the ideas of Raphael. His sympathies were rather with the *naturalisti*, those men of the very beginning of the seventeenth century, who, leaving the poetry of the sixteenth, became vigorous and ungraceful realists. Such was Michel Angelo Caravaggio, the head of the *naturalisti*, and undoubtedly a great master of chiaroscuro, although his shadows are too dark; but the combination of brilliant colour and vigorous general effect in his best pictures undoubtedly make him one of the great masters, so as not only

to have created a school in Italy, but to have had particular effect on the painting of Spain in its best period. Both Ribera and Velasquez are the children of Caravaggio, and the passion for realism in Gericault leading him, in the first instance, to delight in the pictures of Caravaggio, he gradually acquired something of his deep shadows in his own pictures, and on his return to France this showed itself in his most celebrated production, the 'Raft of the Medusa.' This picture is well known, and represents the frightful sufferings of the survivors of the wreck of the *Medusa* frigate up to the time when a sail is descried in the horizon, and they find themselves saved from the jaws of death. The picture is one of the most striking ones in the square pavilioned room, and we have the horrors of a shipwreck brought before us in the most vivid manner. Planche says, on the subject of this picture :—

'The best productions of Gros, however remarkable by the richness and variety of invention, are far from being comparable to the 'Raft of the Medusa' in execution. In the 'Battle of Eylau,' the 'Battle of Aboukir,' and the 'Plague of Jaffa,' the figures in the foreground are deficient in solidity. If Gros, in a poetical point of view, is superior to Gericault, Gericault, in execution, is superior to Gros. Occupied with dramatic effect, Gros neglects too frequently the imitation of reality—above all, in the figures of the foreground. He contents himself with gross indications, and does not give himself the trouble to model what he indicates. Gericault, without giving less importance to dramatic effect, treats with persevering care the imitation of reality, seeking to produce all the details with scrupulous care, so that his efforts are always crowned with success.'—*Planche*, vol. i. p. 352.

Gericault hit the blot of David—he perceived that painting ought not to be monumental, that preserving a reasonable amount of linear harmony, it ought to be free from the coldness of sculpture. David's protest against the sensual affectation of the eighteenth century, went, according to his notion, from Scylla to Charybdis. Gericault's design was to bring French painting back to truthful vigour. There is, therefore, great merit in his realism, and as art, like science, advances by successive zigzags, Gericault's career forms one of those salient angles of progression. It is true that his great work is not free from a certain theatrical arrangement of figures and costumes, which smacks of his old master Guérin, but not to such an extent as seriously to interfere with the other merits of this great picture. Notwithstanding many remarkable qualities displayed in his work, still it is impossible to class Gericault with the great painters of the best period, from the absence of that high ideal which is the distinc-

tive mark of a Leonardo and a Raphael. A painter of the naturalistic school can never rank with them, just as a prose writer, however accurate or elegant, cannot be compared with the great poet who gives truth, not in its bulk, but in its quintessence, and gives to the world visions of beauty pure and select; or to comprise in one word that which has been refined in the alembic of the soul of the poet—the ideal. But France has produced in this century an artist of this high class—M. Ingres, who, beginning with the excellent technical teaching of David, has by genius and perseverance produced more than one immortal work, so as, in our opinion, to occupy the first place in the modern art of France.

Ingres was taught by David, and well taught, in the mastery of the human form; but if Gericault's pictures differed from David's by their realism, those of Ingres differed by his having been inspired by the Italian idealists, as contrasted with the *naturalisti* who left their stamp on the works of the painter of the 'Medusa Raft.' M. Ingres has not servilely copied the works of Raphael, but he has sought, and with no inconsiderable success, to appropriate the mental and technical processes of the great Umbrian; in short, he has made that legitimate use of his predecessors of the Roman school which is allowable to an independent artist. The painter, like the poet, must know what has gone before him. He must have the sympathetic imagination to place himself in the position of his great predecessors, and divine the secrets of their manipulation. But he must not basely imitate or translate their individual works; nor must even the higher process we have indicated go further than what is compatible with the speciality of the admiring and aspiring modern artist. The transition from the living David teaching cold dead sculptural painting, to the dead Raphael exalting the mind of Ingres to life and ideality in all its magnificence, is very neatly shown by M. Gustave Planche.

'Ingres felt all that was wanting to David, that to paint and to chisel are tasks altogether distinct. Respect for form and linear harmony were admirably suited to his mind; but to subject painting to the rules of the bas-relief were conditions which he could not accept. He felt that David belonged rather to statuary than to painting, and took refuge in the Roman school as an inviolable asylum. M. Ingres passed twenty-five years in Italy; it is therefore not surprising that he should have sought there the sole guide of his life; and it was more particularly at Rome, and in the works of Raphael, that he completed his education. M. Ingres does not seem to have taken advantage of the works of Fra Angelico, and others, at Florence, which, however deficient in a scientific point of view, would have completed his edu-

cation. Raphael had entirely seduced him, and taken exclusive possession of his mind. The grief of the Virgin, under the pencil of Leonardo, Michel Angelo, and Raphael, does not rise above the eloquence of Fra Angelico, and yet M. Ingres has taken no account of this painter; and I think sincerely that he would have acted with more wisdom in trying to reconcile Rome and Florence. Every powerful work ought to proceed from the idea of an individual; yet I think that the advice of Fra Angelico was not to be disdained even by the student who lives in familiar intercourse with Raphael. M. Ingres being resolved to re-act energetically against the bad taste which David had not entirely dethroned, wished to choose a new master as the supreme expression of science and invention. I admit that the Roman school unites in a harmonious whole the majority of the qualities which recommend the other schools of Italy. But does Rome suppress Florence, Parma, and Venice? Raphael is, without doubt, the most charming of painters, but has he the science of Leonardo and Michel Angelo? No doubt he possesses the gift of colour; but Titian and Paul Veronese surpass him in the treatment of colour and light. Raphael possesses the gift of grace—this is incontestible—and yet on more than one occasion Correggio has surpassed Raphael in the tender and impassioned expression which he has given to his figures. Nobody who has seen the cupola of Parma, and the frescoes of St. Anthony of Padua, can deny this. But M. Ingres looks upon the whole Venetian school as a sort of scandalous debauch, pardoned by ignorance; and the mob struck by colour has only a confused idea of design. Now, for my part, I esteem Rome as much as M. Ingres; but a truly equitable intelligence admires with fervour all the manifestations of genius, and if Titian and Correggio have not the purity of Raphael, they have often surpassed him in brilliancy of colour and depth of expression.’—*Planche*, vol. i. p. 194.

One of the most celebrated of the compositions of M. Ingres is the ‘Apotheosis of Homer,’ well known to travellers, for we prefer confining ourselves to well-known works. Before the peristyle of a temple Homer is seated in blind dignity. His body is robust, not frail, notwithstanding his age—a symbolical figure of Fame descends to crown him. On the steps of the temple below him are his immortal daughters, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; the former representing military action, the latter, the pensiveness of communion with the deep. Around the poet are the great poets of antiquity and modern times; the latter drinking of the water that flows from the poet’s fountain. Théophile Gautier, speaking of the two figures which represent the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, says that they are ‘of incomparable beauty, and worthy of the poems which they symbolize.’

‘It is impossible,’ says he, speaking generally of M. Ingres, ‘not to seat him at the summit of art on this golden throne with ivory footstool, on which sit, laurel-crowned, those who are ripe for immortality.’

The epithet of Sovereign, which Dante gives to Homer, is equally applicable to M. Ingres; and the young generations yield him, without difficulty, the supremacy. Long obscure, and exposed to negation, he has persevered in his path with an admirable constancy. Noble life of an artist, who has never been turned aside from the contemplation of the beautiful. It has been cast in his teeth, that he is not of our time; that is true, but he is of all times. His sphere is that of supreme beauty, the transparent ether breathed by the Sibyls of the Sixtine, the Muses of the Vatican, and the Victories of the Parthenon.'

The other celebrated works of M. Ingres are the 'Martyrdom of St. Symphorien,' a remarkably energetic composition, representing an episode of primitive Christian history. A martyr goes like a hero to punishment, and a mother encouraging her son to die for the faith, is the utmost expression of the power of religion to detach the soul from the affections of the flesh. The colour is somewhat flat, but the composition is altogether a grand one. Several of his pictures follow entirely the Italian traditions, such as St. Peter receiving the keys from the hands of Christ, and a variety of Virgins, into the criticism of which we will not enter. To a Protestant his most interesting and acceptable compositions are those taken from the classics, Roman and Italian, such as Virgil reading the *Æneid*, and scenes from Dante and Ariosto. But of all his works the most celebrated remains undoubtedly the 'Apotheosis of Homer.'

'All those,' says M. Gustave Planché (vol. i. p. 203) 'who love grand thoughts, nobly expressed, concur in acknowledging in this composition the union of profound knowledge and ingenious imagination. M. Ingres has grouped around the poet all the spirits who have drunk at this abundant spring—poets, musicians, painters, and sculptors. I will not discuss the choice of the personages, for this would be puerile; that the author of *Jerusalem Delivered* is out of place in the temple of Homer would be easy to show. But apart from these poetical licences, which ranged Dante, Phidias, Mozart, Gluck, and Shakspeare at the feet of Homer, it cannot be denied that the style of the apotheosis is truly heroic. Purity of lines, grandeur of expression, nobility of attitude,—nothing is wanting to those glorious sons of Homer; even the sobriety of the colour adds to the serenity of the composition. All those genii who crowd before the throne of the poet are so superior to the men whom we elbow every day, that we do not seek in their features the faithful image of living reality. Placed in the region reserved to the demi-gods, they do not live or breathe like us, yet all objections are annihilated by the grandeur of the thought and the grandeur of the style.'

It was natural that an awful revolution and terrible wars, amid the din of which a new dynasty was brought forth, should have

left their impress deeply engraven on the art as well as the literature of France.

Gros began the illustration of the military pomps of the Empire, followed by Carl Vernet, Gericault, and, above all in modern times, by Horace Vernet, who has a particular genius for the treatment of modern military episodes. While some artists lose themselves in antiquity and the middle age, Horace Vernet has continued the work of Gros, not only in the illustration of the military scenes of the first Empire, but in those wars of Algeria where the Arab and European elements are mingled together with such picturesque effect. Horace is a thorough realist; all his men, women, and children, generals and subalterns, Zouaves and Kabyles, are taken from the life; and, unless we are much mistaken, the works of this painter, independently of their great technical merits, will sail down the stream of time as extremely clever and faithful chronicles of the military life of revolutionized France. Nor is he destitute of the ideal; take, for instance, his 'Mass in Algeria,' where, instead of groined vault and fretted niche, we have the incense rising to the azure sky, with a grand mountain gorge for the background. We will not go into the detail of the figures from want of space. In truth and probability, without a single embroidery of a theatrical character, the work is irreproachable, and yet at the same time there is a grandeur and simplicity of conception which at once seizes upon the spectator. Vernet is not always a poet, but invariably a vivid, picturesque, and faithful chronicler.

Two Swiss artists, although belonging to the French school, have held fast by the classical traditions—Messieurs Leopold Robert and Gleyre; the former did not paint Greeks and Romans, but modern Italians—the brigands, shepherds, and beautiful black-eyed women of the Apennines. He lived a great deal at Rome, and committed suicide at Venice in consequence of mental despondency, arising from a nervous malady, when in the full enjoyment of reputation, popularity, and freedom from pecuniary embarrassment. His most celebrated picture was that of the 'Italian Harvest Home,' now familiar to the public through engraving. Planche considers that the linear harmony of this composition exercises such an empire on the mind of the spectator, that the memory involuntarily goes to the purest and most graceful works of the Italian school. The picture now hangs in the Louvre, and it is impossible not to concur in this opinion. Robert had not bold invention, but great observation, and the most fastidious and exquisite taste. But the total amount of his productions was small, from the frequent multiplication of his preparatory studies.

Of a genius akin to Robert is his fellow-countryman M. Gleyre, whose best known work is called '*Le Soir*' in the catalogue of the Luxembourg, where it now hangs, and '*Les Illusions Perdus*' in the prints. No reader who has ever seen either the original or the reproduction of this allegory, representing the 'memory of joys that are passed, pleasant and mournful to the soul,' will fail at once to remember this tender and exquisite performance. Planché exhausts eulogy in the following touching paragraph:—

“*Le Soir*' is one of the most charming compositions of the modern school. The subject explains itself so clearly, and the spectator understands so well the intention of the painter, that he never asks himself the question, whether the personages before his eyes are real or allegorical. The man seated on the bank, who sees the departure of all the delusive hopes of his youth, awakens in every soul poignant reflections, which require no commentary. It is truth itself translated into a pure and elegant language. What I admire in this composition is not only the simplicity of the data, but the precision of the design, the happy choice of tones and the general harmony which allow us to embrace with a single look all the details of the poem. The figures placed in the background are treated with rare delicacy; the smiling faces seem to rally the pensive figure seated on the shore. Allegory comprehended in this way is a serene and powerful creation, which dominates the reality and exalts us above it. These white-clad females, with ivory lutes, represent admirably the brilliant hopes that surround our young days, and vanish like a dream in proportion as years wrinkle our temples, and disperse the locks from our brow. It is the flight of youth and credulity. M. Gleyre knew what he meant, and has said it well. A poet by inspiration, he has remained a painter in the expression of his wish. He excites thought like a page of philosophy, and yet has not transgressed the conditions of painting. This victorious solution of one of the most difficult problems of the arts of design is a piece of good fortune which belongs only to the men familiarized with the most perfect monuments of their art. The most meditative minds, even when they have arrived at a good idea, often take a wrong or incomplete form. The composition of M. Gleyre is entirely free from this reproach.’

But we feel that we have said enough of the French school, and it may not be uninteresting to our readers to have an idea of the opinions which M. Gustave Planché has expressed of one or two of our English masters. He visited the Royal Academy in 1835, and found both Wilkie and Turner in the period of their decline. He had been a great admirer of the earlier works of these men, and even in their old age finds still much to admire. Turner, he considered, possessed beyond all landscape painters the power of enlarging and metamorphosing whatever he touched, but that this faculty was exercised with a sovereign will that took



no account of locality or climate. On the shores of the Tiber and the Thames were recognised neither Rome nor London; the only geography which he admitted was the contempt for all geography, that is to say, the immensity of space. Limited space he annihilates; reality did not exist for him. According to Planche he was the king of a creation invisible to vulgar eyes. His figures were ill formed, and his previous publications informed the public that soldiers and shepherds were less in his eyes than a stone or the trunk of a tree. The defects of Turner were the depravity of a singularly powerful nature; the sheets of paper that he peopled with his crayons were enough to confound the boldest imagination; and, although there is in all these productions a sort of infernal handywork, yet in order to attain this fecundity, something else than a mechanical talent was requisite. What James Watt did for the steam-engine Turner has done for landscape. He has found formulas for combining the elements of the visible world, but although deploring the incredible abuse of these formulas, we must admit that the author of these singular equations has given proofs of rare energy. 'Ce qu'il a gaspillé, depuis dix ans, dans les illustrations de la librairie Anglaise, suffirait à défrayer plusieurs milliers d'académies.'

He considers that Stanfield, with less abundance than Turner in his later stages, produced effects more sure. He is not the despot who metamorphoses a point of view; a landscape takes possession of his mind, and leaves in his memory profound and ineffaceable lines; he also praises his colour. 'La couleur de Stanfield, sans avoir l'éclat de celle de Turner, est cependant d'une gamme assez élevée.' Landseer also engages his attention, and he compares his 'Departure of Highland Drovers for the South' with Léopold Robert's 'Départ des Pêcheurs de l'Adriatique.'

'The sentiments expressed in these two compositions are united by a close parentage. The Scotch and Venetian scenes are destined to represent the grief at separation, but I prefer the former; the composition of Landseer being more felicitous and complete, although Landseer has found nothing so touching and so religiously resigned as the young wife, placed on the left of the picture of Robert. The mountaineer, with the expression of his countenance, in which courage and melancholy are mingled poetically together, and to whom his wife presents an infant; the old man, who passes in his memory all the journeys of his youth; his daughter, who consoles him; the two lovers, locked in each other's embrace, mingling tears, kisses, and promises of fidelity; and a background of green hills and sturdy cattle, form a fine poem invented without effort, but satisfactory to the eye and the thought.'

As for his account of the portrait of William IV., by Sir Martin Archer Shee, it cannot be read without laughing. He describes the heavy mantle thrown on the royal shoulders, which is apparently of such a weight that only a man of Herculean force could bear it up, so that the spectator might suppose that it was some corporal penitence imposed on a convict ; and then he concludes :—

‘Le costume militaire et le costume royal se confondent avec une fastueuse gaucherie ; et ce n’est pas trop d’une étude de quelques minutes pour savoir où retrouver la fin d’une manche ou d’une broderie. Les mains de sa majesté sont dessinées et peintes avec une mollesse sans exemple. A coup sûr, si elles s’avisent de saisir la poignée d’une épée ou le pommeau d’une selle, nous les verrions se déformer, s’aplatir comme l’argille, ou se fondre comme la cire.’

We have now finished with M. Gustave Planche, who within these few weeks has paid the debt of nature ; and it is melancholy to think that a man of such refinement of intellect and elegance of taste should have died as he lived, in the misery consequent upon prodigal self-indulgence. His father was an apothecary, who intended to bring him up to the pestle and mortar ; but he passed his time at the ‘Ecole des Beaux-Arts’ instead of the anatomical lecture-room, and all thoughts of medicine were given up on the success of some articles which appeared in the *Artiste*. This procured him access to the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the columns of the *Journal des Débats*, in which the embryo of most of his criticisms have appeared. The boldness and fearlessness of his strictures, as well as the solidity of his erudition and the soundness of his taste, raised him to the first place as a judge of productions of art in the French metropolis ; seven years which he passed in the galleries of Italy having given him that extensive experience with which the fine-art critic cannot dispense. But his sottish habits were proverbial, his capacity for beer inexhaustible, and the shabbiness of his costume bordering on the picturesque. This dark Bohemian life, as it is called, had however the gala days. When he received payment of a good article, he would have a carriage at his door the first thing in the morning, and after paying some visits to painters and sculptors, would go to a café-restaurant and have a breakfast of five-and-twenty or thirty francs. After a few more visits, he dined at six at the Café de Paris in the most expensive manner, laying out sixty francs ; he then ended the evening at a theatre, paying forty francs for the carriage of the day ; but before the next payment he was probably dining at some humble establishment where knives and forks were chained to the table. Once more in misery Planche set to work with great ardour, and

he was seen in the picture galleries, the libraries, and the reading-rooms, where his labours produced him some money. He again became an inmate of some gilded café-restaurant, and indulged in liqueurs and truffled fowls. But even in his moments of splendour he lived in miserable holes, and his biographer relates, with pleasant exaggeration, that one of his landlords fainted away when he saw him take possession of his room with three false collars as his total stock of linen. 'But where are your shirts, sir?' said he, on recovering. 'People,' said Gustave Planche, 'put on shirts in order to show their collars; well, there are the collars, quite clean.'

These statements as to his want of personal cleanliness having appeared in his biography by Eugène de Mirecourt, he was prosecuted by Planche for defamation, and had to pay damages. But the critic took nothing by his motion. The *Figaro*, one of the comic ribalds of literature, informed its readers that a meeting of the contributors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was held, at which it was decided that the linen and the hands, &c., of the plaintiff should be irreproachable on the day of audience, in order to prove to the public that all these allegations were calumnies, and that therefore M. Gustave Planche should take some lessons in dandyism from a ballet-master to learn to walk elegantly, get a perfumer to do up his hair, and lastly, to finish off with a *professor of tying neckcloths*. In short, they wished to produce a Gustave Planche utterly unrecognisable by his friends; and in order to make sure of his proper appearance, he is made to rehearse the scene with the advocate, who begins, as if addressing the jury:—

'You see, gentlemen, they have represented this great man as ill-dressed and uncombed—a sort of Diogenes of the nineteenth century. Now, gentlemen of the jury, you have the man before you; this Diogenes is, in fact, a fac-simile of an engraving of fashions—a second Brummel. Look at his hat, his hair exhales an odour of patchouli; it is said that he does not wash his hands; now take off your gloves.' (M. Planche takes off his gloves; his friends look at his hands with curiosity—general laughter—the disconcerted advocate stops short.) 'How, M. Planche, have you not washed your hands?' 'I washed my hands yesterday, but I lighted my stove this morning.'

'The Advocate continuing—'Well, I hope that on the day of audience you will have clean hands. To be brief, gentlemen of the jury; examine yourself the whiteness of his linen. Unbutton yourself, M. Planche. How—you do not possess a shirt?'

'M. Planche, irritated—'I do possess a shirt, sir, but it is in the hands of the washerwoman,' &c.'

Such were the deplorable manners of one of the kings of Pari-

sian criticism and *La Vie de Bohême*. To conclude, Gustave Planche had not the vast encyclopedic knowledge of Diderot or the brilliant fluency of Théophile Gautier; but in sound sense, reliable judgment, and fastidious taste, no modern art-critic occupies a higher place.

ART. III.—*A Sketch of the History of the Currency, comprising a brief Review of the Opinions of the most Eminent Writers on the subject.* By JAMES MACLAREN. Groombridge and Sons. 1858.

THE close of the seventeenth century, politically memorable for the success of William III., the secured ascendancy of Protestantism and freedom in England, and the marked decay of the Papacy and despotism in Europe, is also memorable for the manifestation of a new feature of society, which has ever since been unceasingly developed. Then, according to Mr. Maclaren, whose book virtually begins at that period, 'the new system of trade upon credit may be said to have commenced.' Then, by the concurrent testimony of Sir Josiah Child, Evelyn, and D'Avenant, a great want of money was experienced. The old coin had been cut and clipped, and all pieces of full weight melted down, under a strong temptation to eke out the supply, and a new or a recoinage had become indispensable. The Bank of England was established in 1694; in 1696 the first Exchequer bills were issued; a paper currency had then come into use and notice as a supplement to a deficient metallic currency. About that time the stimulus given to the growth of population and the increase of trade by the discovery of America, seems to have more than counterbalanced its effects in depreciating the precious metals. About 1640 is usually assigned as the period when the depreciation of silver, at that time the great standard of value throughout Europe, ceased, and soon afterwards, in due succession, the modern system of credit currency finds a place in the history of society. To credit, confidence is necessary; to trade, money is equally necessary; and whatever may be the great natural fact from which credit, at a certain stage of society, becomes a conspicuous element of traffic—though probably it is the increase in the number of commodities, all equally useful and equally necessary, which are brought to market in unequal times, and cannot therefore be bartered for one another—we find in the growth of a credit-currency, founded on confidence, an

example of a moral element supplying the deficiency of a material element, and promoting the progress of society. In reference to the theory which limits progress entirely and exclusively by the quantity of material objects, supplied or produced, like gold and silver, by the earth, this example of coincidence between the deficiency of silver and the birth of a substitute for it in confidence, deserves further elucidation.

'About 1645,' says Macpherson, 'merchants began to lodge their cash in goldsmith's hands, both to receive and pay for them.' 'This new banking business soon grew to be very considerable.' 'Much about the same time the goldsmiths, or bankers, began to receive the rents of gentlemen's estates,' 'and to allow them and others who put cash into their hands, some interest on it if it remained for a single month in their hands, or even a lesser time.' This was a great allurements to people to put money into their hands which would bear interest till the day they wanted it, and they could also draw it out by 100*l.* or 50*l.* at a time, as they wanted it, with infinite less trouble than if they had lent it on either real or personal security.\* 'Most men,' said Sir Josiah Child, writing in 1665, 'as soon as they make up 50*l.* or 100*l.*, send it to the goldsmiths;' and to this he strangely attributed 'the fatal and pressing necessity for money so visible throughout the whole kingdom.† The Bank of England was only an authorized extension of this deposit and credit system, and its notes, issued at first for 20*l.*, and not for any smaller sum, were only an imitation of goldsmiths' notes. All the Stuarts and Cromwell had borrowed largely of goldsmiths and others in the City, and in 1692 the first Parliamentary loan was contracted.‡ Exchequer bills, first issued in 1696, were to meet the expense of the new coinage, thought to have amounted to 3,000,000*l.* They were of as small an amount as 5*l.*, and 'were of great use, because there was such a great scarcity of silver money.§ 'Then,' says D'Avenant, speaking of 1696, 'all great dealings were transacted by tallies, bank bills, and goldsmiths' notes. Paper credit did not only supply the place of running cash, but greatly multiplied the kingdom's stock, for tallies and bank bills did to many uses serve as well, and to some better than gold and silver; and this artificial wealth which necessity had introduced, did make us less feel the want of that real treasure which the war and our losses at sea had drawn out of the nation.' In Evelyn's memoirs there is the same testimony to the want of money in 1696. D'Avenant's

\* *Annals of Commerce.* A.D. 1645. Vol. ii. pp. 427-428.

† *Discourses on Trade.* Quoted by Macpherson. Vol. ii. p. 546.

‡ *Baron Macaulay's History.* Vol. iv. p. 326. § *Annals of Commerce.*

clear perception of the utility of credit-currency did not prevent him, however, from saying, of giving interest on deposits, quite in the spirit of some modern critics, when speaking of similar useful practices, 'it would be for the general good of trade were the Bank of England restrained by law from allowing interest for running cash (deposits), for the ease of having 3 or 4 per cent. without trouble must be a continuous bar to industry.\*

In these passages may be traced all the features of our modern system of credit-currency in connexion with banking and trade. There was confidence in men of honour and integrity; money was deposited with them on call, against which they gave promises to pay it on demand (goldsmiths' notes); these circulated from hand to hand, and in a time of difficulty were very advantageous substitutes for metallic money. There were complaints of these new practices, just as there are now complaints of country bankers and joint stock banks, as if they caused the scarcity of money which they helped to remedy. If the present complaints be just, they are certainly not new, as their authors suppose them. The system which was condemned in 1665 by Sir Josiah Child, Mr. Maclaren refers to the reign of Anne, from confounding, we think, the sanction then given by the legislature to some customs previously in existence, and traced to the period between 1610 and 1690. It had an earlier origin than he assigns it, and had attained considerable maturity, like every part of society, before it could attract the notice of the law-maker.

The Government which, prior to the credit system coming into vogue, had debased the coin, made free with the merchants' money deposited in the Mint, shut up the Exchequer, &c., soon had recourse to it as a readier means of obtaining money—undoubtedly it was honester—and began by the sanction of Parliament to contract, by a loan of 1,000,000*l.*, that enormous debt which now approximates to 800,000,000*l.* Coeval with the establishment of the Bank of England, the Government began systematically to borrow, and formed that intimate and personal connexion in which it has ever since been involved with the great system of credit. About the same time, however, the principle of its own existence, which had been sheer force, had become by a gradual and almost imperceptible change, public confidence; and should it ever lose this its end will be near at hand.

After credit had grown into importance, it gave a new name to money. Mr. Maclaren's history concerns chiefly the modern substitutes for the precious metals, and it is called *A Sketch of the History of the Currency*. The old name was applied to some pieces of the precious metals, certified by the image and super-

\* *Discourses on Public Revenue and Trade*. Quoted in the *Annals*. A.D. 1697.

scription of some Roman consul, or emperor, or king, to be genuine and of some definite weight. Metallic money only was then in use, and it is still the chief or only money of the world. But since the middle of the seventeenth century, bills, notes, drafts, cheques, book-entries, deposit-accounts, &c., all founded on credit, have come into use in many places as a means of purchasing or exchanging commodities. Metallic money, though it be different in different countries, is familiar to the bulk of mankind from childhood, and the precious metals are almost universally valid. Credit-currency is necessarily limited to localities or classes; it is valid only in places or for certain specified and limited purposes, and the knowledge of the different kinds is confined to comparatively few persons. The modern term currency, including metallic money and many useful contrivances for connecting future with past industry, and carrying on trade between remote countries, embracing in fact all the forms of credit currently in use to complete exchanges as well as the precious metals, is very comprehensive. Some confusion, however, has arisen from the gradual extension of the term, unnoticed and unexplained, so that very different things are now embraced by it, and treated as if they were subject to the same natural laws. This is very much to be regretted, for currency in some of its forms has been known since history began, and seems indispensable to the existence of society. Like the materials of which some insects build their cells, it may be obtained from different sources, and be of various kinds; but it must be had, or the creatures can neither work nor live.

Banking, far from being indispensable to the existence of society in all stages, is comparatively a new art. Little or no trace of it is to be found in ancient Greece or Rome. Like printing, it is a part of the life of modern cities, and seems to have taken its rise in Italy about the middle of the twelfth century. From an earlier period it was known in China, and perhaps in India; and like other arts, like those of the smith and the carpenter, which grow from the peculiarities of wood and iron, it takes its rise in certain natural or social facts. It implies many persons and great wealth. It is one of the common businesses of life into which all society is naturally divided, one of those multifarious arts or trades with which, according to modern experience, legislation is required not to interfere. Those who treat it as an exception to the general rule for which special laws must be made, have to prove their assumption. Money is power, and banking gathers it from many sources, and directs it where most wanted. It is a means then of diffusing power equally over the whole community. No great town of Europe is now without

its banker. In the United States there are 1400 banks, and after the States there is more banking accommodation in Scotland and England than in any other country. The art is not connected with forms of Government, but it flourishes most in freedom. Dealing exclusively with money, it has a close and intimate connexion with currency, especially with credit currency; but there is as much difference betwixt them as between clothing and the art of the tailor. Every member of society must use currency, as he must use language, but comparatively few persons use a bank, as only a part of mankind use printed books. Both banking and printing, however, are spreading, and may, like currency, language, and clothing, become universal.

The difference betwixt metallic and credit-currency is not always kept in view by political economists; and legislation, notwithstanding the difference between the latter and banking, has continually confounded these two, and made laws for them as if they were one and the same. Hence the inquiries of the Committee of the House of Commons which sat last session, nominally to inquire into the Bank Acts, were directed really to an elaborate investigation of the natural laws which regulate metallic and paper currency. Things essentially different are thus confounded, which is a source of great confusion, and we must briefly endeavour to trace the mistake to its origin.

The Bank of England was virtually established by an Act (5 and 6 William and Mary, c. 20) 'for granting several rates and duties on tonnage of ships,' &c., on which rates and duties 'persons whom their Majesties were empowered to incorporate under the name of the Governors and Company of the Bank of England' were to advance 1,200,000*l.* 'The charter,' says Macpherson, 'was little more than a piece of form, all the essential powers and privileges granted to the Bank being included in the Act of Parliament.\*' Baron Macaulay, confirming this fact, says, 'Somers gladly put the great seal to a charter framed in conformity with the terms prescribed by Parliament.' 'The Tonnage Bank,' as the plan was called, excited, he tells us, a 'furious paper war;' but 'the plan amended received the sanction of the Commissioners more easily than might have been expected.' 'In truth, the Parliament was under duress. Money must be had, and could in no other way be had so easily.' For the 1,200,000*l.* 'the moderate interest' of eight per cent. was given. The Bill 'granting supplies to the Crown' could not be discussed fully nor altered in the House of Lords, which, says the historian, 'was most unfair.†' The Bank therefore bought its

\* *Annals of Commerce*, A.D. 1694.

† *History of England*, vol. iv. p. 499-500.



charter by a loan when the State was in distress for funds, and it was fastened on the nation by one House of Parliament in a money bill. From the first it was bound up with taxation and the State; and, true to its origin, it has ever since been more the servant of the State than the friend of commerce.

At the commencement it was not uniformly successful, and it had to raise money at times by issuing sealed notes and several other devices. 'The Corporation,' says Baron Macaulay, 'was to have no exclusive privilege, and was to be restricted from trading in anything but bills of exchange, bullion, and forfeited pledges.' Having no exclusive privilege, it soon had rivals. A very notorious incorporation of the period, called 'The Mine Adventure Company,' having issued cash, notes, &c., the Parliament, by an Act for 'continuing several duties on coffee,' and 'for securing the credit of the Bank of England' (Anne, 6, c. 22), 'prohibited any partnership exceeding the number of six persons in England from borrowing or taking up money on bills payable on demand in any time less than six months from the borrowing thereof.' This Act secured to the Bank of England the exclusive privilege of so borrowing as against all other incorporations, and seems to have been the first important restriction imposed by Parliament on credit-currency. From the title, it is evident that the Act was dictated by the supposed common interest of the Bank—to which it gave a monopoly—and the Government, without any consideration of its future effects. It was one of the first and chiefest legislative links in the connexion then inseparably established between credit-currency and banking, and preserved in all our subsequent legislation. It was the life-germ of all our Bank Acts.

From that time new sorts of credit-currency continually came into notice, and the use was continually extended, testifying to the necessity of such a currency and to the insufficiency of metallic currency to carry on trade. This new part of society, therefore, like the trade to which it ministers, is essential to the progress of the whole. As the Government, in partnership with the Bank, continued to be a borrower, and as it had begun by putting down other issuers for their common benefit, both interest and dignity compelled the Government ever afterwards to follow the same course. From the hour of the birth of the Bank, its interest, never lost sight of, has been the chief consideration in all legislation concerning this new part of society. The Government could not borrow without paying interest—private bankers could; and as their notes came into use they were scowled at by the rival Bank, and envied by the less fortunate Government. Notes of 20*l.* and 10*l.*, though they supplied the

place of metallic currency, did not visibly supersede coins like notes of 1*l.* or 10*s.* As these came into use they attracted much attention, and were deemed an infringement of the royal prerogative. There seems to have been no doubt that to suppress the issue of them was quite within the province of legislation, and from the early part of the reign of George III. laws were directed against them. Without pretending to enumerate all the statutes on the subject, we may mention that by an Act passed in 1777, renewed and made perpetual in 1787, all bankers' notes payable on demand for a less sum than 5*l.* were prohibited in England. So little, however, was the Parliament acquainted with the principles of credit-currency, or so little did it foresee events, that in ten years these Acts were repealed, and the issue of notes for 1*l.*, both by private bankers and the Bank of England, was sanctioned. In 1826, or in twenty-nine years, the sanction was again withdrawn as to England and Wales, and the issue of notes below 5*l.* was prohibited, while it was authorized both in Scotland and Ireland. Such vacillating and contradictory legislation indicates in Parliament more haste than knowledge, and justifies those who condemn the laws it now imposes on credit-currency.

The Act of 1819 interfered with the unit of value, and affected the fortunes, more or less, of every man in the empire. We might expect that such an important law would have some corresponding title. It is, however, strangely entitled an 'Act to continue the Restrictions contained in several Acts on Payments of Cash by the Bank of England.' The Act of 1826 prohibiting the issue of small notes, also encouraged the establishment of Joint Stock Banks; it was known at the time as the Bank Charter Amendment Act, and was entitled an 'Act for the better Regulation of Copartnerships of certain Bankers,' &c. In 1833, by an Act for giving to the Corporation of the Bank of England certain privileges for a limited period, the notes of this corporation were made a legal tender. By every one of these Acts, and several similar Acts, important alterations were made in the laws of the currency, and every one of them nominally concerns only banks and banking. Again, in 1844, an 'Act for regulating the Issue of Bank Notes, and for giving to the Bank of England certain privileges for a limited period,' confirmed many old and noxious restrictions on currency, and added several new ones. Thus from the commencement of our legislation for credit-currency, it and the art of banking have been for ever jumbled together in the same Acts of Parliament, begetting manifest confusion. Our example has been followed by the United States, and there, as here, the great and universal subject of currency has been treated in subordination to the small and local art of the banker.

The error has been disastrous; currency and banking are regulated by very different laws. In modern society all services, as well as all commodities, are bargained for and bought and sold, and nothing is of more importance than the measure or standard by which they are bought. No one can be surprised, therefore, at the jealousy every interference with it excites, or that laws should be directed against bankers, from its being supposed that the issue of notes by them affected the standard of value. In truth, the maintenance of this standard is the important point at issue in all our controversies and all our laws on the subjects of banking and the currency. We must, therefore, remind our readers, that we have in use a little varying standard of value. The precious metals are, according to Turgot, 'natural and universal money.' They are what Lord Overstone calls 'the money of the world;' 'the universal equivalent.' They seem to be given to mankind for money as water is appointed for drink, and they are almost universally used for the purpose. Nothing better has ever been invented; all schemes to substitute some other standard have been failures. Their function, as instruments of exchange, is fully shared by paper currency; in some respects, for this purpose it is superior to them; but it always refers to them as a standard or measure of value, and has no claim whatever to this all-important function.

Whatever may be the origin of the universal estimation of the precious metals, it overrules all legislation concerning them, so that all coins, whatever their denomination, as the rule always exchange for commodities according to the quantity and purity of the precious metals they contain. Money prices are not determined by prerogative declaring that one pound is sixty-six shillings, but by the quantity of the precious metal in the pound. History teems with accounts of vain attempts to secure a metallic currency in circulation at a denomination different from the value of the precious metals in the coins, as determined by the general estimation. Our own silver coin is only an apparent exception, for gold is exclusively our measure of value, and the law which establishes it restricts the legal payments in silver to 40s.; all value is here ultimately measured in gold. About the period of the great recoinage, too, there was for some time, in consequence of the deficiency in the quantity of the customary coins to which all business was adapted, an exception to the rule, and the clipped coin circulated, during a short period, for more than it was actually worth.\* But generally the rule holds good. At present we cannot limit our consideration of such questions by the bounds of one political community. Economically, all the nations of the

\* Maclaren, page 29.

earth communicating and exchanging with one another, form one society. They all want gold and silver, and all send them to one another.. Gold comes in here and goes out freely, and the quantity of it in a sovereign settles the value of the coin independently of all legislation in Paris, New York, and Shanghai, as well as in London. Legislation may select one metal in preference to another, and by ordaining that it shall be exclusively used as measure of value endow it with a utility of which the other metal is deprived, as our Government actually does with gold in England and silver in India, disturbing the natural diffusion of the metals in both countries and throughout the world. At the same time it avowedly tramples under foot the great principle of convenience, the basis of the use of money, prohibiting men in both countries from using the cheapest metal for making their payments, which at all times and places they are prompted to do. But though Government can disturb the relative value of the precious metals, and the equable diffusion of them, it can have no influence whatever over the qualities of these metals, and the quantities of them in general use. In them mankind almost universally recognise a natural measure of value, and where they are as yet unknown in this relation, as in some parts of Africa, they are coming into use.

Over these metals man has a very limited power. Alchemy tried in vain for ages to transmute the baser metals into gold. Iron is made in almost every country, and in several countries is produced in fabulous masses at prices fabulously low; but gold and silver are sparingly supplied, and art cannot at will or according to the demand increase the quantity. Even the large supplies of gold obtained from California and Australia, not less than 166,000,000*l.* to the end of 1857 (Mr. Tooke says 174,000,000*l.*),\* have made no important alteration in its value. Though very large in comparison to the former annual supplies, they are small in comparison to the aggregate quantity of gold in the world and the wants of mankind. The cost of production, too, the labour and sweat necessary to find or produce gold, though the metal have been temporarily abundant and easily obtained by chance, does not seem, on the whole, to be diminished. Nuggets have given place to machinery for pounding quartz. Sheep feeding in Australia, and wine and wheat growing in California, are quite as profitable work as gold-seeking. We may infer, too, from the accelerated and rapid progress of

\* Mr. Newmarch estimates the addition to the gold and silver of the world within the last seven years at 200,000,000*l.*, or 40 per cent. of the total quantity of gold in the commercial world in 1848. Report of his paper read at the Statistical Society, February 16.

society in modern times, especially since the late discoveries of the precious metals, that they are not likely again to be supplied in such vast quantities and at such a small cost as to impair the qualities which recommend them to mankind as the measure and standard of value. From being universally in use we need fear no sudden nor great change in them, and the apprehensive mind of the distrustful economist may lay aside all alarm. At least, there seems no probability that the great natural measure of our mutual services should be again materially altered as it was after the discovery of America.

These circumstances will probably suggest to the reader, that if the precious metals are always to be as heretofore produced in quantities much below the insatiable demand for them, and they are and must be supplemented by credit currency or the development of society would be arrested, prices cannot be, as is usually said, wholly measured and determined by the quantity of the precious metals. The world has sometimes been entertained by the supposition that, were the quantity of them doubled, all prices would nominally be doubled, and were they as plentiful as pebbles on Brighton beach they would be as worthless. The supply, however, in fact, and science has nothing to do with suppositions, is always far below the want, and in modern times the precious metals form only a small part of the total currency. That they continue in high estimation, though much superseded in use as currency, is the consequence of their continued comparative scarcity and the cost of obtaining them. The limitation of their quantity prevents prices generally from rising beyond a certain height, and the use of credit-currency prevents prices falling as they would fall as people multiply and trade increases were no other instruments or means of exchanging commodities in use than the precious metals. It seems erroneous, therefore, to assert broadly, and without any qualification, that prices are at all times exclusively determined and regulated both upwards and downwards by the quantity of money or of the precious metals in circulation. The general estimation of them from their limited quantity seems likely always to preserve the metallic standard of value from any sensible deterioration, but the limitation of the supply renders credit currency indispensable to prevent the standard becoming so appreciated in the progress of society as to lessen if not destroy its utility.\*

\* Mr. J. S. Mill has set forth very elaborately the *purchasing power* of credit as an element of price, without deducing from it the important conclusion that the use of credit currency prevents the quantity of the precious metals exclusively from determining and regulating both upwards and downwards money prices. He argues that the use of credit by speculative dealers may raise prices. At the same time his words that 'credit is a purchasing power similar to money,' if he means the precious metals

When we find the supply and estimated value of the precious metals entirely determined by natural laws, we feel no surprise that the function of Government concerning coinage should now be very trifling. Since 1819, when the imports and exports of the precious metals were made perfectly free, the whole duty of the Government on this point has been confined to determining how the precious metals shall be divided, and to inform the public by some familiar signs of the quantity and genuineness of the metals in the coins. The supply of them has been left entirely to the action of commerce. 'The Crown now,' said the Chancellor of the Exchequer on December 11, 1857, 'is nothing but a manufacturer of coin. It never purchases bullion (gold), and never takes any step for supplying the public with coin.' 'The quantity of money,' said Lord Overstone, 'which any country shall possess for the adjustment of its transactions, is a matter not within the control of any law or any particular body: it is determined by the great *events* of the world, which assign to each respective country a certain quantity of the money of the world; those *laws* (Qy. *events*) assign to this country a certain quantity of the money of the world (*i. e.*, gold and silver), and that is entirely beyond the control of the legislature.\*

The money of the world, the common and universal standard of value, is distributed through the world by the action of commerce according to the *wants* of mankind, and legislation no more determines directly, whatever influence it may exercise indirectly, the quantity of money in any country than it settles by decrees the value of the precious metals. To the natural laws which, operating on the minds of all, determine the value and the distribution of the precious metals all legislation for metallic currency must necessarily conform.

The natural laws which regulate credit-currency, and we pre-in circulation, require some explanation. Credit currency of every kind can only raise prices temporarily and locally, an increase in the quantity of the precious metals may raise them permanently and universally. The consequences of this difference are very great. The phrase, therefore, purchasing power, applied equally to credit currency and the precious metals is only limitedly correct. It expresses well enough an individual's whole power of purchase at any one moment amongst those who give him credit; but credit or confidence in individuals is wholly and entirely mental, and is not endowed with a permanent purchasing power similar to that of the precious metals which embody in them a great deal of labour. Their value is determined, as Mr. Mill says, by the cost of production, but no such value inheres in credit. It is not an embodiment of labour, and credit currency costs next to nothing. Nor can credit ultimately liquidate a debt; the precious metals, being a store of labour, can. Only services or the produce of labour can pay for the produce of labour or services. The purchasing power of credit is a promise to pay, which must be redeemed by labour itself, or some equivalent embodiment of labour.—See *Principles of Political Economy*, Bk. III. cap. xii. sect. 2.

\* Question 3690, Bank Acts Committee, 1857.

sume no person who knows how generally it is now used throughout the civilized world will doubt that it is regulated by such laws, are totally different from those which regulate metallic currency. Far from being, like them, limited in quantity only to be procured at great cost, and not susceptible of any sudden increase or diminution, it is practically unlimited in quantity, costs very little, and may be annihilated, or beyond any conceivable limit augmented. It has no quality whatever to adapt it to be a standard or measure of value. Nor does anybody ever pretend that it is so adapted, for even those who would have the State issue paper-money make it a representative of commodities or of some portion of the standard. The limited quantity of the precious metals adapts them to be a standard, the want of any such limit to credit currency requires that its quantity in use should be determined by something else, which is obviously the wants of mankind, for an instrument of exchange to supplement metallic currency. For this purpose it was originally brought into use, and became well known here from having been first extensively employed to supply a very great but local and temporary deficiency of metallic currency. Its use is, in fact, determined by the principle which determines the use of metallic currency—convenience, but local convenience, and founded on confidence; and it is not diffused over the world by commerce like the precious metals.

Of commercial bills and similar credit-currency which are made and issued as the individual requires them, and may circulate for months or only for a few hours, this is palpably true, and it is equally true of the promises to pay on demand, which are given in exchange for such bills, or brought into circulation by discounting them. Credit currency is essentially local, and its quantity is regulated by the wants of each locality; metallic currency is universal, and its total quantity, as well as its diffusion over the world, rather determine and regulate men's wants than are regulated by them.

This distinction having been overlooked or neglected by writers and lawgivers, we have been compelled, in order to bring it distinctly under notice, to enter rather more than we wished into abstract and general principles. Since the disciples of Smith have made political capital out of the science, which he studied for its own sake, and have perverted it while yet crude and incomplete into an instrument of legislation, it has become involved in an endless mass of contradictory and doubtful details. As one great fact or another has become predominant, one theory or another has prevailed over the legislator, and he has been driven hither and thither, as we have seen in respect to

small notes, more like a frightened animal in the thralls of the hunter than a sage, instructing, and guiding an ignorant people. We have no wish to add to the chaos of our ill-digested laws by suggesting more 'practical legislation' for the business of the banker, including the issue by him of promises to pay money on demand to depositors and other customers. The origin of credit-currency and of banking shows that both are parts of the natural growth of society as contradistinguished from all political formation. They arise from man's necessities, not from the designs of rulers, and these necessities, in conjunction with the laws of the material world, ultimately overrule all legislation. The origin of both, the history of their progress and the natural principles which govern them, all indicate that both should be left in perfect freedom to the industry and energy of individuals. They belong to the great system of division of labour, by which the body is sustained and the intellect expanded, and which cannot be improved by the designs of Government, though man be the agent in the work. Perfect free-trade is the only safe rule for credit-currency and banking, as it is for the supply of food, to which currency and banking are only contributory.

In direct opposition to the natural principles of credit-currency political economists, currency schemers, and legislators, have desired to have one bank-note for the whole community, as there is for all men and every community one gold or one silver. They have advocated a national bank of issue, and have attempted surreptitiously to place the Bank of England in this position. They have laboured to put an end to private banks, and to regulate the issue of bankers' notes. They have substituted decrees for confidence, and state regulations for the rights of individuals. They have reversed the principle which made credit-currency valid on Change, because, as Burke said, it was not valid in Westminster Hall. They have made it a legal tender, annihilating its peculiar characteristic. With an ignorant disregard of the principles on which credit notes were first issued—treasure in possession and confidence in neighbours—the Bank of England was authorized and established to issue promises to pay on money spent and debts contracted, and men were prohibited from relying on the confidence inspired by character. To this time our legislation on these subjects has been founded on the same principles; and the Act of 1844 did but incorporate many of the errors and wrongs which have continually vitiated our legislation on credit-currency since 1694.

What form it might have assumed, had it been allowed to grow in freedom from its root, cannot now be conjectured, nor can we predict what it would become were all restraints on it removed.



We cannot make the sun go back on the dial ; we can only desire those to stand aside who thrust themselves between the dial and the sun, and allow all men to see now and henceforward the exact time. The principle on which goldsmiths' notes were originally issued is as active in 1858 as in 1645 ; and were its operations unimpeded, we should probably have, in a few years, after some oscillations and disasters, a credit-currency growing from the practice of keeping accounts with bankers far superior both in convenience and stability to anything yet imagined. Enough of it is now visible in the mode of making payments and transferring credit from one to another, by means of banks, to enable us to pronounce confidently that it would be as much superior to the credit currency now in use as the present mode of keeping the public accounts is superior to exchequer tallies, though this mode is as inferior to what is plainly practicable as it is superior to the one it has at length entirely superseded.

Society, unfortunately, is not allowed freely to grow in its own simple and majestic forms. As new conditions arise, men are compelled to act before they know. Legislators always so act, hastily attributing to freedom the evils which spring from ignorance. Then they pass restrictive laws, which prohibit men from learning what they ought to know and how they ought to act. Commerce is for ever expanding and occasionally runs into danger. It is still subjected, even in England, to many restrictive laws, and is tested and condemned, not by their consequences, but by certain natural and unavoidable results. Banking is a new art, liable, like many other parts of commerce, to restrictions planned in haste and ignorance ; and nearly all the successive evils and dangers commerce has encountered have been continually attributed, since Sir Josiah Child wrote and D'Avenant endorsed his remarks and the Government became a partizan of a particular monopoly, to credit-currency and banking. Censures exactly similar to those urged in the very infancy of the art have been directed against joint-stock banks within a few weeks, and are, in the main, as little founded in fact as Sir Josiah's complaint, that banking caused a scarcity of money. Though we cannot enter into all the controversies on this subject, yet we must notice one accusation hurled against bankers and bank-notes, because it goes to the root of the whole matter.

Bankers are vehemently assailed for having so enlarged credit and issued notes to such an excess as to degrade the standard of value. This is a heinous offence, and could they be guilty of it they would deserve as much reprobation as clippers and false coiners. The charge rests entirely on assuming a wrong criterion, such as the foreign exchanges, or the gold in the Bank of

England, for testing the issue of notes and the granting of credit by bankers. The right criterion is the wants of their neighbourhood combined with the character of their customers. These are the ultimate and inevitable tests for their transactions; and these can only be ascertained by the bankers themselves, just as the want of meat, and bread, and clothes in every neighbourhood is ascertained by the individuals on the spot who deal in them. Even the distant producer and the foreign merchant are informed of the wants of every locality by the demands of the salesmen who dispose of the required supplies. The State has no agency for ascertaining these wants, and cannot make laws to supply them. Accordingly, to supply every locality with all the necessities of life it trusts implicitly to the natural agency of bakers, butchers, and tailors; but to supply the credit-currency required to distribute these necessities it refuses to trust the banker, though he be a part of the general agency. It prefers rather to trample in his person and business on the great principle of commercial freedom, and practically to teach the anti-social doctrine that the welfare of individuals is not the welfare of the community.

An examination, too, of the facts on which Mr. M'Culloch, the chief defender now of this primitive folly, rests his charge, shows that he has mistaken effects for causes. In 1777, the issue of small notes was prohibited, and the prohibition was not repealed till 1797; the issue of such notes, therefore, had nothing to do with the bankruptcies of 1793. 'Immediately subsequent to the close of the contest with America,' as he states, 'agriculture, commerce, and especially manufactures, into which Sir Richard Arkwright's inventions had been lately introduced, began to advance with a rapidity unknown at any former period, so that *the public confidence*, which had been very much weakened by the disastrous events of the war, was soon fully re-established. The *extended transactions of the country required fresh facilities* for carrying them on; and, in consequence, a bank was erected in every market town, and almost every village.\* So many new banks, therefore, were the consequence, not the cause, of the renewed confidence of the great inventions and of the extended transactions. From the commencement of the Session 1790 to the conclusion of the Session of 1794, no fewer than eighty-one Acts, according to Macpherson, were passed for making navigable canals and improving inland navigation. The capital stock required, he tells us, for Acts passed in 1793 and 1794, amounted to 5,300,000*l*. These new

\* Article, 'Money,' appended to Mr. M'Culloch's edition of *The Wealth of Nations*, 1850.

enterprises were suggested, if not justified, by the success of the canals previously made. 'The 140*l.* shares,' he says, 'of the canal from Wednesbury to Birmingham, began in 1769, rose in 1782 to 370*l.*, and in 1792 to 1170*l.* The 100*l.* shares of the Birmingham Canal were, in the same year, worth above 1000*l.*.\*' 'Of the wealth,' he says, 'accumulated in nine years of successful commerce, a very considerable proportion was invested in machinery and inland navigations, expended at home among the ingenious, the industrious, and the labouring classes—objects which, though generally very productive in due time, require a very heavy advance of capital.'† This explanation of the convulsion of 1793, arising, like the convulsion of 1847, from too large a number of useful enterprises having been undertaken, is omitted by Mr. M'Culloch and Lord Overstone, who copies Mr. M'Culloch even in his omissions, in the account they give of that convulsion;‡ though it shows very clearly that the bankers whom they vituperate, as 'forcing all kinds of paper into circulation,' only followed the lead of Parliament in sanctioning so many canal Acts, and the community generally in misdirecting some portion of industry.

Again, the country bankers are accused of having increased, in 1825, the issue of notes 50 per cent. above the issue in 1823, and of 'having no other object than to get themselves indebted to the public by forcing their notes into circulation;' but the facts of the previous years show that the bankers only shared in a general delusion. At that period the Corn Laws kept down the population nearly to the average supply of food obtained from our own soil. Hence the abundant harvests of 1820, 1821, and 1822, reduced prices very much, and hastily extended enterprise. At that period Mr. Wallace and Mr. Huskisson began to remove restrictions on commerce and navigation. In 1822, in consequence, 'our commerce and manufactures were in a state of unusual prosperity.'§ A reduction of taxation, amounting in two years to 7,000,000*l.* gave an additional impulse to enterprise. In 1824, 'our commerce was culminating to a point that promised to exceed the hopes of the most sanguine speculators.'§ The Royal speeches at the opening and prorogation of Parliament expressed great satisfaction at the increasing prosperity of the country. 'The abundance of capital led to the formation of numerous joint-stock companies.'§ In 1825, according to a statement made by Lord Liverpool, which accords with tables published by Mr. Tooke, the imports, as compared to the

\* *Annals of Commerce*, year 1792.

† *Ibid.* 1793, 1794.

‡ Lord Overstone's Evidence before the Bank Acts Committee. Qy. 4177.

§ *Annual Register*.

average of the three preceding years of some principal articles, increased 50 per cent. Great mining enterprises, too, were undertaken in foreign countries. The increased issue of the country bankers in 1825, whatever they amounted to, were the consequences of the increase of business in the country, and not its cause. They adapted their issues to the wants of society; they shared in a general excitement, of which they less deserved the blame than the Ministers. To dogmatise in 1850 about what bankers should have done in 1824 and 1792, is easy and pleasant, but the dogmatists should, if possible, realize the ignorance and enthusiasm of those periods, and not condemn bankers by a standard of quiet knowledge acquired and methodized two or three generations after their failure. They did not create 'the myriads of private bills,' which then 'swelled the amount of the currency.'\* Poor vituperated scapegoats, they were the veins in which the distempered blood flowed; they were flaccid and empty when the disease was over; and, years after, on them the State anatomists loaded all the national sins. In 1824, as in 1792, their issues kept place with speculative business, looking too much to the future, and stimulated into unhealthy activity by political causes; and in 1825 and 1793, this was demonstrated to be greatly in excess of realized production.

In these and all similar cases the bankers only issued an increase of notes when there was an increase of business. This was accompanied by increased consumption and a consequent rise in prices, and it was hastily concluded that the issue of notes raised prices by debasing the standard of value. If this were a reasonable conclusion—and all the charges against the issue of bank-notes mean nothing if they do not mean this—the standard should have been debased all through the eighteenth century when credit currency came extensively into use. But Adam Smith tells us that 'from the beginning of the last century to the present time provisions never were cheaper in Scotland than in 1759, though, from the circulation of 10s. and 5s. bank-notes, there was then more paper money in the country than at present.'† To cast the eye over any table of the price of wheat from the beginning of the eighteenth century, suffices to show that there was no rise in price consequent on the increasing use of credit currency. 'The fifty years from 1715 are remarkable,' Mr. Tooke says, 'for a very low comparative range of prices.' We must come down to the famine year of 1795 before we encounter as high a price of wheat as prevailed in 1710. In the period betwixt these two years, however, there were numerous

\* Article, 'Money.'

† *Wealth of Nations*, B. ii. chap. 2. Metallic and Paper Money.

complaints of the issues of small paper currency, till the legislature forbade them. 'The use of paper money,' says Smith, 'increases the commerce and industry of the country;' and as they increase, more money, as the instrument of exchange, is required. The increase of business thus promoted implies increased division of labour, new arts, increased knowledge and skill, and augmented productive power. Accordingly, with slight exceptions, we find that throughout the eighteenth century till towards its close, the tendency of prices, in conjunction with a continually enlarged use of credit currency, was downwards. Reserved rents and fixed incomes, till the commencement of the Revolutionary War, seem to have increased in real value.

That event led to great disturbances. Trade was driven from its ordinary course. Peaceful industry was suspended or diverted from the most productive channels. All the Governments of Europe strained their resources, expended greater revenues than usual, and incurred enormous debts. New taxes were almost everywhere imposed on articles of general consumption, and these taxes were collected by the dealers from the multitude in the increased prices of the articles. On the one hand there was great expenditure and great consumption, and on the other diminished production, and consequently a very general rise in prices. England, however, favoured by her maritime supremacy, her monopoly of colonial trade, and the development of her rebellious colonies into her largest customer, actually flourished throughout the greater part of the war, and increased in population and wealth more rapidly than before. In England, therefore, the cost of production increased, and the general rise of prices and the general increase of taxation were enormous. These circumstances were naturally accompanied by an increased issue of notes. The circulation of the Bank of England rose from 11,114,120*l.*, in August, 1797, to 15,647,180*l.* in August, 1800; to 16,388,400*l.* in August, 1805; to 24,793,990*l.* in August, 1810; and finally to 29,543,780*l.* in August, 1817. In twenty years it had increased more than two and a half times; the issues of private bankers had increased in greater proportion, and it was not uncommon to attribute the total rise of prices, occasioned by so many concurring and important circumstances, to the increased issue of bank-notes. It is now perfectly clear that the increase in our credit-currency was more the consequence than the cause of the general rise of prices. At the same time, the Bank of England being released by law from fulfilling the sacred obligation of paying on demand, on which all credit currency is naturally founded, did issue a greater amount of inconvertible notes than the business of the country required, and the

country bankers, whose reserves were partly Bank of England notes, were enabled to commit and committed the same wrong. The result of the combined wrong was to depreciate the paper currency, according to Mr. M'Culloch,  $13\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.\* below the standard; but over this the vast comparative issue of inconvertible notes had no effect. The standard, notwithstanding the increase of all kinds of paper currency, remained unaltered to testify against the folly and the wrong of the legislature, the Bank of England, and the country bankers. After the peace, the efforts of the legislature were directed to keep up the prices which enormous expenditure, enormous taxation, and inconvertible currency had carried far beyond the level which the standard warranted; but all its efforts were finally unsuccessful; and as prices again became regulated by the general standard of the precious metals, they fell so much that the price of wheat was actually lower in 1835 than in any previous year between it and 1764—a proof that the utmost use of credit currency had not been effectual in debasing the standard.

When it is recollected that in less than ten years the gold in use has been augmented by 166,000,000*l.* at least, without materially debasing the standard,† we shall perceive that no ordinary issue of bank-notes supplying the place of eight or ten millions of sovereigns, with a perfectly free circulation of bullion, can in the smallest degree have such an effect. In this interval the amount of bank-notes issued in England has rather decreased than increased. In the United States the amount of notes issued in 1837 was 149,185,000 dollars; in 1857, 211,778,000 dollars; an increase in twenty years equivalent to about 13,000,000*l.*—a mere trifle compared to the increase of gold introduced into the States—according to the President, within the last eight years, 400,000,000 dollars—and not equal to the increase in the circulation of the Bank of England between 1797 and 1817. To find any increase in paper currency equal in amount to such an increase of gold, we must go back to the period of assignats in France, of the forced issue of paper florins in Austria, and of paper roubles in Russia. The consequence of those extraordinary issues of paper was very remarkable. They did not affect the standard. The paper sent by force into circulation was degraded to  $\frac{1}{30}$ th or  $\frac{1}{100}$ th of the nominal value. The standard was not debased in the least, and could not be debased by the power of

\* Article, 'Money.'

† Mr. Newmarch said in a paper, read before the Statistical Society since the observations in the text were made, that the introduction of so much gold into circulation since 1848 had not raised prices, and that they were now actually lower than in 1851. The present depression, however, is probably only temporary.

these three great Governments, and it remained unaltered as a witness to all time of their folly and imbecility.

The Free Government of the United States was equally powerless. To carry on the War of Independence, Congress issued notes to the amount of 200,000,000 dollars, and in 1780, 500 or even 1000 dollars of this currency were offered for one in silver. 'Congress resolved that bills ought to pass for the same value as Spanish dollars in all dealings and payments, and that all persons who should refuse to take them at this valuation ought to be considered as enemies to the United States, and to be punished with forfeiture and other penalties. But the necessary laws of exchange were not to be counteracted by legislative enactments or the patriotism of the people.\*' From such examples does it not appear ridiculously false to imagine that any issue of private bankers' notes, payable on demand in the standard, confined to a locality, adapted to its wants—sure if banking be free that every superfluous note issued will be returned in a few hours to the issuer—can even for a short period degrade, by the smallest percentage, the great natural and permanent standard of value?

At present, let us remind our readers, the great competition is who shall get most profit or interest. Trade is carried on to a great extent by credit, and every trader is therefore a competitor with the issuing banker. He only uses notes, like the banker, for the profit he can make by using them, and he will not keep one in his possession longer than it serves his own purposes. The result of banking is that no one keeps a large stock of spare cash in his own till; it is all sent to the banker, so that the banking trade itself secures the result that every note shall be withdrawn from circulation the instant it is superfluous. What-ever might formerly have been the result, it is now utterly impossible, with free banking, to debase the standard by forcing notes into circulation, and we believe ever has been.

On this general principle it is unnecessary to enter into the controversy whether bankers' notes payable on demand can themselves be depreciated below the standard. The instant that were the case, gold would be required for them. We agree with those who have skilfully espoused the negative side of this question. An inflation of wholesale prices confined to a limited circle of traders, caused by the use of bills payable some months after date, and continually renewable, frequently takes place. But this kind of inflation increases imports or production on the one hand, and, so far as it has any influence on retail prices, checks

\* See the *Principles of Political Economy*. By Francis Bowen, Alford Professor of Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity in Harvard College, &c.

consumption on the other. Its tendency, therefore, is rather to lower than to raise retail prices, over which it can have but a very limited and temporary influence. The notion that forestalling and speculation raise prices—which has latterly overflowed in vituperation of certain classes of dealers—has, we believe, no real foundation. Bank-notes, facilitating exchange and distribution, may give an additional utility and value to certain commodities in some places; they may, when substituted for the precious metals, increase the disposable capital of a country, and promote its prosperity; but that any issue of them can raise prices by debasing the standard of value, is a groundless apprehension.

There are several important matters connected with these subjects which we cannot discuss; such as the claims of prerogative after it has ceased to attempt to regulate the quantity of metallic currency, to restrict the quantity of credit currency, and the right of men freely to use promises to pay as contrary to this prerogative; the profits of an issue of credit currency, and the supposed pecuniary advantages of the State taking such an issue into its own hands; the propriety of demanding security from bankers, and a variety of other suggested restrictions on their art. We cannot, however, conclude without saying, in opposition to those who insist on the State regulating credit currency, that the confidence on which it is founded cannot be national, general, nor universal. In the beginning of life confidence is instinctive; but only the infantile ignorance that has never been deceived is without suspicion. The confidence on which promises to pay rests is the result of individual experience. Legislation can neither create, measure, nor regulate it. Amongst a people habituated to fraud it cannot exist. That in the great majority of cases in commerce it is not deceived, is a fair specimen of the general healthiness of human nature and the regularity of human actions. It is, too, an example, equal to astronomical facts, of the connexion between the past and the future. The consequences anticipated from each particular act of legislation seldom arrive; our expectations of what is to happen in our private lives are continually deceived, but commercial promises to pay, extended by continual renewals over months and years amounting to many millions sterling, though drawn on the future, are, as the rule, continually and exactly paid—proving with unerring certainty that industry, which answers all these drafts, is governed by general laws, prevailing in all times and places.

Let us also say in defence of credit that wonderful improvements in productive power have accompanied its growth. The convulsions it sometimes ends in leave behind them permanent



benefits. The last inflation of credit was attended by a vast extension of commercial communication never again to be curtailed. It brought the telegraph into use. In the prosperous period that ended in the collapse of 1847, railways were established. The commencement of commercial freedom, and the systematic cultivation of the mineral resources of the world, preceded the convulsion of 1825. The collapse of 1793 was the consequence of great but too precipitate improvement in inland navigation and manufactures. Every period of speculation has left behind it some permanent good, though its disastrous termination has been most spoken of and best remembered. Credit has some rickety bantlings, but its sound, vigorous, and living offspring are much more numerous.

Admitting that it is contaminated by errors and frauds, and that the multitude have been occasionally exposed to many sufferings from abuses and excesses, we are all so intimately united in suffering and enjoyments that evils inflicted on some by others is not a justification for restraints on all. To prohibit some men from issuing notes, and others from taking them, is, according to Smith, 'an infraction of the natural rights which civil government is established to protect.' The improper use of bills has lately brought disgrace on the nation, and suffering on the labouring classes; but this is not supposed to justify a prohibition to make and issue them. Lawyers sometimes ruin their clients, and physicians kill their patients; tradesmen defraud their customers; legislation falls into mischievous blunders even as to currency an essential part of our daily lives; public writers and teachers of religion sometimes lead nations astray; but all these evils are not sufficient reasons for every class restraining every other. Crime is to be punished, but action is not to be prohibited lest crimes be committed. Evil is only to be annihilated by annihilating humanity, and the legislation which attempts it is a poor quackery. The horror professed by some writers and some Governments at perfect freedom for banking is one phasis of the general intolerance which scents danger in every pursuit but its own, and would equally put an end to free preaching and unlicensed printing. We must not now import the spirit of the Inquisition into secular legislation, and put down free trade in credit currency and banking because, according to the legislation for the Bank of England, it is not orthodox.

Mr. Maclaren's book, we must say in conclusion, is well timed. It gives a fair view of the opinions of many eminent men and of some changes in our currency laws, accompanied by some well weighed opinions of the author's own, and is a compendious manual of the chief controversies on currency.

- ART. IV.—(1.) *Some Thoughts on Education*. By JOHN LOCKE. London. 1710.  
 (2.) *Levana; or, the Doctrine of Education*. Translated from the German of JEAN PAUL FR. RICHTER. London: Longmans. 1848.  
 (3.) *The Quarterly Journal of Education*. 1831 to 1835.

STRANGELY enough, the most glaring defect in our programmes of education is entirely overlooked. While much is being done in the detailed improvement of our systems in respect both of matter and manner, the most pressing desideratum has not yet been even recognised as a desideratum. To prepare the young for the duties of life is tacitly admitted by all to be the end which parents and schoolmasters should have in view; and happily the value of the things taught, and the goodness of the method followed in teaching them, are now ostensibly judged by their fitness to this end. The propriety of substituting for an exclusively classical training a training in which the modern languages shall have a share, is argued on this ground. The necessity of increasing the amount of science is urged for like reasons. But though some care is taken to fit youths of both sexes for society and citizenship, no care whatever is taken to fit them for the still more important position they will ultimately have to fill—the position of parents. While it is seen that for the purpose of gaining a livelihood, an elaborate preparation is needed, it appears to be thought that for the bringing up of children, no preparation whatever is needed. While many years are spent by a boy in gaining knowledge, of which the chief value is that it constitutes ‘the education of a gentleman;’ and while many years are spent by a girl in those decorative acquirements which fit her for evening parties; not an hour is spent by either of them in preparation for that gravest of all responsibilities—the management of a family. Is it that this responsibility is but a remote contingency? On the contrary, it is certain to devolve on nine out of ten. Is it that the discharge of it is easy? Certainly not: of all functions which the adult has to fulfil this is the most difficult. Is it that each may be trusted by self-instruction to fit himself, or herself, for the office of parent? No: not only is the need for such self-instruction unrecognised, but the complexity of the subject renders it the one of all others in which self-instruction is least likely to succeed. No rational plea can be put forward for leaving the Art of Education out of our *curriculum*. Whether as bearing upon the happiness of parents themselves, or whether as affecting

the characters and lives of their children and remote descendants, we must admit that a knowledge of the right methods of juvenile culture, physical, intellectual, and moral, is a knowledge second to none in importance. This topic should occupy the highest and last place in the course of instruction passed through by each man and woman. As physical maturity is marked by the ability to produce offspring, so mental maturity is marked by the ability to train those offspring. *The subject which involves all other subjects, and therefore the subject in which the education of every one should culminate, is the Theory and Practice of Education.*

In the absence of this preparation, the management of children, and more especially the moral management, is lamentably bad. Parents either never think about the matter at all, or else their conclusions are crude and inconsistent. In most cases, and especially on the part of mothers, the treatment adopted on every occasion is that which the impulse of the moment prompts: it springs not from any reasoned-out conviction as to what will most conduce to the child's welfare, but merely expresses the passing parental feelings, whether good or ill; and varies from hour to hour as these feelings vary. Or if these blind dictates of passion are supplemented by any definite doctrines and methods, they are those that have been handed down from the past, or those suggested by the remembrances of childhood, or those adopted from nurses and servants—methods devised not by the enlightenment, but by the ignorance of the time. Commenting on the chaotic state of opinion and practice relative to family government, Richter writes:—

'If the secret variances of a large class of ordinary fathers were brought to light, and laid down as a plan of studies, and reading catalogued for a moral education, they would run somewhat after this fashion:—In the first hour 'pure morality must be read to the child, either by myself or the tutor;' in the second, 'mixed morality, or that which may be applied to one's own advantage;' in the third, 'do you not see that your father does so and so?' in the fourth, 'you are little, and this is only fit for grown-up people;' in the fifth, 'the chief matter is that you should succeed in the world, and become something in the state;' in the sixth, 'not the temporary, but the eternal, determines the worth of a man;' in the seventh, 'therefore rather suffer injustice, and be kind;' in the eighth, 'but defend yourself bravely if any one attack you;' in the ninth, 'do not make a noise, dear child;' in the tenth, 'a boy must not sit so quiet;' in the eleventh, 'you must obey your parents better;' in the twelfth, 'and educate yourself.' So by the hourly change of his principles, the father conceals their untenableness and onesidedness. As for his wife, she is neither like him, nor yet like that harlequin who came on to the stage with a bundle of

papers under each arm, and answered to the inquiry, what he had under his right arm, 'orders' and to what he had under his left arm, 'counter-orders.' But the mother might be much better compared to a giant Briareus, who had a hundred arms, and a bundle of papers under each.'

This state of things is not to be readily changed. Generations must pass before any great amelioration of it can be expected. Like political constitutions, educational systems are not made, but grow; and within brief periods growth is insensible. Slow, however, as must be any improvement, even that improvement implies the use of means; and among the means is discussion.

We are not among those who believe in Lord Palmerston's dogma, that 'all children are born good.' On the whole, the opposite dogma, untenable as it is, seems to us less wide of the truth. Nor do we agree with those who think that, by skilful discipline, children may be made altogether what they should be. Contrariwise, we are satisfied that though imperfections of nature may be diminished by wise management, they cannot be removed by it. The notion that an ideal humanity might be forthwith produced by a perfect system of education, is near akin to that shadowed forth in the poems of Shelley, that would mankind give up their old institutions, prejudices, and errors, all the evils in the world would at once disappear: neither notion being acceptable to such as have dispassionately studied human affairs.

Not that we are without sympathy with those who entertain these too sanguine hopes. Enthusiasm, pushed even to fanaticism, is a useful motive power—perhaps an indispensable one. It is clear that the ardent politician would never undergo the labours and make the sacrifices he does, did he not believe that the reform he fights for is the one thing needful. But for his conviction that drunkenness is the root of almost all social evils, the teetotaler would agitate far less energetically. In philanthropy as in other things, great advantage results from division of labour; and that, there may be division of labour, each class of philanthropists must be more or less subordinated to its function—must have an exaggerated faith in its work. Hence, of those who regard education, intellectual or moral, as the panacea, we may say that their undue expectations are not without use; and that perhaps it is part of the beneficent order of things that their confidence cannot be shaken.

Even were it true, however, that by some possible system of moral government children could be moulded into the desired form; and even could every parent be duly indoctrinated with this system; we should still be far from achieving the object in view.

It is forgotten that the carrying out of any such system presupposes, on the part of adults, a degree of intelligence, of goodness, of self-control, possessed by no one. The great error made by those who discuss questions of juvenile discipline, is in ascribing all the faults and difficulties to the children and none to the parents. The current assumption respecting family government, as respecting national government, is, that the virtues are with the rulers and the vices with the ruled. Judging by educational theories, men and women are entirely transfigured in the domestic relation. The citizens we do business with, the people we meet in the world, we all know to be very imperfect creatures. In the daily scandals, in the quarrels of friends, in bankruptcy disclosures, in law-suits, in police reports, we have constantly thrust before us the pervading selfishness, dishonesty, brutality. Yet when we criticise nursery management, and canvass the misbehaviour of juveniles, we habitually take for granted that these culpable men and women are free from moral delinquency in the treatment of their offspring! So far is this from the truth, that we do not hesitate to say that to parental misconduct is traceable a great part of the domestic disorder commonly ascribed to the perversity of children. We do not assert this of the more sympathetic and self-restrained, among whom we hope most of our readers may be classed, but we assert it of the mass. What kind of moral discipline is to be expected from a mother who, time after time, angrily shakes her infant because it will not suckle her, which we once saw a mother do? How much love of justice and generosity is likely to be instilled by a father who, on having his attention drawn by his child's scream to the fact that its finger is jammed between the window sash and the sill, forthwith begins to beat the child instead of releasing it? Yet that there are such fathers is testified to us by an eye-witness. Or, to take a still stronger case, also vouched for by direct testimony—what are the educational prospects of the boy who, on being taken home with a dislocated thigh, is saluted with a castigation? It is true that these are extreme instances—instances exhibiting in human beings that blind instinct which impels brutes to destroy the weakly and injured of their own race. But extreme though they are, they typify feelings and conduct daily observable in many families. Who has not repeatedly seen a child slapped by nurse or parent for a fretfulness probably resulting from bodily derangement? Who, when watching a mother snatch up a fallen little one, has not often traced, both in the rough manner and in the sharply-uttered exclamation—‘You stupid little thing!’—an irascibility foretelling endless future squabbles? Is there not in the harsh tones in which a father bids his children be quiet,

evidence of a deficient fellow-feeling with them? Are not the constant, and often quite needless, thwartings that the young experience—the injunctions to sit still, which an active child cannot obey without suffering great nervous irritation, the commands not to look out of the window when travelling by railway, which on a child of any intelligence entails serious deprivation—are not these thwartings, we ask, signs of a terrible lack of sympathy? The truth is, that the difficulties of moral education are necessarily of dual origin—necessarily result from the combined faults of parents and children. If hereditary transmission is a law of nature, as every naturalist knows it to be, and as our daily remarks and current proverbs admit it to be; then, on the average of cases, the defects of children mirror the defects of their parents;—on the average of cases, we say, because, complicated as the results are by the transmitted traits of remoter ancestors, the correspondence is not special but only general. And if, on the average of cases, this inheritance of defects exists, then the evil passions which parents have to check in their children imply like evil passions in themselves: hidden, it may be, from the public eye; or perhaps obscured by other feelings; but still there. Evidently, therefore, the general practice of any ideal system of discipline is hopeless: parents are not good enough.

Moreover, even were there methods by which the desired end could be at once effected, and even had fathers and mothers sufficient insight, sympathy, and self-command to employ these methods consistently, it might still be contended that it would be of no use to reform family discipline faster than other things are reformed. What is it that we aim to do? Is it not that education of whatever kind has for its proximate end to prepare a child for the business of life—to produce a citizen who, at the same time that he is well conducted, is also able to make his way in the world? And does not making his way in the world (by which we mean, not the acquirement of wealth, but of the means requisite for properly bringing up a family)—does not this imply a certain fitness for the world as it now is? And if by any system of culture an ideal human being could be produced, is it not doubtful whether he would be fit for the world as it now is? May we not, on the contrary, suspect that his too keen sense of rectitude, and too elevated standard of conduct, would make life alike intolerable and impossible? And however admirable the result might be, considered individually, would it not be self-defeating in so far as society and posterity are concerned? It may, we think, be argued, with much reason, that as in a nation so in a family, the kind of government is, on the whole, about as good as the general state of human nature permits it to be. It

may be said that in the one case, as in the other, the average character of the people determines the quality of the control exercised. It may be inferred that in both cases amelioration of the average character leads to an amelioration of system; and further, that were it possible to ameliorate the system without the average character being first ameliorated, evil, rather than good, would follow. It may be urged that such degree of harshness as children now experience from their parents and teachers, is but a preparation for that greater harshness which they will meet with on entering the world; and that were it possible for parents and teachers to behave towards them with perfect equity and entire sympathy, it would but intensify the sufferings which the selfishness of men must, in after life, inflict on them.\*

‘But does not this prove too much?’ some one will ask. ‘If no system of moral culture can forthwith make children altogether what they should be; if, even were there a system that would do this, existing parents are too imperfect to carry it out; and if, even could such a system be successfully carried out, its results would be disastrously incongruous with the present state of society; does it not follow that a reform in the system now in use is neither practicable nor desirable?’ No. It merely follows that reform in domestic government must go on, *pari passu*, with other reforms. It merely follows that methods of discipline neither can be nor should be ameliorated, except by instalments. It merely follows that the dictates of abstract rectitude will, in practice, inevitably be subordinated by the present state of human nature—by the imperfections alike of children, of parents, and of society; and can only be better fulfilled as the general character becomes better.

‘At any rate, then,’ may rejoin our critic, ‘it is clearly useless to set up any ideal standard of family discipline. There can be no advantage in elaborating and recommending methods that are in advance of the time.’ Again we must contend for the contrary. Just as in the case of political government, though

\* This is the plea put in by some for the rough treatment experienced by boys at our public schools; where, as it is said, they are introduced to a miniature world whose imperfections and hardships prepare them for those of the real world: and it must be admitted that the plea has some force. But it is a very insufficient plea. For whereas domestic and school discipline, though they should not be very much better than the discipline of adult life, should at any rate be somewhat better; the discipline which boys meet with at Eton, Winchester, Harrow, &c., is much worse than that of adult life—much more unjust, cruel, brutal. Instead of being an aid to human progress, which all culture should be, the culture of our public schools, by accustoming boys to a despotic form of government and an intercourse regulated by brute force, tends to fit them for a lower state of society than that which exists. And chiefly recruited as our legislature is from among those who are brought up at these schools, this barbarizing influence becomes a serious hindrance to national progress.

pure rectitude may be at present impracticable, it is requisite to know where the right lies, so that the changes we make may be *towards* the right instead of *away* from it; so in the case of domestic government, an ideal must be upheld, that there may be gradual approximations to it. We need fear no evil consequences from the maintenance of such an ideal. • On the average the constitutional conservatism of mankind is always strong enough to prevent a too rapid change. So admirable are the arrangements of things that until men have grown up to the level of a higher belief, they cannot receive it: nominally, they may hold it, but not virtually. And even when the truth gets recognised, the obstacles to conformity with it are so persistent as to outlive the patience of philanthropists and even philosophers. We may be quite sure, therefore, that the many difficulties standing in the way of a normal government of children, will always put an adequate check upon the efforts to realize it.

With these preliminary explanations, let us go on to consider the true aims and methods of moral education—moral education, strictly so called, we mean; for we do not propose to enter upon the question of religious education as an aid to the education exclusively moral. This we omit as a topic better dealt with separately. After a few pages devoted to the settlement of general principles, during the perusal of which we bespeak the reader's patience, we shall aim by illustrations to make clear the right methods of parental behaviour in the hourly occurring difficulties of family government.

When a child falls, or runs its head against the table, it suffers a pain, the remembrance of which tends to make it more careful for the future; and by an occasional repetition of like experiences, it is eventually disciplined into a proper guidance of its movements. If it lays hold of the fire-bars, thrusts its finger into the candle-flame, or spills boiling water on any part of its skin, the resulting burn or scald is a lesson not easily forgotten. So deep an impression is produced by one or two such events, that afterwards no persuasion will induce it again to disregard the laws of its constitution in these ways.

Now in these and like cases, Nature illustrates to us in the simplest way, the true theory and practice of moral discipline—a theory and practice which, however much they may seem to the superficial like those commonly received, we shall find on examination to differ from them very widely.

Observe, in the first place, that in bodily injuries and their penalties we have misconduct and its consequences reduced to their simplest forms. Though, according to their popular accepta-



tions, *right* and *wrong* are words scarcely applicable to actions that have none but direct bodily effects; yet whoever considers the matter will see that such actions must be as much classifiable under these heads as any other actions. From whatever basis they start, all theories of morality agree in considering that conduct whose total results, immediate and remote, are beneficial, is good conduct; while conduct whose total results, immediate and remote, are injurious, is bad conduct. The happiness or misery caused by it are the *ultimate* standards by which all men judge of behaviour. We consider drunkenness wrong because of the physical degeneracy and accompanying moral evils entailed on the transgressor and his dependents. Did theft uniformly give pleasure both to taker and loser, we should not find it in our catalogue of sins. Were it conceivable that benevolent actions multiplied human pains, we should condemn them—should not consider them benevolent. It needs but to read the first newspaper leader, or listen to any conversation touching social affairs, to see that acts of parliament, political movements, philanthropic agitations, in common with the doings of individuals, are judged by their anticipated results in multiplying the pleasures or pains of men. And if on looking under all secondary superinduced ideas, we find these to be our ultimate tests of right and wrong, we cannot refuse to class purely physical actions as right or wrong according to the beneficial or detrimental results they produce.

Note, in the second place, the character of the punishments by which these physical transgressions are prevented. Punishments, we call them, in the absence of a better word; for they are not punishments in the literal sense. They are not artificial and unnecessary inflictions of pain; but are simply the beneficent checks to actions that are essentially at variance with bodily welfare—checks in the absence of which life would quickly be destroyed by bodily injuries. It is the peculiarity of these penalties, if we must so call them, that they are nothing more than the *unavoidable consequences* of the deeds which they follow: they are nothing more than the *inevitable reactions* entailed by the child's actions.

Let it be further borne in mind that these painful reactions are proportionate to the degree in which the organic laws have been transgressed. A slight accident brings a slight pain, a more serious one, a greater pain. When a child tumbles over the doorstep, it is not ordained that it shall suffer in excess of the amount necessary, with the view of making it still more cautious than the necessary suffering will make it. But from its daily experience it is left to learn the greater or less penalties of greater or less errors; and to behave accordingly.

And then mark, lastly, that these natural reactions which follow the child's wrong actions, are constant, direct, unhesitating, and not to be escaped. No threats : but a silent, rigorous performance. If a child runs a pin into its finger, pain follows. If it does it again, there is again the same result : and so on perpetually. In all its dealings with surrounding inorganic nature it finds this unswerving persistence, which listens to no excuse, and from which there is no appeal : and very soon recognising this stern though beneficent discipline, it becomes extremely careful not to transgress.

Still more significant will these general truths appear, when we remember that they hold throughout adult life as well as throughout infantine life. It is by an experimentally-gained knowledge of the natural consequences, that men and women are checked when they go wrong. After home education has ceased, and when there are no longer parents and teachers to forbid this or that kind of conduct, there comes into play a discipline like that by which the young child is taught its first lessons in self-guidance. If the youth entering upon the business of life idles away his time and fulfils slowly or unskilfully the duties entrusted to him, there by-and-bye follows the natural penalty : he is discharged, and left to suffer for awhile the evils of relative poverty. On the unpunctual man, failing alike his appointments of business and pleasure, there continually fall the consequent inconveniences, losses, and deprivations. The avaricious tradesman who charges too high a rate of profit, loses his customers, and so is checked in his greediness. Diminishing practice teaches the inattentive doctor to bestow more trouble on his patients. The too credulous creditor and the over-sanguine speculator alike learn by the difficulties which rashness entails on them, the necessity of being more cautious in their engagements. And so throughout the life of every citizen. In the quotation so often made *à propos* of these cases—'The burnt child dreads the fire'—we see not only that the analogy between this social discipline and Nature's early discipline of infants is universally recognised ; but we also see an implied conviction that this discipline is of the most efficient kind. Nay more, this conviction is not only implied, but distinctly stated. Every one has heard others confess that only by 'dearly bought experience' had they been induced to give up some bad or foolish course of conduct formerly pursued. Every one has heard, in the criticisms passed on the doings of this spend-thrift or the other speculator, the remark that advice was useless, and that nothing but 'bitter experience' would produce any effect : nothing, that is, but suffering the unavoidable consequences. And if further proof be needed that the penalty of the natural

reaction is not only the most efficient, but that no humanly-devised penalty can replace it, we have such further proof in the notorious ill-success of our various penal systems. Out of the many methods of criminal discipline that have been proposed and legally enforced, none have answered the expectations of their advocates. Not only have artificial punishments failed to produce reformation, but they have in many cases increased the criminality. The only successful reformatories are those privately-established ones which have approximated their *régime* to the method of Nature—which have done little more than administer the natural consequences of criminal conduct: the natural consequences being, that by imprisonment or other restraint, the criminal shall have his liberty of action diminished as much as is needful for the safety of society; and that he shall be made to maintain himself while living under this restraint. Thus we see not only that the discipline by which the young child is so successfully taught to regulate its movements is also the discipline by which the great mass of adults are kept in order, and more or less improved; but that the discipline humanly-devised for the worst adults, fails when it diverges from this divinely-ordained discipline, and begins to succeed when it approximates to it.

Have we not here, then, the guiding principle of moral education? Must we not infer that the system so beneficent in its effects, alike during infancy and maturity, will be equally beneficent throughout youth? Can any one believe that the method which answers so well in the first and the last divisions of life will not answer in the intermediate division? Is it not manifest that as ‘ministers and interpreters of Nature’ it is the function of parents to see that their children habitually experience the true consequences of their conduct—the natural reactions: neither warding them off, nor intensifying them, nor putting artificial consequences in place of them? No unprejudiced reader will hesitate in his assent.

Probably, however, not a few will contend that already most parents do this—that the punishments they inflict are, in the majority of cases, the true consequences of ill-conduct—that parental anger, venting itself in harsh words and deeds, is the result of a child’s transgression—and that, in the suffering, physical or moral, which the child is subject to, it experiences the natural reaction of its misbehaviour. Along with much error this assertion, doubtless, contains some truth. It is unquestionable that the displeasure of fathers and mothers is a true consequence of juvenile delinquency; and that the manifestation of it is a normal check upon such delinquency. It is unques-

tionable that the scoldings, and threats, and blows, which a passionate parent visits on offending little ones, are effects actually produced in such a parent by their offences; and so are, in some sort, to be considered as among the natural reactions of their wrong actions. And we are by no means prepared to say that these modes of treatment are not relatively right—right, that is, in relation to the uncontrollable children of ill-controlled adults; and right in relation to a state of society in which such ill-controlled adults make up the mass of the people. As already suggested, educational systems, like political and other institutions, are generally as good as the state of human nature permits. The barbarous children of barbarous parents are probably only to be restrained by the barbarous methods which such parents spontaneously employ; while submission to these barbarous methods is perhaps the best preparation such children can have for the barbarous society in which they are presently to play a part. Conversely, the civilized members of a civilized society will spontaneously manifest their displeasure in less violent ways—will spontaneously use milder measures: measures strong enough for their better-natured children. Thus it is doubtless true that, in so far as the expression of parental feeling is concerned, the principle of the natural reaction is always more or less followed. The system of domestic government ever gravitates towards its right form.

But now observe two important facts. In the first place, observe that, in states of rapid transition like ours, which witness a long-drawn battle between old and new theories and old and new practices, the educational methods in use are apt to be considerably out of harmony with the times. In deference to dogmas fit only for the ages that uttered them, many parents inflict punishments that do violence to their own feelings, and so visit on their children *unnatural* reactions; while other parents, enthusiastic in their hopes of immediate perfection, rush to the opposite extreme. And then observe, in the second place, that the discipline on which we are insisting is not so much the experience of parental approbation or disapprobation, which, in most cases, is only a secondary consequence of a child's conduct; but it is the experience of those results which would naturally flow from the conduct, in the absence of parental opinion or interference. The truly instructive and salutary consequences are not those inflicted by parents when they take upon themselves to be Nature's proxies; but they are those inflicted by Nature herself. We will endeavour to make this distinction clear by a few illustrations, which, while they show what we mean by natural reactions as contrasted with artificial ones, will afford some directly practical suggestions.

In every family where there are young children there almost daily occur cases of what mothers and servants call 'making a litter.' A child has had out its box of toys, and leaves them scattered about the floor. Or a handful of flowers, brought in from a morning walk, is presently seen dispersed over tables and chairs. Or a little girl, making doll's-clothes, disfigures the room with shreds. In most cases the trouble of rectifying this disorder falls anywhere but in the right place: if in the nursery, the nurse herself, with many grumblings about 'tiresome little things,' &c., undertakes the task; if below stairs, the task usually devolves either on one of the elder children or on the housemaid; the transgressor being visited with nothing more than a scolding. In this very simple case, however, there are many parents wise enough to follow out, more or less consistently, the normal course—that of making the child itself collect the toys or shreds. The labour of putting things in order is the true consequence of having put them in disorder. Every trader in his office, every wife in her household, has daily experience of this fact. And if education be a preparation for the business of life, then every child should also, from the beginning, have daily experience of this fact. If the natural penalty be met by any refractory behaviour (which it may perhaps be where the general system of moral discipline previously pursued has been bad), then the proper course is to let the child feel the ulterior reaction consequent on its disobedience. Having refused or neglected to pick up and put away the things it has scattered about, and having thereby entailed the trouble of doing this on some one else, the child should, on subsequent occasions, be denied the means of giving this trouble. When next it petitions for its toy-box, the reply of its mamma should be—'The last time you had your toys you left them lying on the floor, and Jane had to pick them up. Jane is too busy to pick up every day the things you leave about; and I cannot do it myself. So that, as you will not put away your toys when you have done with them, I cannot let you have them.' This is obviously a natural consequence, neither increased nor lessened; and must be so recognised by a child. The penalty comes, too, at the moment when it is most keenly felt. A new-born desire is balked at the moment of anticipated gratification; and the strong impression so produced can scarcely fail to have an effect on the future conduct: an effect which, by consistent repetition, will do whatever can be done in curing the fault. Add to which, that, by this method, a child is early taught the lesson which cannot be learnt too soon, that in this world of ours pleasures are rightly to be obtained only by labour.

Take another case. Not long since we had frequently to listen to the reprimands visited on a little girl who was scarcely ever ready in time for the daily walk. Of eager disposition, and apt to become thoroughly absorbed in the occupation of the moment, Constance never thought of putting on her things until the rest were ready. The governess and the other children had almost invariably to wait; and from the mamma there almost invariably came the same scolding. Utterly as this system failed it never occurred to the mamma to let Constance experience the natural penalty. Nor, indeed, would she try it when it was suggested to her. In the world the penalty of being behind time is the loss of some advantage that would else have been gained: the train is gone; or the steam-boat is just leaving its moorings; or the best things in the market are sold; or all the good seats in the concert-room are filled. And every one, in cases perpetually occurring, may see that it is the prospective deprivations entailed by being too late which prevent people from being too late. Is not the inference obvious? Should not these prospective deprivations control the child's conduct also? If Constance is not ready at the appointed time, the natural result is that of being left behind, and losing her walk. And no one can, we think, doubt that after having once or twice remained at home while the rest were enjoying themselves in the fields, and after having felt that this loss of a much-prized gratification was solely due to want of promptitude, some amendment would take place. At any rate, the measure would be more effective than that perpetual scolding which ends only in producing callousness.

Again, when children, with more than usual carelessness, break or lose the things given to them, the natural penalty—the penalty which makes grown-up persons more careful—is the consequent inconvenience. The want of the lost or damaged article, and the cost of supplying its place, are the experiences by which men and women are disciplined in these matters; and the experience of children should be as much as possible assimilated to theirs. We do not refer to that early period at which toys are pulled to pieces in the process of learning their physical properties, and at which the results of carelessness cannot be understood; but to a later period, when the meaning and advantages of property are perceived. When a boy, old enough to possess a penknife, uses it so roughly as to snap the blade, or leaves it in the grass by some hedge-side, where he was cutting a stick, a thoughtless parent, or some indulgent relative, will commonly forthwith buy him another; not seeing that, by doing this, a valuable lesson is lost. In such a case, a father may properly explain that penknives cost money, and that to get money requires labour; that

he cannot afford to purchase new penknives for one who loses or breaks them ; and that until he sees evidence of greater carefulness he must decline to make good the loss. A parallel discipline may be used as a means of checking extravagance.

These few familiar instances, here chosen because of the simplicity with which they illustrate our point, will make clear to every one the distinction between those natural penalties which we contend are the truly efficient ones, and those artificial penalties which parents commonly substitute for them. Before going on to exhibit the higher and subtler applications of this principle, let us note its many and great superiorities over the principle, or rather the empirical practice, which prevails in most families.

In the first place, right conceptions of cause and effect are early formed ; and by frequent and consistent experience are eventually rendered definite and complete. Proper conduct in life is much better guaranteed when the good and evil consequences of actions are rationally understood, than when they are merely believed on authority. A child who finds that disorderliness entails the subsequent trouble of putting things in order, or who misses a gratification from dilatoriness, or whose want of care is followed by the loss or breakage of some much-prized possession, not only experiences a keenly-felt consequence, but gains a knowledge of causation : both the one and the other being just like those which adult life will bring. Whereas a child who in such cases receives some reprimand or some fictitious penalty, not only experiences a consequence for which it often cares very little, but lacks that instruction respecting the essential natures of good and evil conduct, which it would else have gathered. It is a vice of the common system of artificial rewards and punishments, long since noticed by the clear-sighted, that by substituting for the natural results of misbehaviour certain threatened tasks or castigations, it produces a radically wrong standard of moral guidance. Having throughout infancy and boyhood always regarded parental or tutorial displeasure as the result of a forbidden action, the youth has gained an established association of ideas between such action and such displeasure, as cause and effect ; and consequently when parents and tutors have abdicated, and their displeasure is not to be feared, the restraint on a forbidden action is in great measure removed : the true restraints, the natural reactions, having yet to be learnt by sad experience. As writes one who has had personal knowledge of this shortsighted system :—‘ Young men let loose from school, particularly those whose parents have neglected to exert their influence, plunge into every description of extravagance ; they know no rule of action—they are ignorant of the reasons for

‘moral conduct—they have no foundation to rest upon—and until they have been severely disciplined by the world are extremely dangerous members of society.’

Another great advantage of this natural system of discipline is, that it is a system of pure justice; and will be recognised by every child as such. Whoso suffers nothing more than the evil which obviously follows naturally from his own misbehaviour, is much less likely to think himself wrongly treated than if he suffers an evil artificially inflicted on him; and this will be true of children as of men. Take the case of a boy who is habitually reckless of his clothes—scrambles through hedges without caution, or is utterly regardless of mud. If he is beaten, or sent to bed, he is apt to regard himself as ill-used; and his mind is more likely to be occupied by thinking over his injuries than repenting of his transgressions. But suppose he is required to rectify as far as he can the harm he has done—to clean off the mud with which he has covered himself, or to mend the tear as well as he can. Will he not feel that the evil is one of his own producing? Will he not while paying this penalty be continuously conscious of the connexion between it and its cause? And will he not, spite his irritation, recognise more or less clearly the justice of the arrangement? If several lessons of this kind fail to produce amendment—if suits of clothes are prematurely spoiled—if pursuing this same system of discipline a father declines to spend money for new ones until the ordinary time has elapsed—and if meanwhile, there occur occasions on which, having no decent clothes to go in, the boy is debarred from joining the rest of the family on holiday excursions and *fête* days, it is manifest that while he will keenly feel the punishment, he can scarcely fail to trace the chain of causation, and to perceive that his own carelessness is the origin of it; and seeing this, he will not have that same sense of injustice as when there is no obvious connexion between the transgression and its penalty.

Again, the tempers both of parents and children are much less liable to be ruffled under this system than under the ordinary system. Instead of letting children experience the painful results which naturally follow from wrong conduct, the usual course pursued by parents is to inflict themselves certain other painful results. A double mischief arises from this. Making, as they do, multiplied family laws; and identifying their own supremacy and dignity with the maintenance of these laws; it happens that every transgression comes to be regarded as an offence against themselves, and a cause of anger on their part. Add to which the further irritations which result from taking upon themselves, in the shape of extra labour or cost, those evil con-



sequences which should have been allowed to fall on the wrong-doers. Similarly with the children. Penalties which the necessary reaction of things brings round upon them—penalties which are inflicted by impersonal agency, produce an irritation that is comparatively slight and transient; whereas, penalties which are voluntarily inflicted by a parent, and are afterwards remembered as caused by him or her, produce an irritation both greater and more continued. Just consider how disastrous would be the result if this empirical method were pursued from the beginning. Suppose it were possible for parents to take upon themselves the physical sufferings entailed on their children by ignorance and awkwardness; and that while bearing these evil consequences they visited on their children certain other evil consequences, with the view of teaching them the impropriety of their conduct. Suppose that when a child, who had been forbidden to meddle with the kettle, spilt some boiling water on its foot, the mother vicariously assumed the scald and gave a blow in place of it; and similarly in all other cases. Would not the daily mishaps be sources of far more anger than now? Would there not be chronic ill-temper on both sides? Yet an exactly parallel policy is pursued in after years. A father who punishes his boy for carelessly or wilfully breaking a sister's toy, and then himself pays for a new toy, does substantially this same thing—inflicts an artificial penalty on the transgressor, and takes the natural penalty on himself: his own feelings and those of the transgressor being alike needlessly irritated. If he simply required restitution to be made, he would produce far less heart-burning. If he told the boy that a new toy must be bought at his, the boy's, cost, and that his supply of pocket-money must be withheld to the needful extent, there would be much less cause for ebullition of temper on either side; while in the deprivation afterwards felt, the boy would experience the equitable and salutary consequence. In brief, the system of discipline by natural reactions is less injurious to temper, alike because it is perceived on both sides to be nothing more than pure justice, and because it more or less substitutes the impersonal agency of nature for the personal agency of parents.

Whence also follows the manifest corollary that under this system the parental and filial relation will be a more friendly, and therefore a more influential one. Whether in parent or child, anger, however caused, and to whomsoever directed, is more or less detrimental. But anger in a parent towards a child, and in a child towards a parent, is especially detrimental; because it weakens that bond of sympathy which is essential to a beneficent control. In virtue of the general law of association of ideas, it inevitably

results, both in young and old, that dislike is contracted towards things which in our experience are habitually connected with disagreeable feelings. Or where attachment originally existed, it is weakened, or destroyed, or turned into repugnance, according to the quantity of painful impressions received. Parental wrath, with its accompanying reprimands and castigations, cannot fail, if often repeated, to produce filial alienation; while the resentment and sulkiness of children cannot fail to weaken the affection felt for them, and may even end in destroying it. Hence the numerous cases in which parents (and especially fathers, who are commonly deputed to express the anger and inflict the punishment) are regarded with indifference, if not with aversion; and hence the equally numerous cases in which children are looked upon as inflictions. Seeing, then, as all must do, that estrangement of this kind is fatal to a salutary moral culture, it follows that parents cannot be too solicitous in avoiding occasions of direct antagonism with their children—occasions of personal resentment. And therefore they cannot too anxiously avail themselves of this discipline of natural consequences—this system of letting the penalty be inflicted by the laws of things; which, by saving the parent from the function of a penal agent, prevents these mutual exasperations and estrangements.

Thus we see that this method of moral culture by experience of the normal reactions, which is the divinely-ordained method alike for infancy and for adult life, is equally applicable during the intermediate childhood and youth. And among the advantages of this method we see—First. That it gives that rational comprehension of right and wrong conduct which results from actual experience of the good and bad consequences caused by them. Second. That the child, suffering nothing more than the painful effects brought upon it by its own wrong actions, must recognise more or less clearly the justice of the penalties. Third. That, recognizing the justice of the penalties, and receiving those penalties through the working of things, rather than at the hands of an individual, its temper will be less disturbed; while the parent, occupying the comparatively passive position of taking care that the natural penalties are felt, will preserve a comparative equanimity. And Fourth. That mutual exasperation being thus in great measure prevented, a much happier, and a more influential state of feeling, will exist between parent and child.

‘But what is to be done with more serious misconduct?’ some will ask. ‘How is this plan to be carried out when a petty theft has been committed? or when a lie has been told? or when some younger brother or sister has been ill-used?’

Before replying to these questions let us consider the bearings of a few illustrative facts.

Living in the family of his brother-in law, a friend of ours had undertaken the education of his little nephew and niece. This he had conducted, more perhaps from natural sympathy than from reasoned-out conclusions, in the spirit of the method above set forth. The two children were in doors his pupils and out of doors his companions. They daily joined him in walks and botanizing excursions, eagerly sought out plants for him, looked on while he examined and identified them, and in this and other ways were ever gaining both pleasure and instruction in his society. In short, morally considered, he stood to them much more in the position of parent than either their father or mother did. Describing to us the results of this policy, he gave, among other instances, the following. One evening, having need for some article lying in another part of the house, he asked his nephew to fetch it for him. Deeply interested as the boy was in some amusement of the moment, he, contrary to his wont, either exhibited great reluctance or refused, we forget which. His uncle, disapproving of a coercive course, fetched it himself; merely exhibiting by his manner the annoyance this ill-behaviour gave him. And when, later in the evening, the boy made overtures for the usual play, they were gravely repelled—the uncle manifested just that coldness of feeling naturally produced in him, and so let the boy experience the necessary consequences of his conduct. Next morning at the usual time for rising, our friend heard a new voice outside the door, and in walked his little nephew with the hot water; and then the boy, peering about the room to see what else could be done, exclaimed, ‘Oh! you want your boots,’ and forthwith rushed down stairs to fetch them. In this and other ways he showed a true penitence for his misconduct; he endeavoured by unusual services to make up for the service he had refused; his higher feelings had of themselves conquered his lower ones, and acquired strength by the conquest; and he valued more than before the friendship he thus regained.

This gentleman is now himself a father; acts on the same system; and finds it answer completely. He makes himself thoroughly his children’s friend. The evening is longed for by them because he will be at home; and they especially enjoy the Sunday because he is with them all day. Thus possessing their perfect confidence and affection, he finds that the simple display of his approbation or disapprobation gives him abundant power of control. If, on his return home, he hears that one of his boys has been naughty, he behaves towards him with that comparative coldness which the consciousness of the boy’s miscon-

duct naturally produces ; and he finds this a most efficient punishment. The mere withholding of the usual caresses, is a source of the keenest distress—produces a much more prolonged fit of crying than a beating would do. And the dread of this purely moral penalty is, he says, ever present during his absence : so much so, that frequently during the day his children inquire of their mamma how they have behaved, and whether the report will be good. Recently, the eldest, an active urchin of five, in one of those bursts of animal spirits common in healthy children, committed sundry extravagances during his mamma's absence—cut off part of his brother's hair, and wounded himself with a razor taken from his father's dressing-case. Hearing of these occurrences on his return, the father did not speak to the boy either that night or next morning. Not only was the tribulation great, but the subsequent effect was, that when, a few days after, the mamma was about to go out, she was earnestly entreated by the boy not to do so ; and on inquiry it appeared his fear was that he might again transgress in her absence.

We have introduced these facts before replying to the question—‘What is to be done with the graver offences?’ for the purpose of first exhibiting the relation that may and ought to be established between parents and children ; for on the existence of this relation depends the successful treatment of these graver offences. And as a further preliminary, we must now point out that the establishment of this relation will result from adopting the system we advocate. Already we have shown that by letting a child experience simply the painful reactions of its own wrong actions, a parent in great measure avoids assuming the attitude of an enemy, and escapes being regarded as one ; but it still remains to be shown that where this course has been consistently pursued from the beginning, a strong feeling of active friendship will be generated.

At present, mothers and fathers are mostly considered by their offspring as friend-enemies. Determined as their impressions inevitably are by the treatment they receive ; and oscillating as that treatment does between bribery and thwarting, between petting and scolding, between gentleness and castigation ; children necessarily acquire conflicting beliefs respecting the parental character. A mother commonly thinks it quite sufficient to tell her little boy that she is his best friend ; and assuming that he is in duty bound to believe her, concludes that he will forthwith do so. ‘It is all for your good ;’ ‘I know what is proper for you better than you do yourself ;’ ‘You are not old enough to understand it now, but when you grow up you will thank me for doing what I do ;’—these, and like assertions, are daily reiterated. Mean-

while the boy is daily suffering positive penalties ; and is hourly forbidden to do this, that, and the other, which he was anxious to do. By words he hears that his happiness is the end in view ; but from the accompanying deeds he habitually receives more or less pain. Utterly incompetent as he is to understand that future which his mother has in view, or how this treatment conduces to the happiness of that future, he judges by such results as he feels ; and finding these results anything but pleasurable, he becomes sceptical respecting these professions of friendship. And is it not folly to expect any other issue ? Must not the child judge by such evidence as he has got ? and does not this evidence seem to warrant his conclusion ? The mother would reason in just the same way if similarly placed. If, in the circle of her acquaintance, she found some one who was constantly thwarting her wishes, uttering sharp reprimands, and occasionally inflicting actual penalties on her, she would pay but little attention to any professions of anxiety for her welfare which accompanied these acts. Why, then, does she suppose that her boy will conclude otherwise ?

But now observe how different will be the results if the system we contend for be consistently pursued — if the mother not only avoids becoming the instrument of punishment, but plays the part of a friend by warning her boy of the punishments which Nature will inflict. Take a case ; and that it may illustrate the mode in which this policy is to be early initiated, let it be one of the simplest cases. Suppose that, prompted by the experimental spirit so conspicuous in children, whose proceedings instinctively conform to the inductive method of inquiry—suppose that so prompted the child is amusing himself by lighting pieces of paper in the candle and watching them burn. If his mother is of the ordinary unreflective stamp, she will either, on the plea of keeping the child ‘out of mischief,’ or from fear that he will burn himself, command him to desist ; and in case of non-compliance will snatch the paper from him. On the other hand, should he be so fortunate as to have a mother of sufficient rationality, who knows that this interest with which the child is watching the paper burn results from a healthy inquisitiveness, without which he would never have emerged out of infantine stupidity, and who is also wise enough to consider the moral results of interference, she will reason thus :—‘ If I put a stop to this I shall prevent the acquirement of a certain amount of knowledge. It is true that I may save the child from a burn ; but what then ? He is sure to burn himself sometime ; and it is quite essential to his safety in life that he should learn by experience the properties of flame. Moreover, if I forbid him from running this present

‘risk, he is sure hereafter to run the same or a greater risk when  
‘no one is present to prevent him; whereas, if he should have  
‘any accident now that I am by, I can save him from any great  
‘injury: add to which the advantage that he will have in future  
‘some dread of fire, and will be less likely to burn himself  
‘to death, or set the house in a flame when others are absent.  
‘Furthermore, were I to make him desist, I should thwart him  
‘in the pursuit of what is in itself a purely harmless, and indeed,  
‘instructive gratification; and he would be sure to regard me  
‘with more or less ill-feeling. Ignorant as he is of the pain  
‘from which I would save him, and feeling only the pain of a  
‘balked desire, he could not fail to look upon me as the cause of  
‘that pain. To save him from a hurt which he cannot conceive,  
‘and which has therefore no existence for him, I inflict upon him  
‘a hurt which he feels keenly enough; and so become, from his  
‘point of view, a minister of evil. My best course then, is simply  
‘to warn him of the danger, and to be ready to prevent any  
‘serious damage.’ And following out this conclusion, she says  
to the child—‘I fear you will hurt yourself if you do that.’  
Suppose, now, that the child perseveres, as he will very probably  
do; and suppose that he ends by burning himself. What are  
the results? In the first place he has gained an experience  
which he must gain eventually, and which, for his own safety he  
cannot gain too soon. And in the second place he has found  
that his mother’s disapproval or warning was meant for his wel-  
fare: he has a further positive experience of her benevolence—a  
further reason for placing confidence in her judgment and her  
kindness—a further reason for loving her.

Of course, in those occasional hazards where there is a risk of  
broken limbs or other serious bodily injury, forcible prevention is  
called for. But leaving out these extreme cases, the system  
pursued should be not that of guarding a child against the small  
dangers into which it daily runs, but that of advising and warning  
it against them. And by consistently pursuing this course a  
much stronger filial affection will be generated than commonly  
exists. If here, as elsewhere, the discipline of the natural re-  
actions is allowed to come into play—if in all those out-of-door  
scramblings and in-door experiments, by which children are  
liable to hurt themselves, they are allowed to persevere, subject  
only to dissuasion more or less earnest according to the risk,  
there cannot fail to arise an ever-increasing faith in the parental  
friendship and guidance. Not only, as before shown, does the  
adoption of this principle enable fathers and mothers to avoid  
the chief part of that odium which attaches to the infliction of  
positive punishment; but, as we here see, it enables them further

to avoid the odium that attaches to constant thwartings; and even to turn each of those incidents which commonly cause squabbles, into a means of strengthening the mutual good feeling. Instead of being told in words, which deeds seem to contradict, that their parents are their best friends, children will learn this truth by a consistent daily experience; and so learning it, will acquire a degree of trust and attachment which nothing else can give.

And now having indicated the much more sympathetic relation which must result from the habitual use of this method, let us return to the question above put—How is this method to be applied to the graver offences?

Note, in the first place, that these graver offences are likely to be both less frequent and less grave under the *régime* we have described than under the ordinary *régime*. The perpetual ill-behaviour of many children is itself the consequence of that chronic irritation in which they are kept by bad management. The state of isolation and antagonism produced by frequent punishment, necessarily deadens the sympathies; necessarily, therefore, opens the way to those transgressions which the sympathies should check. That harsh treatment which children of the same family inflict on each other is often, in great measure, a reflex of the harsh treatment they receive from adults—partly suggested by direct example, and partly generated by the ill-temper and the tendency to vicarious retaliation, which follow chastisements and scoldings. It cannot be questioned that the greater activity of the affections and happier state of feeling, maintained in children by the discipline we have described, must prevent their sins against each other from being either so great or so frequent. Moreover, the still more reprehensible offences, as lies and petty thefts, will, by the same causes, be diminished. Domestic estrangement is a fruitful source of such transgressions. It is a law of human nature, visible enough to all who observe, that those who are debarred the higher gratifications fall back upon the lower; those who have no sympathetic pleasures seek selfish ones; and hence, conversely, the maintenance of happier relations between parents and children is calculated to diminish the number of those offences of which selfishness is the origin.

When, however, such offences are committed, as they will occasionally be even under the best system, the discipline of consequences may still be resorted to; and if there exist that bond of confidence and affection which we have described, this discipline will be found efficient. For what are the natural consequences, say, of a theft? They are of two kinds—direct and

indirect. The direct consequence, as dictated by pure equity, is that of making restitution. An absolutely just ruler (and every parent should aim to be one) will demand that, wherever it is possible, a wrong act shall be undone by a right one: and in the case of theft this implies either the restoration of the thing stolen, or, if it is consumed, then the giving of an equivalent: which, in the case of a child, may be effected out of its pocket-money. The indirect and more serious consequence is the grave displeasure of parents—a consequence which inevitably follows among all peoples sufficiently civilized to regard theft as a crime; and the manifestation of this displeasure is, in this instance, the most severe of the natural reactions produced by the wrong action. ‘But,’ it will be said, ‘the manifestation of parental displeasure, either in words or blows, is the ordinary course in these cases: the method leads here to nothing new.’ Very true. Already we have admitted that, in some directions, this method is spontaneously pursued. Already we have shown that there is a more or less manifest tendency for educational systems to gravitate towards the true system. And here we may remark, as before, that the intensity of this natural reaction will, in the beneficent order of things, adjust itself to the requirements—that this parental displeasure will vent itself in violent measures during comparatively barbarous times, when the children are also comparatively barbarous; and will express itself less cruelly in those more advanced social states in which, by implication, the children are amenable to milder treatment. But what it chiefly concerns us here to observe is, that the manifestation of strong parental displeasure, produced by one of these graver offences, will be potent for good just in proportion to the warmth of the attachment existing between parent and child. Just in proportion as the discipline of the natural consequences has been consistently pursued in other cases, will it be efficient in this case. Proof is within the experience of all, if they will look for it.

For does not every man know that when he has offended another person, the amount of genuine regret he feels (of course, leaving worldly considerations out of the question) varies with the degree of sympathy he has for that person? Is he not conscious that when the person offended stands to him in the position of an enemy, the having given him annoyance is apt to be a source rather of secret satisfaction than of sorrow? Does he not remember that where umbrage has been taken by some total stranger, he has felt much less concern than he would have done had such umbrage been taken by one with whom he was intimate? While, conversely, has not the anger of an admired and cherished friend been regarded by him as a serious misfortune,



long and keenly regretted? Clearly, then, the effects of parental displeasure upon children must similarly depend upon the pre-existing relationship. Where there is an established alienation, the feeling of a child who has transgressed is a purely selfish fear of the evil consequences likely to fall upon it in the shape of physical penalties or deprivations; and after these evil consequences have been inflicted, there are aroused an antagonism and dislike which are morally injurious, and tend further to increase the alienation. On the contrary, where there exists a warm filial affection, produced by a consistent parental friendship—a friendship not dogmatically asserted as an excuse for punishments and denials, but daily exhibited in ways that a child can comprehend—a friendship which avoids needless thwartings, which warns against impending evil consequences, and which sympathizes with juvenile pursuits—there the state of mind caused by parental displeasure will not only be salutary as a check to future misconduct of like kind, but will also be intrinsically salutary. The moral pain consequent upon having, for the time being, lost so loved a friend, will stand in place of the physical pain usually inflicted; and where this attachment exists, will prove equally, if not more, efficient. While instead of the fear and vindictiveness excited by the one course, there will be excited by the other more or less of sympathy with parental sorrow, a genuine regret for having caused it, and a desire, by some atonement, to re-establish the habitual friendly relationship. Instead of bringing into play those purely egoistic feelings whose predominance is the cause of criminal acts, there will be brought into play those altruistic feelings which check criminal acts. Thus the discipline of the natural consequences is applicable to grave as well as trivial faults; and the practice of it conduces not simply to the repression, but to the eradication of such faults.

In brief the truth is that savageness begets savageness, and gentleness begets gentleness. Children who are unsympathetically treated become relatively unsympathetic; whereas treating them with due fellow-feeling is a means of cultivating their fellow-feeling. With family governments as with political ones, a harsh despotism itself generates a great part of the crimes it has to repress; while conversely, a mild and liberal rule not only avoids many causes of dissension, but so ameliorates the tone of feeling as to diminish the tendency to transgression. As John Locke long since remarked, ‘Great severity of punishment does but very little good, nay, great harm in education; and I believe it will be found that, *cæteris paribus*, those children who have been most chastised seldom make the best men.’ In confirmation of which opinion we may cite the fact not long since made public by Mr. Rogers, Chaplain of the Pentonville Prison

that those juvenile criminals who have been whipped are those who most frequently return to prison. On the other hand, as exhibiting the beneficial effects of a kinder treatment, we will instance the fact stated to us by a French lady in whose house we recently stayed in Paris. Apologizing for the disturbance daily caused by a little boy who was unmanageable both at home and at school, she expressed her fear that there was no remedy save that which had succeeded in the case of an elder brother; namely—sending him to an English school. She explained that at various schools in Paris this elder brother had proved utterly untractable; that in despair they had followed the advice to send him to England; and that on his return home he was as good as he had before been bad. And this remarkable change she ascribed entirely to the comparative mildness of the English discipline.

After this exposition of principles, our remaining space may best be occupied by a few of the chief maxims and rules deducible from them; and with a view to brevity we will put these in a more or less hortatory form.

Do not expect from a child any great amount of moral goodness. During early years every civilized man passes through that phase of character exhibited by the barbarous race from which he is descended. As the child's features—flat nose, forward-opening nostrils, large lips, wide-apart eyes, absent frontal sinus, &c.—resemble for a time those of the savage, so, too, do his instincts. Hence the tendencies to cruelty, to thieving, to lying, so general among children—tendencies which, even without the aid of discipline, will become more or less modified just as the features do. The popular idea that children are 'innocent,' while it may be true in so far as it refers to evil *knowledge*, is totally false in so far as it refers to evil *impulses*; as half-an-hour's observation in the nursery will prove to any one. Boys when left to themselves, as at a public school, treat each other far more brutally than men do; and were they left to themselves at an earlier age<sup>1</sup> their brutality would be still more conspicuous.

Not only is it unwise to set up a high standard for juvenile good conduct, but it is even unwise to use very urgent incitements to such good conduct. Already most people recognise the detrimental results of intellectual precocity; but there remains to be recognised the truth that there is a *moral precocity* which is also detrimental. Our higher moral faculties, like our higher intellectual ones, are comparatively complex. By consequence they are both comparatively late in their evolution. And with the one as with the other, a very early activity produced by stimulation will be at the expense of the future cha-

acter. Hence the not uncommon fact that those who during childhood were instanced as models of juvenile goodness, by-and-by undergo some disastrous and seemingly inexplicable change, and end by being not above but below par; while relatively exemplary men are often the issue of a childhood by no means so promising.

Be content, therefore, with moderate measures and moderate results. Constantly bear in mind the fact that a higher morality like a higher intelligence must be reached by a slow growth; and you will then have more patience with those imperfections of nature which your child hourly displays. You will be less prone to that constant scolding, and threatening, and forbidding, by which many parents induce a chronic domestic irritation, in the foolish hope that they will thus make their children what they should be.

This comparatively liberal form of domestic government, which does not seek despotically to regulate all the details of a child's conduct, necessarily results from the system for which we have been contending. Satisfy yourself with seeing that your child always suffers the natural consequences of his actions, and you will avoid that excess of control in which so many parents err. Leave him wherever you can to the discipline of experience, and you will so save him from that hothouse virtue which over-regulation produces in yielding natures, or that demoralizing antagonism which it produces in independent ones.

By aiming in all cases to administer the natural reactions to your child's actions you will put an advantageous check upon your own temper. The method of moral education pursued by many, we fear by most, parents, is little else than that of venting their anger in the way that first suggests itself. The slaps and rough shakings, and sharp words, with which a mother commonly visits her offspring's small offences (many of them not offences considered intrinsically) are very generally but the manifestations of her own ill-controlled feelings—result much more from the promptings of those feelings than from a wish to benefit the offenders. While they are injurious to her own character, these ebullitions tend, by alienating her children and by decreasing their respect for her, to diminish her influence over them. But by pausing in each case of transgression to consider what is the natural consequence, and how that natural consequence may best be brought home to the transgressor, some little time is necessarily obtained for the mastery of yourself: the mere blind anger first aroused in you settles down into a less vehement feeling, and one not so likely to mislead you.

Do not, however, seek to behave as an utterly passionless

instrument. Remember that besides the natural consequences of your child's conduct which the working of things tends to bring round on him, your own approbation or disapprobation is also a natural consequence, and one of the ordained agencies for guiding him. The error which we have been combating is that of *substituting* parental displeasure and its artificial penalties, for the penalties which nature has established. But while it should not be *substituted* for these natural penalties, it by no means follows that it should not in some form *accompany* them. The *secondary* kind of punishment should not usurp the place of the *primary* kind; but, in moderation, it may rightly supplement the primary kind. Such amount of disapproval, or sorrow, or indignation, as you feel, should be expressed in words or manner or otherwise; subject of course to the approval of your judgment. The degree and kind of feeling produced in you will necessarily depend upon your own character, and it is therefore useless to say it should be this or that. All that can be recommended is, that you should aim to modify the feeling into that which you believe ought to be entertained. Beware, however, of the two extremes; not only in respect of the intensity, but in respect of the duration of your displeasure. On the one hand, anxiously avoid that weak impulsiveness, so general among mothers, which scolds and forgives almost in the same breath. On the other hand, do not unduly continue to show estrangement of feeling, lest you accustom your child to do without your friendship, and so lose your influence over him. The moral reactions called forth from you by your child's actions, you should as much as possible assimilate to those which you conceive would be called forth from a parent of perfect nature.

Be sparing of commands. Command only in those cases in which other means are inapplicable, or have failed. 'In frequent orders the parents' advantage is more considered than the child's,' says Richter. As in primitive societies a breach of law is punished, not so much because it is intrinsically wrong as because it is a disregard of the king's authority—a rebellion against him; so in many families, the penalty visited on a transgressor proceeds less from reprobation of the offence than from anger at the disobedience. Listen to the ordinary speeches—'How *dare* you disobey me?' 'I tell you I'll *make* you do it, sir.' 'I'll soon teach you who is *master*'—and then consider what the words, the tone, and the manner imply. A determination to subjugate is much more conspicuous in them than an anxiety for the child's welfare. For the time being the attitude of mind differs but little from that of the despot bent on punishing a recalcitrant subject. The right-feeling parent, however, like the philanthropic

legislator, will not rejoice in coercion, but will rejoice in dispensing with coercion. He will do without law in all cases where other modes of regulating conduct can be successfully employed; and he will regret the having recourse to law when it is necessary. As Richter remarks—‘*The best rule in politics is said to be ‘pas trop gouverner:’ it is also true in education.*’ And in spontaneous conformity with this maxim, parents whose lust of dominion is restrained by a true sense of duty, will aim to make their children control themselves wherever it is possible, and will fall back upon absolutism only as a last resort.

But whenever you *do* command, command with decision and consistency. If the case is one which really cannot be otherwise dealt with, then issue your fiat, and having issued it, never afterwards swerve from it. Consider well beforehand what you are going to do; weigh all the consequences; think whether your firmness of purpose will be sufficient; and then, if you finally make the law, enforce it uniformly at whatever cost. Let your penalties be like the penalties inflicted by inanimate nature—inevitable. The hot cinder burns a child the first time he seizes it; it burns him the second time; it burns him the third time; it burns him every time; and he very soon learns not to touch the hot cinder. If you are equally consistent—if the consequences which you tell your child will follow certain acts, follow with like uniformity, he will soon come to respect your laws as he does those of Nature. And this respect once established will prevent endless domestic evils. Of errors in education one of the worst is that of inconsistency. As in a community, crimes multiply when there is no certain administration of justice; so in a family, an immense increase of transgressions results from a hesitating or irregular infliction of penalties. A weak mother, who perpetually threatens and rarely performs—who makes rules in haste and repents of them at leisure—who treats the same offence now with severity and now with leniency, according as the passing humour dictates, is laying up miseries both for herself and her children. She is making herself contemptible in their eyes; she is setting them an example of uncontrolled feelings; she is encouraging them to transgress by the prospect of probable impunity; she is entailing endless squabbles and accompanying damage to her own temper and the tempers of her little ones; she is reducing their minds to a moral chaos, which after-years of bitter experience will with difficulty bring into order. Better even a barbarous form of domestic government carried out consistently, than a humane one inconsistently carried out. Again we say, avoid coercive measures whenever it is possible to do

so ; but when you find despotism really necessary, be despotic in good earnest.

Bear constantly in mind the truth that the aim of your discipline should be to produce a *self-governing* being ; not to produce a being to be *governed by others*. Were your children fated to pass their lives as slaves, you could not too much accustom them to slavery during their childhood ; but as they are by-and-by to be free men, with no one to control their daily conduct, you cannot too much accustom them to self-control while they are still under your eye. This it is which makes the system of discipline by natural consequences, so especially appropriate to the social state which we in England have now reached. Under early, tyrannical forms of society, when one of the chief evils the citizen had to fear was the anger of his superiors, it was well that during childhood parental vengeance should be a predominant means of government. But now that the citizen has little to fear from any one—now that the good or evil which he experiences throughout life is mainly that which in the nature of things results from his own conduct, it is desirable that from his first years he should begin to learn, experimentally, the good or evil consequences which naturally follow this or that conduct. Aim, therefore, to diminish the amount of parental government as fast as you can substitute for it in your child's mind that self-government arising from a foresight of results. In infancy a considerable amount of absolutism is necessary. A three-year-old urchin playing with an open razor, cannot be allowed to learn by the discipline of consequences ; for the consequences may, in such a case, be too serious. But as intelligence increases, the number of instances calling for peremptory interference may be, and should be, diminished ; with the view of gradually ending them as maturity is approached. All periods of transition are dangerous ; and the most dangerous is the transition from the restraint of the family circle to the non-restraint of the world. Hence the importance of pursuing the policy we advocate ; which, alike by cultivating a child's faculty of self-restraint, by continually increasing the degree in which it is left to its self-restraint, and by so bringing it, step by step, to a state of unaided self-restraint, obliterates the ordinary sudden and hazardous change from externally-governed youth to internally-governed maturity. Let the history of your domestic rule typify, in little, the history of our political rule : at the outset, autocratic control, where control is really needful ; by-and-by an incipient constitutionalism, in which the liberty of the subject gains some express recognition ; successive extensions of this liberty of the subject ; gradually ending in parental abdication.

Do not regret the exhibition of considerable self-will on the part of your children. It is the correlative of that diminished coerciveness so conspicuous in modern education. The greater tendency to assert freedom of action on the one side, corresponds to the smaller tendency to tyrannize on the other. They both indicate an approach to the system of discipline we contend for, under which children will be more and more led to rule themselves by the experience of natural consequences; and they are both the accompaniments of our more advanced social state. The independent English boy is the father of the independent English man; and you cannot have the last without the first. German teachers say that they had rather manage a dozen German boys than one English one. Shall we, therefore, wish that our boys had the manageableness of the German ones, and with it the submissiveness and political serfdom of adult Germans? Or shall we not rather tolerate in our boys those feelings which make them free men, and modify our methods accordingly?

Lastly, always remember that to educate rightly is not a simple and easy thing, but a complex and extremely difficult thing: the hardest task which devolves upon adult life. The rough and ready style of domestic government is indeed practicable by the meanest and most uncultivated intellects. Slaps and sharp words are penalties that suggest themselves alike to the least reclaimed barbarian and the most stolid peasant. Even brutes can use this method of discipline: as you may see in the growl and half-bite with which a bitch will check a too-exigent puppy. But if you would carry out with success a rational and civilized system, you must be prepared for considerable mental exertion—for some study, some ingenuity, some patience, some self-control. You will have habitually to trace the consequences of conduct—to consider what are the results which in adult life follow certain kinds of acts; and then you will have to devise methods by which parallel results shall be entailed on the parallel acts of your children. You will daily be called upon to analyse the motives of juvenile conduct: you must distinguish between acts that are really good and those which, though externally simulating them, proceed from inferior impulses; while you must be ever on your guard against the cruel mistake not unfrequently made, of translating neutral acts into transgressions, or ascribing worse feelings than were entertained. You must more or less modify your method to suit the disposition of each child; and must be prepared to make further modifications as each child's disposition enters on a new phase. Your faith will often be taxed to maintain the requisite perseverance in a course which seems to produce little or no effect. Especially if you are dealing with children who have been wrongly treated, you must be prepared

for a lengthened trial of patience before succeeding with better methods; seeing that that which is not easy even where a right state of feeling has been established from the beginning, becomes doubly difficult when a wrong state of feeling has to be set right. Not only will you have constantly to analyse the motives of your children, but you will have to analyse your own motives—to discriminate between those internal suggestions springing from a true parental solicitude, and those which spring from your own selfishness, from your love of ease, from your lust of dominion. And then, more trying still, you will have not only to detect, but to curb these baser impulses. In brief, you will have to carry on your own higher education at the same time that you are educating your children. Intellectually you must cultivate to good purpose that most complex of subjects—human nature and its laws, as exhibited in your children, in yourself, and in the world. Morally, you must keep in constant exercise your higher feelings, and restrain your lower. It is a truth yet remaining to be recognised, that the last stage in the mental development of each man and woman is to be reached only through the proper discharge of the parental duties. And when this truth is recognised, it will be seen how admirable is the ordination in virtue of which human beings are led by their strongest affections to subject themselves to a discipline which they would else elude.

While some will probably regard this conception of education as it should be, with doubt and discouragement, others will, we think, perceive in the exalted ideal which it involves, evidence of its truth. That it cannot be realized by the impulsive, the unsympathetic, and the short-sighted, but demands the higher attributes of human nature, they will see to be evidence of its fitness for the more advanced states of humanity. Though it calls for much labour and self-sacrifice, they will see that it promises an abundant return of happiness, immediate and remote. They will see that while in its injurious effects on both parent and child a bad system is twice cursed, a good system is twice blessed—it blesses him that trains and him that's trained.

It will be seen that we have said nothing in this paper about the transcendental distinction between right and wrong, of which wise men know so little, and children nothing. All thinkers are agreed that we may find the criterion of right in the effect of actions, if we do not find the rule there; and that is sufficient for the purpose we have had in view. Nor have we introduced the religious element. We have confined our inquiries to a nearer, and a much more neglected field, though a very important one. Our readers may supplement our thoughts in any way they please; we are only concerned that they should be accepted as far as they go.



ART. V.—*Christianity without Judaism; a second Series of Essays. Being the substance of Sermons delivered in London and other places.* By the REV. BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. Longman. pp. 263.

A MORE distasteful task has seldom exercised our pen, than the criticism of this small but pretentious volume. If it were the work of some Unitarian divine, or of some lay disciple of Theodore Parker or Francis Newman, a very cursory notice would be all that its intrinsic merits would call for. But coming from a clergyman occupying Professor Powell's position in the Church of England, it acquires a portentous significance. It must be taken, not for what it is worth, but for what it stands for. It represents, of course, the views not only of the author himself, but of his brother clergymen who have asked him to preach in their pulpits; and of those readers 'in all parts of the country,' who, we are told, have induced the publication by their demand for copies of a former private edition. In short, the appearance of this book betokens the existence in the Church of England of a party more or less numerous and influential, prepared to welcome its doctrines. And in the preface, Mr. Powell avows his belief that there is a considerable and fast-increasing proportion, both of clergy and laity, 'fully alive' to what he is pleased to term 'liberal and enlightened views' of Christianity. This of course means the views which Mr. Powell himself happens to have espoused. This cant about liberality and enlightenment runs through the volume, and is one of its most offensive characteristics. There is a class of minds who mistake the history of their own opinions for the progress of human intellect in general, and can never be persuaded that they hold any other position than that of intellectual leaders in the foremost rank of the age. To this class Professor Powell belongs. Those from whom he differs have their choice between bigoted narrow-mindedness, prejudice, and confusion of thought, which hinder them from seeing that he is right; and dishonest cowardice which withholds them from confessing it. He assaults the infallibility of the Bible, with the most undisturbed confidence in his own (for the mind of man demands infallibility *somewhere*); and explodes Calvinism, or sets down poor Hugh Miller, with the same air of serene superiority with which he abolishes the Sabbath, convicts Moses of ignorance, and assigns to the ancient Hebrews their proper rank as a barbarous nation, 'in the lowest and most puerile state of intellectual and moral enlightenment.'

This conceit of infallibility seems to be a besetting danger of scientific culture. In the study of pure science the mind acquires the habit of absolute confidence in its own conclusions. There is no room for modesty in mathematics. There is no presumption in affirming of the result of a carefully conducted calculation that it is true for all minds and for all time ; and that if any one cannot perceive its truth, this proves only his ignorance, not the uncertainty of the conclusion. The stars in their courses record in characters of light, in the depths of unmeasured space, the equations wrought out by the lonely student in his cell. The returning comet, the new planet, answer from the remote verge of the solar system to his summons, and demonstrate the laws of the human intellect to be the laws of the universe. With respect to the subjects of pure science, the man of science stands on a platform of infallible certainty, from which he looks down with conscious superiority on the mass of mankind, who must remain ignorant, for the most part, of the processes of science, and be content to take its results as matter of faith, which to him are matter of demonstration. No wonder that he is tempted to attribute to the superior strength of his own intellect that infallible certainty which, in reality, results from the superiority of the intellectual instruments he employs. He forgets that his intimate familiarity with the reasoning process by which those great results are demonstrated, which the majority accept on trust, is merely one instance of the advantage which every artist has in his own art over other men ; for *science* becomes *art* when it is employed to extend its own boundaries. He grows impatient of doubt, of humility, and of difference of opinion. He desires the certainty of mathematics in all other branches of knowledge ; and as he can no longer find that certainty in the processes by which his conclusions are reached, he finds it in the fact that he has reached them. Science has taught him that the solitary reasoner may be right, and the whole world wrong. He simply generalizes the lesson, and infers that whenever he differs from other people they must needs be wrong, because he is infallibly right. His own opinions become, in his eyes, the high-water mark of the intellectual progress of the age ; and any opposition to them the sure token of ignorance, narrow prejudice, or dishonesty. The most splendid warning of these dangers of scientific culture is furnished by the late Auguste Comte, the man of science, *par excellence*, of the present age. As incapable beyond his proper province as he was powerful and unrivalled within it, he mistook the narrow pale of accurate science for the wide horizon of human knowledge. Confounding science sometimes with philosophy, and sometimes

with art, he imagined that, in classifying the sciences, he was mapping out the whole domain of the human intellect, and was unable to see that our largest and most precious treasures of knowledge lie beyond, or above, where the foot of science has not trodden, nor her wings soared; in the world of consciousness and of emotion, which defies science; in the world of actual individual experience, where science is the disciple, not the teacher; and in the world of faith, where the demonstrations of science are superseded by a sublimer certainty.

These remarks are not very recondite; but we venture to say that they express truths of which the author of the work before us has not the remotest suspicion. In his mind, scientific culture is the prevailing inspiration. His ideal of certainty is 'positive philosophy.' He is evidently incapable of perceiving that there is in the words spoken by the Divine voice on Sinai an authority and certainty of a higher description than can attach to the inferences of geology, or even to the opinions of the Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford. He would think it, no doubt, a very narrow-minded and ignorant remark, that a clever man may not be a better theologian, but a much worse one, for having made profound and various attainments in pure science. The remark is nevertheless true; not because Theology and Science are at variance,—for all truth is one—but because such is the imperfection and feebleness of the human mind that it can scarcely attain eminence in more than one direction; and by the intense and exclusive study of one kind of evidence, and one class of truths, it is too often unfitted, rather than prepared, for the study of other kinds of truth, and the appreciation of other kinds of evidence.

The following passage will suffice to illustrate these remarks, and to indicate the Professor's own view of the bearing of modern science upon theology.

'The unparalleled advances in physical science which characterize the present age, alone suffice to stamp a totally different character on the spirit of all its discussions; and, they now are, and will be to a far greater extent, influential on the tone of theology. It is now perceived by all inquiring minds that the advance of true scientific principles, and the grand inductive conclusions of universal law and order, are at once the basis of all rational theology, and give the death-blow to superstition. The influence of the advance of physical science on religion is, in truth, a very wide subject, and involves some topics at once of great difficulty and high import in regard to the very foundations of a belief in revelation, and its received external evidences. These, however, are questions which will not fall within the scope of the present discussion, but will be reserved for a future opportunity.

With reference to our more immediate subject, it will suffice to remark, that notwithstanding the acknowledged benefits to pure religion which result from the scientific enlightenment of the age, there has too commonly existed a feeling of hostility against it on the part of some very religious persons. Theology has too commonly been beset with a spirit of a narrower kind, unwilling to acknowledge those broader and more enlightening truths; and thus from the first dawn of the true inductive philosophy there has always existed on the part of a bigoted and exclusive class of theologians, a deeply-seated jealousy and suspicion of the advance of physical discovery. Some better informed theologians, indeed, of several schools, have had the wisdom to pursue a better policy; and it is now mainly the spirit of Puritanism which is arrayed in the most inveterate hostility to science. And in a more especial manner has this been evinced at the present day, when the discoveries of geology have made advances far more formidable to its claims, and subversive of its Judaical principles, than were all the assaults made by the heresies of Copernicus and Galileo on the authority of the Catholic decrees in a past age.—pp. 11–13.

The magniloquent vagueness and the tone of oracular authority which our readers will be struck with in this passage, are characteristic of the volume. One is perpetually inquiring what definite meaning may lie concealed beneath the pompous folds of loose and sweeping generalities in which the author is wont to array his ideas. What, for example, exactly, are ‘those broader and more enlightening truths,’ and with what are they compared? With the narrower and less enlightening truths of religion, or merely with the ‘spirit of a narrower kind,’ which has ‘too commonly beset’ theology? Again, what are, precisely, the ‘acknowledged benefits to pure religion, which result from the ‘scientific enlightenment of the age?’ Pure religion is a certain state of heart towards God, consisting essentially of Faith, Love, and Obedience, which influences habitually the whole character and conduct. No disparagement to the claims or triumphs of science is implied in saying that all the ‘scientific enlightenment of the age’ cannot render faith, or love, or obedience, more powerful in their influence, or more easy of attainment. Professor Powell’s assertion is about as coherent and intelligible as if one were to affirm that railways and the electric telegraph have done much to simplify the theory of equations, or that the discovery of the interior of Africa may be expected to ameliorate considerably the English climate.

But, according to this writer, modern science has done much more than simply benefiting religion. It has supplemented, if not superseded, the Scriptures; or rather, to speak in accordance with the general tone of his work, it has superseded the Old Testament, and supplemented the New. ‘All inquiring

minds,—a tolerably large category, in the nineteenth century, and in the English nation,—now perceive, he assures us, ‘that the advance of true scientific principles, and the grand inductive conclusions of universal law and order, are *the basis of all rational theology*.’ The reference, as the context shows, is to principles of physical science. Certainly, this is a remarkable assertion for a Christian divine. That the ‘*advance*’ of scientific principles should form the ‘*basis*’ of theology is paradoxical enough. It must be a very moveable basis, one would think, little better than a quicksand. But ‘the grand inductive conclusions of universal and eternal law and order,’—if one only knew what those sublime ‘conclusions’ are,—have a sound of more ambitious promise. Where are they? What are they? Are they truths of a loftier order, of a wider universality, of a more unchangeable eternity, than those ancient declarations that ‘God is light;’ that ‘God is love;’ that ‘Love is the fulfilling of the law;’ that ‘All lawlessness is sin,’ and ‘the desert of sin is death;’ that ‘He that believeth on the Son of God hath life,’ and ‘as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God?’ Such statements as these, as sublime in the simplicity of their expression as they are unfathomable and immeasurable in their fulness of meaning—such direct, authoritative declarations of divine truth, uttered by the Son of God himself, or by His authorized messengers, have hitherto furnished the ‘basis’ of theology. It is not only a ‘rational’ one,—for it satisfies reason with the highest evidence; but it is the only possible one, under the conditions of our present existence. The loftiest, broadest, surest inductions of modern science cannot soar beyond the atmosphere of observed facts. No induction from nature can include God. It can but point to Him, and bid us seek elsewhere the light which it cannot furnish, yet in which alone its deepest lessons can be read. So far from furnishing a ‘basis’ for theology, physical science cannot add one single fundamental proposition to those primary biblical truths of which we have just cited a few examples, and on which theology rests. It is only by being united with moral and metaphysical considerations, that the inductions of physical science can even supply evidence of the great fundamental truth of theology—the existence of God. The intelligent theologian, indeed, will be far from underrating the light which modern science can shed upon his majestic and profound theme. It cannot show the depths, but it can illuminate the surface. It cannot solve the mysteries, or answer the solemn doubts and awful questions of theology, but it can pour upon some of its plainest and yet sublimest doctrines the rich glow of profuse and

glorious illustration. It can tell us nothing new of the Divine character, will, or nature. On the most urgent problems of theology,—the theory and consequences of the Divine conduct towards men, as the Father-Creator towards His offspring, and as the Supreme Ruler towards his disobedient subjects,—inductive science can shed no ray of light. It possesses no data. In the perpetual flux of human affairs, the same individuals, the same circumstances, never recur. In the wide expanse of this world's history, induction finds no rest for the sole of its foot; from the shoreless waste of the desolate past it cannot bring a single olive-leaf of promise and hope. What science can do to illustrate theology, should be acknowledged, not only thankfully, but devoutly: for Creation also is the Word of God, and it is a noble task to decipher, though slowly and imperfectly, its divine lessons. It can illustrate truths which it never could have revealed. It can attest the unity of creation by showing that the sunbeam in which the tiny gnat dances and the violet expands, is identical with the rays that have been millions of years on their passage from those vast hives of suns and systems which are but nebulous points in our heaven; and that beyond those inconceivable wildernesses of boundless space the same law reigns by which the thistle-down floats and the rain-drop falls. It can exemplify, with the most dazzling variety, magnificence, and minuteness of evidence, the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Divine Maker; showing how, not a bundle of single threads, but an infinitely complicated web of design, like the fine-woven sympathetic network of nerves in the human body, pervades every atom and point of creation, binding each to all; how primeval forests grew and decayed in order that coal might be dug, and steam might be the slave of commerce and civilization; how multitudes beyond all arithmetic of living creatures were born and perished, and earthquakes throbbed, and oceans were dried up, that the chalky downs might pasture the flock or repay the ploughshare, and that the rifted marble crags might be the quarry of the mason, the school of the painter and the poet, or the fortress of the oppressed; how the cloud that cools the fainting wayfarer, and closes the pimpernel, is carrying food for a thousand tables; or how the wind that speeds the *Mayflower*, or wrecks the Armada, that buries an army beneath the sand, or frolics with the child's kite and gently bears the odour of the clematis to the sick girl's bedside, is but obeying the laws given to it by the heat of the sun's rays, and the twofold motion of our globe. Above all, physical science furnishes the most impressive and unanswerable evidence that the All-wise and Almighty Creator works by law, *i.e.*, by settled and permanent

principles; and that while the inflexible maintenance of His laws often involves a tremendous cost of suffering, yet the laws themselves are stamped with the manifest image and superscription of pure and infinite benevolence. These are the sublimest lessons of science. They are a part of God's revelation of Himself to man. But, they only illustrate and confirm the teaching of His written word. They add no single new truth to theology,—much less furnish a new basis for it. They do but re-set, with the rich choral harmony of innumerable voices 'of things in Heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth,' the ancient melody chanted from the beginning in the pages of Scripture. 'All thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.' 'For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in Heaven. . . . They continue this day according to thine ordinances; for all are thy servants.'

Hostile jealousy of the advances of true physical science is the last folly of which an intelligent and devout theologian would wish to be guilty. Those who believe that the Scriptures of the Old as well as the New Testament are from the author of universal nature, can have no fear that the one book really contradicts the other. Science, however, is not Nature, but only man's reading of nature. It is infallible only within certain very narrow limits. Its very advance implies its imperfection. Jealousy of the progress of true science is one thing; jealousy of the hasty, arrogant, or profane conclusions of scientific men is quite another thing. The first would argue indifference to truth, if not something worse; the second argues only distrust of human weakness. Theologians, if such there be, who shut their eyes to the splendid discoveries of modern science from a narrow, cowardly apprehension of having any of their opinions interfered with, or the authority of any of their *dicta* impugned, are worthy of censure and contempt. But are they more ridiculous than the theologian who preposterously claims for those discoveries the glory of supplying a new basis for rational theology? Are they more blameable than the Christian divine who ascribes to the *inferences* of a few geologists, skilful and sagacious but yet fallible cultivators of an infant science, an authority sufficient to contradict the declaration of God's own voice upon Mount Sinai, and not merely to explode the obligation of the Sabbath, but to shed discredit on the whole of the Old Testament Scriptures?

The fact is, that men of science are quite as much in danger of narrow-mindedness as are theologians, or any other class of thinkers. It is a disease incident to the human intellect, when fed too exclusively on any one kind of truth. It is all very well

to complain, as Professor Powell does (p. 10), that 'while rational inquiry, learned criticism, and philosophical argument are so largely applied to other departments of knowledge,' they are neglected and censured by theologians; or that theological questions are 'too commonly pursued' in an 'unworthy spirit,' and with 'ignorant, narrow, and one-sided views;' but dangers of this sort are by no means confined to the defenders of the Bible. The man of science, too, has his own theories and prejudices and fixed ideas. He is in danger of confounding his own opinion with science itself, and of ascribing to the precarious inferences of scientific men the certainty which really belongs only to the facts on which their reasoning is based. And his habitual study of one sort of evidence may render him very ill-fitted to feel the stronger force of evidence of a different sort. Thus, when Professor Powell tells us, that 'from the irreconcilable contradictions disclosed by geological discovery, the whole narrative of 'the six days' creation cannot now be regarded by any competently informed person *as historical*,' he leaves out of view altogether the fact that there is evidence on the one side as well as on the other. The blame of the 'irreconcilable contradictions' *may* rest, not with Moses, but with the geologists. It is inconceivable that God should have spoken, either by his voice on Mount Sinai, or by his handwriting on the earth's materials, anything but truth. It is conceivable, on the one hand, that He did *not* speak the words we believe Him to have spoken, or that we have misunderstood them. But it is equally conceivable, and perhaps, to those who have studied not only the Bible and geology, but the laws of evidence, much more conceivable, that the rocky records, which are the text-book of geology, have not yet been fully deciphered or infallibly interpreted. Historical evidence—the evidence of written records, of language, of national tradition, and notorious facts, interwoven inseparably with the customs, genius, character, and entire history of a nation—is quite as real and valuable as the evidence of observation and experiment, which forms the basis of science. That the Reverend • Professor of Geometry, or any other man of science, is able to perceive the one kind of evidence, but incapable of appreciating the other, is to be lamented, not for the sake of truth, but for his own. We have evidence, as certain as that on which geology is based, though of a different kind, not that (as Professor Powell says) 'it *may* be true that God spoke all those words on Mount Sinai,' but that it *is* true that He actually did speak them. The ultimate evidence for the truth of the declarations made on Sinai is the same as that for the fossil records which geology claims to have deciphered, namely, the testimony of God. Even Pro-



fessor Powell will hardly venture to maintain that it is *more likely* that God asserted what is untrue in the one case, than that men have been mistaken in the other: though, unfortunately, he has allowed himself to make statements capable of such an interpretation. Prejudice, narrow-mindedness, and the absence of the true spirit of science, are just as evidently displayed in rejecting one class of evidence as the other. The materials of science lie in the entire world of observed and recorded fact, including the facts of human history just as much as the facts of the earth's surface. A science of history, indeed, there cannot be, because the facts are always singular, and never recur; but if any established fact *in* history be contradicted by the deductions of science, the plain inference is, not that the fact is unreal, but that the premises were insufficient, or the demonstration incorrect.

The opposition between modern science and received theology, which may be regarded as the fundamental idea of the volume before us, is urged, as we have already indicated, with special reference to a single case. Science is represented by geology, and 'Puritan' theology by the observance of the Sabbath. Enmity to the Sabbath appears so strongly influential in the writer's mind, that one is almost led to suppose it the real motive of the entire volume. The following sentences indicate the temper in which Professor Powell speaks of the most beautiful of Old Testament institutions, that golden link between earth and heaven, that simplest yet mightiest device for maintaining spiritual religion in the world, of which it may well be said that if its observance be a superstition, superstition has done more for mankind than 'modern enlightenment' can do; and that if Christianity has *not* preserved and sanctioned it, then in this one instance Christianity has retrograded, not advanced, in comparison with Judaism.

'Men's minds were roused into vehement alarm some years ago at attempts to revive some points of ecclesiastical ceremonial, while at present public opinion is hardly awakened to the far greater practical enormities of the invasions of puritanical intolerance, concentrated in the enforcement of Sabbatism. If any theological topic can be said to come home directly to the daily life of every man, it is surely the question of this observance, and of the alleged obligations on which it is maintained. Its practical influence is constantly interfering with the pursuits, enjoyments, and even domestic and personal freedom of all, and especially the working classes. Yet few are found willing to emancipate themselves or others from that influence, even where they fully acknowledge the unsoundness of its foundation. Those who are foremost to raise an outcry against Romanism, or the merest semblance of a leaning to its practices, passively yield to a superstitious formalism

more oppressive in its exactions, and at least equally destructive of the spiritual simplicity of Christianity.'—Pp. 21, 22.

We cannot pause here to comment on the miserably shallow view of church principles, and of popular sentiment, implied in the statement that the alarm created by Tractarianism referred merely to 'points of ecclesiastical ceremonial.' Nor is this the place to enter into the discussion of the Sabbath question, notwithstanding the great prominence given to it in this volume. Scarcely must we allow ourselves a passing protest against the assumption, common with those who maintain Mr. Powell's side of the question, that the observance of the Sabbath is a piece of 'formalism.' Nothing can well be more real, more opposed to empty form, than rest from labour, and the dedication of a whole day to the loftiest purposes of life. If rest, leisure, tranquil meditation, safety from the intrusive demands of business, family converse and worship, public association for prayer, praise, and instruction in the very highest and most practical branches of knowledge—if these things be 'forms,' and the devotement of one day in seven to such happy and noble purposes be 'formalism,' where, in the name of common sense, are the realities of life? Eating, drinking, sleeping, business, may as well be pronounced forms also, and, in fact, our whole outward life a mere incongruous mass of forms; writing books, we presume, being one of the emptiest forms of all, though some books certainly cannot be characterized as a 'form of sound words.'

Immediately after the remarks which we have just quoted from his first Essay, Professor Powell lays down a principle of discussion in which we entirely concur with him; namely, that the obligation of the Sabbath cannot be dealt with as an isolated question. It is inseparably connected with the question of the relation of the New Testament to the Old, of the Christian dispensation to those which preceded it, and of the Ten Commandments to the rule of Christian duty. If the religion of the Old Testament be essentially the same, as well as from the same divine source, with that of the Gospel, its forms alone being temporary, and its doctrines eternally true; if the Christian Church be historically and vitally one with the Jewish Church (the outward form of voluntary local societies being substituted for that of a national and political body); if, in fact, Christianity be Judaism developed and perfected, freed from its national trammels, laying aside its gorgeous robes of symbolism, and addressing itself no longer to a portion of mankind, but to the whole race;—then it is at least highly fitting and probable that the most spiritual of the Old Testament institutions, the one which is most perfectly free from all special adaptation to a nation

or age, and suited to a universal worship, and which is even more imperatively needed now than it was in the days of Moses, should be carried forward from the Old Dispensation into the New. On the other hand, if Christianity and Judaism are wholly disconnected systems; if the Book of Genesis be no more than a mere introduction to the Jewish law; if the Decalogue 'totally omits many moral duties' (p. 104), and the entire law of Moses, 'not rising to any broad principles, which the Israelites at that time would have been incapable of comprehending,' was designed solely for 'the separation of one single people for a specific purpose' (p. 103);—if, in a word, the entire Jewish dispensation was nothing but such a temporary, earthly, narrow, and, in fact, gross and degrading accommodation of religion to the blindness and infirmity of a semi-barbarous nation, as this work represents it to have been;—*then* the obligation of the Sabbath falls to the ground, and the authority of the Old Testament with it. We must add, that the New Testament falls with the Old. Mr. Powell, whose logic is of a very loose and confused character, will, of course, not admit this consequence from his principles. But if the New Testament writers were either ignorant or else dishonest in their habitual and avowed reverence for the Hebrew Scriptures as the Word of God,—which they must needs have been, if Mr. Powell's views of the Old Testament be the truth,—there is an end of the authority of the New Testament as an absolute rule of faith. Inspired, the writers may still have been, in that loose sense in which Mr. Powell employs the word. But it matters little to us whether they were or not, if their inspiration could not keep them from either error or dishonesty in a matter so deeply concerning the Divine character, and the very foundations of religious faith and life. We fully agree with the Reverend Professor, that the best way to get rid of the Sabbath is to get rid of the Old Testament. But we maintain that you cannot get rid of the Old Testament without cutting away the very roots of the New, and charging the writers of it with an amount of error fatal to the moral value and decisive authority of their teaching.

Professor Powell prepares the way, in his second Essay, for the main assault on the Old Testament, by a dissertation '*On the application and misapplication of Scripture.*' This is written in the loftiest style of conscious intellectual superiority and oracular dogmatism. One cannot help reflecting, with mingled envy and humility, on the sublime sensations that must be experienced at that serene altitude from which the Savilian Professor surveys sects and systems, compassionates the 'confused and unsatisfactory views commonly prevalent,' and imparts so much of his

superior light as is safe for the weak optics of his readers; for it is evident, from the note at the end of § 2 of his third Essay, that he entertains esoteric views much more advanced than those which he openly avows and maintains. We have, first, an historical outline of the views entertained at various periods respecting 'the value assigned to the collection of multifarious records united in the volume of the Bible.' It would seem natural to begin with the Apostolic Church, and inquire what was the value which the apostles themselves assigned to their own writings, and what their relation to the faith of individual believers. This point is passed over in utter silence, and we have merely a brief reference to the appeal to Scripture in those dark ages in which the written Word had become entirely subordinate to the traditions of the Church. At the Reformation, 'the rising tendency of the age for the cultivation of literature might have been expected to find a congenial resource in the freer study of the Bible. But the spirit of Protestantism was, in fact, for the most part, of a narrower character.' The appeal to Scripture was 'corrupted into literalism.' 'Extreme views of inspiration' were introduced, in order to 'supply the loss of the comfortable certainty and repose which the minds and consciences of men had been accustomed to enjoy in the bosom of an infallible Church.' Rational interpretation was discarded.

'To think of connexion with the context, or of any other considerations which might limit or elucidate the meaning, was unnecessary, and, in fact, little less than impious. If a duty was to be enforced, a precept anywhere extracted from the sacred writings was held equally applicable to all persons, under all circumstances, and in all ages. Thus, with a numerous section of the Protestant communities, a mere literal adherence to the text of the Bible constituted as complete a spiritual slavery as any which had been imposed by the dictation of a domineering priesthood and an infallible church; they did but transfer the claims of oracular authority from the priest to the text, or rather to their preacher's interpretation of it. Such was the first principle and foundation of the system which may be best generally designated by the name of Puritanism, which has exerted as pernicious an influence over modern Christianity on the one side as Romanism on the other. In this mode of theologising, we may perhaps trace the powerful reaction of the spirit of Biblical inquiry, just emancipated from the tyranny of ecclesiastical dictation, and not as yet exercised in the more comprehensive and rational principles of interpretation, and thus recoiling into a scarcely less servile slavery to the mere letter of the Bible—that absolute worship of the text which has been fitly termed 'Bibliolatry.'—(Pp. 31, 32.)

A satirical description, part truth, part caricature, is then given, of that system of interpretation by which scattered and isolated

texts of Scripture may be made to mean almost anything, and adduced in support of any doctrine. Distinguishing this abuse of Scripture and common sense by the name of 'the literal principle,' Mr. Powell finds the most salient instance of its consequences in *Calvinism*. 'The spirit of the literal application of all passages of Scripture, without discrimination, has, perhaps, never been displayed so as more fully to evince its peculiar character and tendency, than in the conception and support of the *Calvinistic theory*.' With curious inconsistency, he adds, that this theory, in principle and spirit, was extensively adopted in earlier times, and may be traced up to Augustine, if not earlier—eleven hundred years before the reformers replaced the infallibility of Rome by the 'principle of literalism.' Well may he term that a 'remarkable system,' which thus flourished and bore fruit a thousand years before the seed of it was sown! Yet, he adds, with the admirable logic which has already demanded our acknowledgment:—

'That principle once admitted, the whole predestinarian system, even in its utmost rigour, and with all its momentous and terrific consequences, stands forth in a kind of awful grandeur perfectly consistent with itself in all points, and unassailable unless on a totally different ground of attack. Adopting this literal view, the Reformer, with the text of the Bible as his only guide, was directly conducted to the one principle of arbitrary *grace*, as the clue to the whole scheme of the Divine counsels.'—p. 44.

Then follows a bitterly scornful outline of the Calvinistic system, as the writer understands it; and he declares not only Calvinism, but the grossest Antinomianism, to be 'unassailable so long as the *first principle of Scripture literalism is admitted*.' It is not quite easy to be sure what we are to understand by this 'literalism.' Sometimes the term seems employed so as to include the *absolute authority* and the *plain meaning* of Scripture—things widely distinct from the 'mere letter,' or the capricious interpretation of isolated texts. This last abuse will not be defended by any theologian whose opinion is worth considering, nor will any one care to deny that it has extensively and mischievously prevailed. Professor Powell's severest remarks on this head are as just as they are superfluous. Not only Calvinism, but doctrinal systems of the most various kinds, have often been defended by means of an exegesis that outraged not only critical sobriety, but common sense. What then? Is a system responsible for the weakness of its advocates? Must it be destitute of foundation, or of real strength, because its defence is conducted on false principles? Nothing, we take leave to say, can be more misleading or injurious than to represent a man's

errors and inconsistencies as being the leading principles of his conduct, and the key to his character. Neither the Reformation, nor Calvinism, nor Puritanism, is opposed, in its fundamental principles, to such '*rational interpretation*' as Professor Powell has described (page 51), or depends upon 'the principle of a 'prostration of the understanding before the letter of the Bible, 'and an indiscriminate application of detached texts from all 'parts of Scripture' (page 49). When the Reformers substituted their confessions of faith for the free appeal to the Word of God, and sometimes claimed for them an authority equal in kind and degree to that claimed by the Papal church itself for its dogmas, they were forsaking, not following out, their fundamental principle. But no one ever laboured more honestly to lay hold of the whole sense of Scripture, and not the 'mere letter' alone, than the man who taught the Bible to speak for itself in his own German mother-tongue. No man ever toiled more patiently and successfully to pierce below the surface, and expound with the most judicious regard to the context, and the most faithful use of the critical learning of his day, the real spirit and meaning of Scripture, than the prince of commentators, the Reformer of Geneva. The system which goes by his name, whether it be true or erroneous, is, at all events, based not upon a compilation of detached texts, but upon broad principles, pervading the entire teaching of both dispensations. It has often been defended, no doubt, by very bad exegesis, but it is essentially a system of theological philosophy, not of textual interpretation. As to Puritanism, the name denotes a religious spirit rather than a doctrinal system. Reverence for God's written Word forms, no doubt, a predominant element in this spirit; but this very reverence, properly instructed, will shrink from turning the sacred volume into a mere album of mottoes and arguments; will refuse to receive as the food of its spiritual life any mere hash of mangled and mutilated texts, and will prefer to gather the bread of life where it grows, and not rest content with anything else than the full and true meaning of the inspired page. So far, then, Mr. Powell is attacking what no one defends. If '*literalism*' mean the practice of putting any sense on Scripture which the mere words of any text, isolated from the connexion, will bear, regardless of the canons of '*rational interpretation*,' the less that Calvinists, Puritans, or any other Christians who reverence God's Word, have to do with literalism the better. Unfortunately, this is *not* all that Professor Powell means. As we read on we find that what his argument demands the rejection of is not the perversion of Scripture, but the truth and authority of Scripture. '*Rational interpretation*' includes, it appears, not the mere ascer-

taining of the real sense, but the rejection of that sense, when we see reason to question it.

‘Of all the consequences of literary bibliolatry’ (he tells us), ‘one of the most pernicious in its results, as well as the most preposterous in its nature, has been the practice of looking to the Bible not only as the standard of religion, but as an equal authority on all subjects—social, political, chronological, historical, philosophical—and as the guide not only to religious but to scientific truth.’—p. 54.

In order to explode ‘an idea so evidently monstrous and unreasonable,’ our learned champion of rational interpretation adduces the ‘contradiction between the conclusions of modern geology and the cosmogony of the Jewish Scriptures.’ This contradiction is stated (with references to the author’s former works, showing that his views have not been recently adopted) in the most harsh, positive, and offensive manner; and in a tone of dogmatism, we must be excused for saying, not becoming either the scientific Professor or the Christian divine. We must allow the author to give his own estimate of the importance of the conclusion, and its bearing on the sanctity of the Sabbath:—

‘The Mosaic narrative cannot be explained away by torturing the sense of words, or figurative interpretations in the details. It must be taken *as a whole*; and as a whole or continuous narrative, we manifestly see that it cannot be regarded as *historical* . . . . The question is one which stands apart from all mere abstract doctrinal controversies. It presents great undeniable physical truths directly negating what, previously to their discovery, had been received literally as a divine announcement . . . . The inevitable rejection of the *historical* character of the Mosaic narrative—a character so strenuously insisted on under older systems—cannot but be regarded as a marked feature in the theological and spiritual advance of the present age. It is not a step which can be denied, retracted, or obliterated; it is a substantial position gained and retained, and from which the advancing inquirer cannot be dislodged. And the more it is reflected on, and its consequences fairly appreciated and followed out, the more, I do not hesitate to express my opinion, will it be acknowledged as the characteristic feature and commencement of a great revolution in theological views.’—pp. 62, 64, 65.

‘The disclosure of the true physical history of the origin of the existing state of the earth by modern geological research . . . . *entirely overthrows the supposed historical character of the narrative of the six days, and by consequence that respecting the consecration of the seventh day along with it, and thus subverts entirely the whole foundation of the belief in an alleged primeval Sabbath.*’—Essay III., p. 89.

‘Thus the narrative of the six days’ creation, first announced in the

Decalogue, and afterwards amplified in Genesis . . . . can *now* only be regarded as a figurative mode, suited to their apprehensions, of enforcing on the Jews the institution of the Sabbath—the day of completion of the work of creation, on which the Creator rested, and was refreshed.’—p. 98.

So the original contradiction is not between geology and Genesis, but between geology and the Decalogue. Similar views were advanced in a work which Professor Powell published twenty years ago,\* in which it is suggested that Moses was inspired to borrow from ‘some poetical cosmogony’ current among the Jews, as a vehicle for religious instruction. We pass over the daring assumption, that the account in Genesis was ‘afterwards amplified’ from the Fourth Commandment, because it does not affect the argument. In the Decalogue is the distinct assertion that ‘in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day.’ This assertion Professor Baden Powell takes upon him to contradict. It is *not historical*. He cannot say precisely what it is; figurative, in some way—perhaps borrowed from ‘some poetical cosmogony.’ But even if figurative and poetical language were not so out of place in the Ten Commandments that the very idea is grotesque almost to absurdity, figures and poetry must have a *meaning*. They may be the vehicle of either truth or falsehood. What does this ‘figurative language’ mean? Will Mr. Powell dare to affirm that the God of truth uttered words from Mount Sinai incapable of being interpreted in accordance with fact? Or does he mean that God did *not* utter those words, and that the giving of the Law is a fable, and the Decalogue a pious fraud? If he means this, let him say so honestly. We confess that we cannot see what other conclusion to draw from his arguments. The vague and loose remarks at the close of Essay II. (pages 79—81), on the ‘principle of adaptation,’ seem, indeed, to imply that the Divine Being may have said what is untrue, or done what was unjust, or at variance with benevolence, provided that the people with whom He was dealing were too debased morally to perceive any inconsistency with the Divine holiness in those declarations or dealings. We should be very sorry to misrepresent Mr. Powell, above all on so momentous a point; but we can make nothing else of his remarks on ‘adaptation.’ He has elsewhere spoken of systems being built upon ‘literalism,’ which assail the very foundations of morality. We can think of no system more deserving this description than one which would represent Divine truth and morality as changing from age to age, and

\* *The Connection of Natural and Divine Truth*. Parker. 1838. See pp. 256–269.



regulated by the moral standard of those to whom God's Word was spoken. If *this* be 'rational interpretation,' give us rather honest infidelity. Rather tell us that the Pentateuch is a forgery, and that Moses never existed, than that God is not true! When we find a Christian minister advancing such sentiments as these, and that, from the pulpit, we confess we feel difficulty in restraining our indignation; and we are not sure that there is any virtue in restraining it.

The reverend satirist of the simple faith of Puritanism does not, indeed, expressly assert that the Pentateuch, as a whole, is '*not historical*.' He repeats, more than once, that he is careful to base his argument on the generally admitted view that the Old Testament Scriptures contain an authentic record of the dispensation to which they belong. But he does this in a tone which seems to render his own sentiments on that point doubtful. More than this, he at least suggests this loophole of escape for those to whom his 'principle of adaptation' may appear immoral. He quotes without censure, and even with a half-approval, the views of writers who deny *in toto* the authenticity of the Mosaic records, and would reduce Judaism to the rank which Goethe assigned it—as one among the multitude of Gentile religions. The passage to which we especially refer is the note to § 2 of Essay III. (pp. 114–116):—'Some views have been broached 'by critical writers,' we are told, 'which throw light on the subject of the legal sacrifices and the whole nature of the law.' What are the views thus referred to? First, that *human sacrifice* was an idea familiar to the first readers and writers of the Old Testament. Abraham and Jephthah are instanced; and the various cases in which persons were put to death by Divine command (as the idolatrous Israelites, the sons of Saul, the priests of Baal, &c.) are regarded as 'of a sacrificial nature.' Next, the remonstrances of the prophet Ezekiel against idolatry are considered as implying that, even in his time, Israel '*knew nothing of a better worship*;' and the earlier history is referred to as supporting a similar view, 'notwithstanding the obscurity and confusion in which so many parts of it are involved.' 'The 'remarkable declaration of the prophet Jeremiah (vii. 22) that 'God *did not* ordain the sacrifices at the time of the delivery of 'Israel out of Egypt,' is appealed to as a proof that 'the law was really a compilation of later date'—a pious forgery, in fact, of Ezra and his fellow-reformers. The learned Oxford Professor does not avowedly adopt these sweeping views. We should almost think better of him if he did. He merely suggests them to his readers, in a manner which leads one to conclude that they contain nothing which greatly shocks either his under-

standing or his feelings. But, in *propria personâ*, he adds the following remarks, which we extract, offensive as they are, because they will show how far the Rev. Baden Powell is a competent judge of the spirit of the Ancient Dispensation, and on what ground he is willing to rest its claims to Divine authority:—

‘Without reference to any such theories of the origin or composition of the early Jewish history, it is at all events sufficiently evident, on the very face of the narratives, that the Israelites were, even to a late period, in a state little removed from absolute barbarism, and were as a nation, in the lowest and most puerile state of intellectual and moral enlightenment—‘a hard-hearted and stiff-necked generation.’ Individual exceptions there doubtless were, but the whole series of deeds of violence and bloody atrocities which distinguish the narrative of their national existence, as well as the equally sanguinary character of their laws and religious rites, and the fearful enormities and cruelties, all described as sanctioned by Divine authority, sufficiently prove one thing,—how utterly inapplicable is the whole system, or any part of it, to a more advanced state of things or to the general acceptance of the world, even were it not expressly declared to be exclusively peculiar to the Jews, and even with them, having served its purpose, to have come to its end.

‘It is beyond the scope of the present remarks to go into the discussion of another point which many raise out of the facts just referred to, viz., the difficulty of believing that such a system is of *Divine appointment*. It will suffice here merely to observe that the whole state of things (the barbarism and savage ignorance) to which it applied, it will hardly be denied, if a Providence be admitted at all, were matters of *Divine appointment or permission*; and such a people were *incapable* of any better or more spiritual system. The objections to the system enjoined, apply equally to the condition of the people, and the whole course of the Divine government.’—Pp. 115, 116.

This is as much as to say, that a Divine origin and authority can be ascribed to Judaism only in the same sense as we may ascribe them to Polytheism, or Fetishism, or to Popery, Mohammedism, or revolutionary Atheism. ‘If a Providence be admitted at all, these things must be allowed to have been ‘matters of Divine appointment or permission.’ The question thus raised and coolly dismissed as ‘beyond the scope of the present remarks,’ is in fact fundamental to the entire subject of this volume. As an honest man, Professor Powell was bound to discuss it, and not thus leave it enveloped in contemptuous or timid ambiguity. Either the entire law of Moses, with all its visible institutions, religious, civil, and military, was obtained by direct authority of the Most High, uttered in audible human speech—or else the whole system and history constitute the most gigantic, impious, and successful imposture ever palmed upon the world.

There is no middle ground between these alternatives. The claim to Divine authority in the highest sense is everywhere made in the plainest and strongest terms which human language furnishes. The sanction of every law is, 'I am Jehovah thy God.' The utmost pains were taken to impress the people with the fact that they were under the immediate and absolute government of God, the Creator of the whole universe, and that Moses was merely His servant. If this central fact of the history, which is the basis of the entire Jewish polity, be a fiction, then the whole of the Old Testament is based upon a lie. The critical writers, whose views, according to Mr. Powell, have thrown so much light on the Jewish law, do not shrink from this conclusion. The summary which he has given of their opinions plainly implies nothing less. Does Mr. Powell accept this conclusion? If so, his whole volume is a superfluous labour, based on a dishonest supposition, and aiming at a false issue. If Judaism was founded in imposture, then, whatever fragments of religious truth and moral wisdom have been incorporated with it, Christianity can have nothing to do with it, if Christianity be true, but to explode and condemn it. But Christianity did nothing of the kind. It superseded Judaism, not as a rightful monarch dethrones a false usurper, but as the heir, on coming of age, supersedes the council of regency, whose temporary authority rested on the same basis with his own, and whose acts he ratifies, while he brings their reign to an end. Our Lord himself, and after him his apostles, perpetually acknowledged in the strongest terms both the historic truth and the Divine authority of the Law of Moses. We cannot here adduce and examine this testimony; but it is patent to every intelligent reader of the New Testament. To reduce it to a mere *argumentum ad hominem*, or *e concessis*—a mere adaptation of the spiritual truth of Christianity to the obstinate prepossessions and low mental capacity of the first converts, being Jews—is to introduce an element not only of uncertainty but of dishonesty into the New Testament, fatal to its worth. In a word, Christianity stands so committed to the fact of the writings of Moses being in the most literal sense the Word of God, that if Judaism can be shown to be the pious forgery of Ezra and his fellow-reformers, it brings down Christianity with it in its fall.

Professor Powell may protest against these conclusions, but can he prove them illogical? The only way in which he can legitimately disclaim them is by avowing his total disagreement with the 'views' of the 'critical writers' aforesaid, and his sincere conviction that the Mosaic books contain the true history of the foundation of the Jewish polity and worship; and that every

law that Moses delivered was (as he declares) audibly dictated to him by the same Divine voice which, in the hearing of the whole nation, uttered the Ten Commandments from Mount Sinai. But if Professor Powell admits this, how is he not afraid to use the language we have quoted, which can scarcely be defended from the charge of blasphemy? Who is it whom he dares to charge with a 'series of deeds of violence and bloody atrocities;' and with 'the fearful enormities and cruelties all described as sanctioned by Divine authority?' Were they so sanctioned, or were they not? If they were *not*, the Mosaic history is an impious untruth. If they *were*, Professor Powell's language implies what we cannot contemplate without shuddering.

This is by no means a singular instance in which the views of those who affect a higher morality than that of Scripture, are found if carried out to strike at the very basis of morals. We entreat the author, for his own credit, as an honest man on the one hand, or as a Christian minister on the other, seriously to reconsider what must surely have been very thoughtlessly written.

The prime importance of honest and clear statements on these fundamental points must justify our having devoted so much space to a portion only,—not much more than one-third,—of the entire volume under review. These points constitute the very ground of the entire discussion respecting the relation of Judaism to Christianity. To ignore this previous question, or treat it slightly, is to involve the whole subject in uncertainty. The argument is carried on in the dark, and can lead to only negative results of doubt, confusion, and denial. For this reason, even if our space allowed, we must decline following the author through his third Essay, on '*The Law and the Gospel*.' More space than we have already occupied would be required to point out what we consider its fallacies, confusions, and inconsequences. And to what purpose? Where the very spirit in which the subject is approached—the very atmosphere in which it is exhibited, forms a distorting medium, it is of little use to dwell upon erroneous representations of details, irrelevant assertions, or misinterpretation of texts of Scripture. The writer does not appear to us to have any profound, complete, or correct idea of the two primary elements in the discussion—'*The Law*,' and '*The Gospel*.' It is therefore useless to inquire how far he has furnished a just account of their relation to each other.

The relation of Judaism to Christianity must be determined by two considerations. First, how far the ancient system, either in explicit statement, or in typical representation, actually embodied the spiritual truths, and foreshadowed the historical facts,

which together constitute the Gospel. Secondly, what is the testimony of the New Testament to the Divine authority, and to the design of the Jewish Dispensation, and to the points of difference or of identity between the two. Accordingly, Professor Powell's argument, in this Essay, is generally directed, first to the depreciation of the Ancient Dispensation, and secondly, to the weakening of the testimony borne to it by Our Lord and His Apostles. In both which he has displayed very considerable acuteness and skill as an advocate, however scanty his claims may be to the accuracy and impartiality of a judge. We can only glance at a sentence or sentiment here and there. The first section treats of the 'primeval dispensations' preceding the Mosaic law. In these, it is observed, the mode of Divine revelation is that of the Creator entering into *covenant* with His creatures; 'an idea' (we are told a few pages further on) 'specially adapted to a nation of the lowest moral capacity.' So that Noah, the preacher of God's righteousness to a corrupt world, and Abraham, the friend of God, the favourite New Testament example of exalted faith and piety, are set down by their reverend critic on the same lowest form of 'moral capacity' on which he afterwards places their descendants. Nevertheless, this idea of 'a covenant' has found acceptance with minds of the loftiest 'intellectual and moral capacity' that the Church can boast, who have seen in it nothing but what is most worthy of God. It pervades the New Testament, only losing what is national and earthly, as the Church assumes its perfect and mature form; and if Professor Powell and similar expounders of 'a more advanced system' should succeed in expelling the idea from the theology of the Church of 'the present enlightened age,' it is probable that it will retain its place in the theology of the Church above: for the most blessed voice of hope which the ear of faith catches from the remote depths of the eternal future, is the very echo of the Divine promise to the trembling fugitives in the wilds of Horeb,—'They shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God.'

Of another leading element in these patriarchal revelations, Mr. Powell says, 'In all these systems, the prominent feature was the practice of sacrifice, implying the idea of the propitiation of a wrathful Deity by the shedding of blood.'—(P. 94.) So gross a misrepresentation would be worthy the author of the '*Discourse of Religion*;' but it is disgraceful to a Christian divine. The idea of sacrifice (*i.e.*, of animal sacrifices) was *not* 'the propitiation of a wrathful Deity by shedding of blood,' but the provision and acceptance of an atonement, by a Deity equally just and merciful. Divine justice, and the ill desert of sin, were

symbolized by the most awful and expressive emblem—death; while Divine mercy was equally shown by the fact that God Himself ordained the sacrifice, and freely pardoned the penitent worshipper. When to this we add the consideration, which the New Testament places beyond doubt, that these ancient ceremonies were divinely-ordained types, or visible prophecies, of the Atonement, which is the central doctrine of the gospel, we see how completely, though obscurely, the ancient revelation anticipated the spiritual truth of the New. The only difference is, that in the ancient system of teaching the doctrines of Justice denouncing death to transgression, Mercy according pardon to penitence and faith, and an Atonement provided by God Himself upholding the honour of law, were taught by symbols, which in the New Testament are taught in words. In the one case the heart and conscience are addressed through the imagination; in the other, through the logical faculty. The spiritual truths are not affected, though our clear apprehension of them may be, by the language in which they are expressed. Of course we cannot advance evidence here for these assertions: but neither does Professor Powell make the slightest attempt to prove his sweeping and degrading allegations against the Jewish economy. He simply asserts; and one assertion is at least as good as another.

The fact is, we here stumble upon a confusion of thought which stands writers of this type in stead of a principle. They are perpetually dwelling on the 'simplicity and spirituality of Christianity.' What they mean precisely by 'simplicity' it is hard to say, and would lead us too far afield to inquire. But what they mean by 'spirituality' is not spirituality at all, but *intellectuality*. They regard a system as more or less spiritual, according as it addresses us more or less through the intellect. But the spirituality of a truth does not depend on the language in which you utter it. A spiritual truth is one that concerns our spiritual, i.e. our religious and moral, nature—our conscience and our heart. Logical statements of such truths are clear, but cold. Imaginative or symbolic statements are more obscure, but more impressive. But the truth remains the same, and produces the same results (which is the great thing) on the heart and conscience. The parable of the Prodigal Son is just as much a piece of spiritual teaching as the 8th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. The patriarch, as he watched the streaming blood or whitening embers of the sacrifice, rejoiced to see afar off the day of Christ, and was as truly a spiritual worshipper as the most enlightened of the Reverend Baden Powell's sympathizing and admiring hearers. Spiritual worship is opposed to

ceremonial worship, not as two contraries which exclude each other, but as two separable elements, of which the presence of the one constitutes the value of the other;—as the visible magnificence of the thunder-cloud is opposed to its hidden stores of lightning and of rain; as the soul is opposed to the body which it animates; as the thought is opposed to the words or other signs whereby it is expressed.

As Professor Powell labours to drain the forms of the Old Testament dispensation of their life-blood of spiritual truth; to censure its tremendous judgments executed under immediate Divine command upon corrupt nations, or wilful traitors to the Divine government, as ‘bloody atrocities’ and ‘fearful enormities;’ to represent the entire course of God’s dealings with the Jews as a mere temporary accommodation to the low moral and intellectual capacity of a set of half-tamed savages; and even to turn the warnings addressed by the prophets to a guilty nation against the very law which they vindicated;—so he labours to undermine and weaken the testimony borne to the Old Testament by the New. Thus, for instance, in referring to the sanction which Our Lord derives for monogamy from the primitive law of the Creator—‘*from the beginning,*’ he tells us, ‘the whole context shows that this was purely an argument with the Jews *from their own belief,* and not involving any abstract principle, or that ‘the mere *antiquity* of any institution proved its general application or obligation’ (p. 95). As this assertion, according to the author’s usual logic, is totally unsupported by proof, we content ourselves with denying it; giving, however, the very good reason for our denial, that the assertion is derogatory to Our Saviour’s character.

Another of Mr. Powell’s assertions is, that in the Sermon on the Mount, Our Lord, taking the Decalogue as his text, enlarged upon it, ‘giving new precepts expressly *in addition* to it, not as ‘*unfolding anything already contained or implied in it,* but expressly contrasting his own teaching with what was ‘said of ‘old.’’ (The italics, as in our previous quotations, are the author’s own.) We give this merely as a specimen of the author’s insight into Scripture and soundness of judgment, not deeming it worth while to reply to it here. Our ungracious task must close. The conclusion of the whole work, of course is, that Gentile Christians have nothing to do with Judaism (except it be to quote the Old Testament, as St. Paul used to do in writing to Jews, *just in the same way,* Mr. Powell teaches us, as he quoted Greek plays to his Grecian hearers); that Puritanism rests upon an irrational confusion of ideas; and lastly and foremost, that the grand Puritan institution of the Sabbath is a baseless super-

stition, forthwith to be discarded by the enlightened age of which the Savilian Professor of Geometry is an enlightened representative.

The title of the book carries its own condemnation. It implies the denial of manifest historic fact; ignorance of one of the main characters of the Divine administration, to which unity is not less essential than progress; and inability to distinguish between the forms of the Old Dispensation which were transient, and its spiritual truths, which are permanent. It would be a noble task to expound, in its fulness of evidence, and in a form suited to the present day, the great truth which this title impugns—the spiritual identity of the religion of the Bible from Genesis to the Revelation, the unbroken unity of the Divine dealings and revelations, and the consequent unity of the Church of God in all ages. Such an inquiry would not begin by studying the Old Testament in its own light, which is nothing better than fumbling at the lock while the key lies close at hand. It would start, as the Christian moralist and theologian always must start in reality, and ought to start avowedly, from the teaching of Our Lord and His apostles. It would collect and exhibit their testimony, incidental, and often indirect, but ample and incontrovertible, to the Old Testament Scriptures, and especially to the books of Moses; showing that He, whose word constitutes the highest test of truth, ascribes to those books exactly the character they claim for themselves—of being the faithful records of express verbal communications from Jehovah. If any one denies the authority of Our Lord's own teaching over our faith and conscience, we have no common ground with such a person on which to argue the question. The inquiry would then advance to consider the actual contents of Judaism, as a system of religious truth thus authenticated; and to ascertain, still in the light of Christ's teaching, how far the doctrines and ethics of the New Testament are identical with the Old. In ethics it would take as its key the declaration of St. John, that 'sin is (*ἀνομία*) nonconformity to law;' and of St. Paul, that 'love is the fulfilling of the law.' With these it would compare the declaration of Our Saviour (shurred over by Professor Powell in a most helpless, unsatisfactory manner, p. 121,) that '*On these two commandments—love to God and love to man—hang all the law and the prophets.*' It would show, that under great modifications of language and circumstance, there is the most perfect identity between the fundamental idea of holiness in the Old and in the New Testaments. In both, the perfection of human virtue is exhibited under the twofold aspect of obedience to Divine law and likeness to Divine character, while the law, even in its severest manifesta-



tions, is shown to be love, and to have its foundation not in an arbitrary Divine will, but in an immutable Divine nature. Examining the bearing of these fixed principles of morality upon the facts of God's recorded dealings with His people and with their enemies, we should find that those terrific but righteous judgments, which Mr. Powell ventures to describe as 'bloody atrocities,' were based on precisely the same principles as those judicial and military punishments without which human government could not exist; and as the final punishment of sin, which the New Testament so clearly foretells. Passing from the nature, demands, and penalties of law, to the great theme of Christian theology—the restoration of the transgressor to favour and to holiness, the religious system of the Old Testament would be shown to be, under much superficial dissimilarity, essentially one with that of the Gospel. In both, man's position is that of a condemned transgressor and a fallen creature. In both, repentance, faith, the influence of Divine truth, and the grace of the Holy Spirit, occupy the same relative places; and the atonement of Christ, as the New Testament plainly teaches, was at once the real ground of the forgiveness of sins under the Old Dispensation, and the substance signified by its shadows. The difference between the two Dispensations lies only in the mode of teaching these truths, especially in the substitution of literal statement for symbolic exhibition, of historic narrative for prophetic promise; and in the far greater clearness, consequently, with which the *theory* of salvation is set forth in the Gospel. Lastly, such an inquiry would consider the bearings of the two Dispensations upon society, nations, and the whole human race; which branch of this great argument would include the theory of the Church. It would describe the condition, and the causes of the condition, in which Christianity found the world—the Gentile nations under the combined rule of philosophy, superstition, and infidelity, yet largely pervaded by the leaven of Judaism; the Jewish nation, in its last decay, ruled nominally by the law of Moses, really by the 'traditions' which had 'made the Word of God of none effect.' It would show the reason of the separation of the Jewish nation, and the manner in which they were trained to be the teachers of mankind. It would trace the principle of social religion through the various forms of the family, the theocratic commonwealth, the kingdom, the hierarchy, to its perfect development in the New Testament idea of a perfectly and purely spiritual church.

The result of such a complete, profound, and reverent inquiry would be to show that a living unity of spiritual truth pervades the whole Bible; that all which was really essential in Judaism

survives in the better system which it foreshadowed, and that the change from the one to the other was but such a change as when the many-tinted petals fall away for the fruit to ripen. 'Christianity without Judaism' is an abstract idea, not an historical reality. Even as an idea, it is maimed and incomplete. It is a tree without a root, a fruit without a bud, a stream with no fountain, manhood without childhood, summer without spring, day without dawn.

ART. VI.—*Teneriffe, an Astronomer's Experiment; or, Specialties of a Residence above the Clouds.* By C. PIAZZI SMYTH, F.R.S.S. L. & E., F.R.A.S., &c. Illustrated with Photo-Stereographs. London: Lovell Reeve. 1858.

IN the summer of 1856 the yacht *Titania*—the property of Mr. Robert Stephenson, M.P.—was tripping across the waters on her way to the island of Teneriffe. She carried a little cargo of scientific instruments. She had also an astronomer on board. Professor Piazzì Smyth—that was his name—is well known as the official inspector of the Scottish skies. Why, therefore, should a gentleman who is in charge of the Heavens in the northern part of Her Majesty's dominions be steering for the Canaries with a park of barometers, telescopes, photographic cameras, and other instruments suited for a philosophical campaign?

The reason was this. Advised by the Astronomer-Royal, the Lords of the Admiralty had resolved to despatch a scientific missionary to some southern mountain for the purpose of determining how far the art of observation might be improved if conducted at a considerable height. The atmosphere is good, very good, in its relation to the human lungs; and its clouds are excellent, very excellent, as the carriers of moisture and the dispensers of fatness for the soil. But to the astronomer they are often productive of grave annoyance. How frequently, after waiting impatiently for the extinction of the day, are his hopes of starry study frustrated by the thick mists which seem to muddy the air from top to bottom! How easily are his telescopes spiked by the drops of an impertinent nimbus. When

some fine celestial transaction—doubly precious from its rarity—is shut out from view by a thick screen of clouds, must he not feel like a man who, after coming to witness a new drama, sees the curtain suddenly descend, and learns that the play must be performed with this impenetrable veil between? Nor is it vapour alone with which the astronomer has to contend. In such delicate matters as telescopic observation, any disturbances in the atmosphere, whether due to heat, motion, foreign ingredients, or otherwise, may seriously affect his conclusions. Phenomena like the mirage, *Fata Morgana*, inverted ships, and spectral castles, show what pranks of vision may be occasioned by the irregular refraction of light in its passage through the air. Considering that the astronomer is placed at the bottom of a great aerial ocean, through the whole thickness of which the rays must dive before they can enter his instruments, we might almost as well despair of obtaining perfect results as a scientific merman who should come out of his coral cave in the bed of the sea, and point his tube to the surface in the hope of obtaining a steady image of the vessels riding on the billows.

Newton, in his *Optics*, asserted that telescopes could not be so constructed as to avoid the confusion of rays arising from the ‘tremors of the atmosphere.’ He saw but one remedy; and that was to enter a ‘serene and quiet air such as may be found on the tops of the highest mountains above the grosser clouds.’ Bacon, in his *New Atlantis*, says that the noble corporation of philosophers who belonged to Solomon’s House had lofty towers, some half a mile in stature, which were built upon hills so as to obtain a total elevation of three miles at the least. These were used for the ‘view of divers meteors, as winds, rain, snow, hail, and some of the fiery meteors also;’ for, upon the tops, hermit-observers, astronomical anchorites, were stationed to report what was going on in the upper air.

But Newton’s suggestion was long neglected, and Bacon’s towers have never yet been discovered. It was not until the year 1856 that any formal attempt was made to employ a mountain as an observatory, and to put one-third of the atmosphere out of the way of the astronomer’s instruments. The Peak of Teneriffe was selected. Soaring to the height of 10,700 feet above the sea, in its more accessible parts, and situated in a nearly tropical latitude, that famous beacon was deemed an excellent eyrie for an observer. An expedition was accordingly equipped. Government gave 500*l*. Mr. Stephenson lent his yacht. Professor Smyth offered his science and experience, and away went the astronomer of Scotland to take up his residence for a few weeks—

‘ In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call earth.’

He soon arrived in the Canarian Archipelago. This little family of islands consists of seven individuals. Their physiognomy is decidedly volcanic. There is no mistaking it any more than the carbuncled visage of the drunkard. Once they were thought to be the relics of a great continent which lies drowned beneath the surges of the Atlantic. Poets or poetical historians hailed them as the ‘Happy Isles’—simply, we imagine, because they wanted a site for a pretty fiction, and thought it would be safest from disturbance if carried out to a considerable distance at sea. But to plain men of prose, these rocky pimples look marvellously like a number of volcanic cones which have been elevated from the bed of the ocean. You might fancy they had forced their way to the surface, panting and struggling, to breathe the free air of heaven, and give vent to the fires which were consuming their interior. Tallest and largest of these Plutonic excrescences in the Archipelago, is the Island of Teneriffe. Its Peak, which voyagers assert they have seen at a distance of a hundred miles and upwards, was hidden from the eyes of the new visitors by drifting masses of cloud, but suddenly there was a rent in the veil of vapour, and through that opening they beheld the monarch mountain of the group gleaming in the glorious sunshine as if to tempt them to land and do homage at his feet. It was but for a few moments however. The mists soon filled up the fissure, the drapery was drawn again around his form, and the vision was ‘taken up into heaven’ as if it were too precious for a lengthened look. They landed at Santa Cruz, where the prodigious heaving of the ocean under the pressure of the trade-winds sometimes hid the tops of the highest steeples in the town, and compelled the vessels in the roadstead to perform the most preposterous gymnastics.

Other and very different expeditions have entered the same bay and been tossed on the same breakers. It was here that Nelson came in the month of July, 1797, to crown his head with ‘laurel or cypress.’ In the darkness of the night six divisions of boats set out for the mole, and on nearing it, the assailants gave a right lusty huzza which drew upon them a storm of fire from the cannon and muskets of the Spaniards. Some of the boats were swamped in the surf; some reached the landing-place and the men swept it clear of its defenders; but the crushing discharges from the fortress mowed them down in turn and made it impossible to proceed. One hapless cutter, the *Por*, with 180 souls on board, was struck by a shot, and went down, scattering

really appeared as if they were bent upon sweeping the invaders from the hill. Still there seemed to be a touch of good-nature in the young hurricanes which dashed over the camp. One of these pirouetting visitors seized a heavy piece of canvas, ten feet square, which was spread out on the rock, 'whirled it round and round 'in a horizontal plane, and then deposited it again as flat as 'before, almost in its former position.' On another occasion, a box, containing a roll of blue cotton cloth forty yards long, was lying open with one extremity of the garment protruding. A mischievous little whirlwind spied its opportunity whilst the Professor was busy with his instruments, and rushing up, grasped the end of the cloth, whipped it out of its case, and carried it high into the air with its full length unfurled. 'So high was it, 'that it looked like a mere piece of ribbon. Three times completely did it sail slowly round in a circle, accompanied by some 'hats, caps, and other small matters, that looked like swallows 'beside it, and then descending leisurely, it fell about four 'hundred yards to the S.W. of our position.' We do not know whether most to admire the fine illustration thus afforded of the revolving principles on which hurricanes are conducted, or the pleasant windy waggery which these particular cases present. 'Gentlemen,' these rough children of Æolus appeared to say, 'you 'know you have no right here. This is our mountain; it is no 'place for you. Why should you intrude into our domain? 'The world is wide enough for us all.' You can't be here for any 'good purpose. What do you want with all those suspicious 'instruments? Pack them up again, and get down as soon as 'you can to your peaceful plains. We might easily make you 'uncomfortable if we liked; but we don't choose to take strong 'measures if you will only decamp with reasonable dispatch. 'We will just show you a little of our power, and then you can 'judge for yourselves.' So up went the cloth, down bent the tent-pole; the canvas flapped and quivered in the blast; and a blinding volley of gravel was showered over the person of the intrusive Professor.

In spite of these boisterous aborigines, however, the invaders held their ground, and made themselves as much at home as circumstances would permit. In truth, it was a lonely world. There they were, nearly 9000 feet above the haunts of men, dwelling in a volcanic wilderness, and on the very margin of a great crater, whose diameter was not less than eight miles. Within ten paces of the station a tremendous precipice commenced, with a plunge of more than 1500 feet. Hovering over the sea, half way beneath their position, the clouds brought by the trade-wind formed themselves into a plateau of grey vapour,

which extended to the horizon on every hand; and so even was its surface, that the spectator fancied he might have walked across on its pavement of watery vesicles to the island of Palma, which showed its summits in the distance. This hanging-plain, however, did not approach close to the mountain side. A rim of cloud, lower in elevation, and thinner in substance, ran round the cliffs, as if attached to their flanks, like the 'ice foot' of the polar shores. Generally there was an interval between the two strata of vapour, through which the ocean might be seen—sometimes whipped into foam under the breeze, whilst the winds might perhaps be hushed, and all was calm on the brow of the rock. At this height, and in such a stony region, the powers of vegetation seemed to be well nigh exhausted. Yet as if to show how happily Nature can still employ her energies in the most unfavourable circumstances, one bush springs up when all others have succumbed to the rigours of the locality. This is the *retama* (*Cytisus nubigenus*). It is required to grow in a cindery soil, and on declivities where the particles are kept in constant motion, gliding along like a powdered glacier, but with a much swifter pace. It must vegetate, too, in an arid atmosphere, far above the ordinary line of mist, and on ground rarely refreshed by summer showers. Yet this brave little plant strikes its roots into the earth, and manages to gain a firm footing on the treacherous slopes. There it flourishes on the meagerest allowance of moisture, and affords ample supplies of fuel to the traveller when he wants to cook his provisions, or to protect himself from the cutting cold of the night. And when night does come, how greatly is the loveliness of the scene enhanced. 'There was,' says Professor Smyth, 'the silence and stillness of death.' It was a silence which would have been striking even to Ossian's heroes of the mist and ghosts of the hills. For, on Teneriffe, there were no gurgling torrents, no madly-rushing cataracts to keep the mountain awake with their sleepless roar. Not a single stream existed to enliven this Sahara of sound. To the listener, in the dead of night, far above the levels of human life, the utter taciturnity of Nature is more solemn, and perhaps more stunning, than the crashes of her loudest thunder. 'A faint tinkle, tinkle, now and then from a stray goat was the only sound to be heard during this anxious period; and though the creature was far off, one could distinguish whenever it stopped to browse on some solitary retama bush, and then when it trotted off to find another.'

What, then, were the scientific questions to which the attention of the Professor was turned whilst dwelling in these towering solitudes? We can only give a few illustrations. If the

reader should be a bit of a meteorologist, or will be kind enough to consider himself such for a few moments, he will doubtless take some interest in the humidity of the upper air. We don't ask him to display any passionate attachment to hygrometers, nor do we expect that he will feel particularly enthusiastic on the subject of mountain moisture in general. But when he learns that this topic has been the bone of philosophical contention—that rival theories exist on the point, and that each of these has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of its upholders, he will probably prick up his ears, and even long to have a finger in the fight.

Does dryness increase or decrease as we ascend? When we look upwards, and see whole acres of vapour floating at great heights in the air—when we observe the grey mists gathering in solemn convocation upon the summits of the hills, and shrouding them for days together, we might naturally assume that the elevated regions of the earth must be more watery than the inferior. We should say that the man who proposes to live *in nubibus* for a time ought to take a quantity of umbrellas and mackintosh garments, unless, like a pillar saint of old, he considered it part of his penance to endure all the vicissitudes of the weather without protection. Explorers, too, in various quarters have observed much to confirm this plausible conclusion. Thus, at Table Mountain, the traveller begins with arid sand, which exhibits the characteristic vegetation of a dry region, and ends with boggy flats, where reeds and marshy plants abound, and the air is charged with a cold wet mist.

But when Saussure and Deluc came down from the Alps, hygrometer in hand, their instrumental readings appeared to be quite inconsistent with this view. Humboldt's American researches confirmed the doubts of the French philosophers. Various aeronauts have also added their observations, and these, says Professor Smyth, 'have now unalterably established the fact that, from the surface of the earth up to the level of the first Newton's grosser clouds, moisture evidently increases; but above that level suddenly and greatly decreases, barring exceptional cases, to more than African dryness.'

At any rate, the question might be fairly tried on the pinnacles of Teneriffe. Unfortunately, the Professor has given us no hygrometric observations taken at the level of the sea, nor any particulars of atmospheric pressure in the lowlands, from which the full value of his results might be determined. In truth, this want of comparative data generally greatly impairs the scientific sufficiency of his book, and lays his conclusions open to the assumption that they may have sometimes been founded on par-

tial or transitory conditions. If provision was not made for the simultaneous registration of all meteorological changes beneath as well as above the clouds of the Peak, so far as this could be done, we think it was a flaw in the arrangements of an excellent and laudable expedition. But however this may be, many of the facts adduced by the Professor show that, instead of a sloppy atmosphere, as the first theory would lead us to expect on Teneriffe, the dryness of its upper stories, at this season of the year, was quite remarkable. On ascending the mountain, the lips of the party began to split, the skin cracked, the nails became exceedingly brittle, the hair grew crisper and more frizzly, and the faces of the travellers were soon browned and blistered by the sun. The bread became so desperately hard in the course of half a day, that even nautical teeth would have gnawed through it with some difficulty, and a set of iron incisors alone could have done adequate justice to such fare. Sad havoc was made with the scientific tackle in consequence of the extreme aridity of the air. Cracks opened in the photographic apparatus, and pictures came out with ugly black lines across their surface. Fissures, into which you might insert a finger, were discovered in the lids of gay mahogany cases. The wooden scale of a thermometer bent into such a curve that the tube was snapped, and the central portion driven to a considerable distance. The microscopical glasses were found glued into a nauseous lump by the shrinking of the cork in a bottle of viscid Canada balsam. The electrometer was damaged by the contraction of its base on the glass bell, and the magnetometer suffered acutely from the warping of the wood, until relieved by chisels and penknives. Queerest of all disasters, perhaps, was that which happened to a box. On attempting to lift it carefully by both handles, the lid and sides alone responded to the call; the body, with its lockers and contents, remaining behind, as if the tenacity of the glue had been totally destroyed.\*

There was certainly one advantage arising from this desiccation of the air. The bushes gathered by the travellers burn readily even in their green and youthful condition. The retama made brilliant fires; particularly when assisted by the *codeso*, otherwise *adenocarpus frankenoides*—what imposing titles botanists do give poor little bushes! The Professor is warm in his praises of their culinary services. The one began the blaze right joyously—the other continued the good work with its more substantial stuff. Hence the pot boiled merrily in the mountain air. But, of course, as the pressure of the atmosphere was so much less, the point of ebullition must needs be so much lower. At the very top of the central cone the boiling temperature was



afterwards found to be about  $191^{\circ}$ ; consequently, if articles had had to be seethed or decocted at this elevation, upwards of twenty degrees of good caloric would have been cut off from the service of the cook, and the operation must have been continued for a lengthened period if the full benefit of the process was to be obtained. Sometimes this circumstance has been productive of much annoyance to travellers. Can you get eggs delicately done—can you procure first-rate tea, if the water goes off in steam when it reaches a temperature of little more than  $191^{\circ}$ ? The Professor not only thinks it possible, but seems to laugh at the difficulties which other explorers appear to have encountered. Mrs. Smyth, who is capital at a cup of tea, triumphed over the atmosphere, and even produced a more excellent beverage *in excelsis* than she could have done in the valleys. This the Professor explains on the principle, that as the air is expelled from the leaves at a lower temperature, their flavour is not dissipated to the same extent by the application of heat. But if this be correct, what of the eggs and similar commodities? Mr. Darwin tells us that whilst high up amongst Andes, his party found their potatoes as hard as ever after several hours' boiling. The pot was kept on the fire all night; the operation was continued next morning; but still the vegetable remained perfectly obdurate. Two of his attendants were heard discussing the phenomenon, and the conclusion they formed was that the vessel must be bewitched. 'It takes nearly as long again,' says a visitor to the Hospice of St. Bernard, 'to cook meat as it would if the water 'boiled at the ordinary point of  $212^{\circ}$ . The fire must be kept 'glowing, and the pot boiling five hours, to cook a piece of meat 'which it would have taken only three hours to get ready for the 'table if the water would only have waited till  $212^{\circ}$ . This costs 'fuel, so that a dish of bouilli makes the monks consume an inordinate quantity of wood in the kitchen.'

Rain, of course, could scarcely be expected at this season of the year. Were not the clouds brought by the trade winds some thousands of feet beneath their position? It is true the great counter current which flows from the equator to the poles was streaming steadily along in the upper regions of the atmosphere, but it was too high in its course to deposit its moisture upon a region so little removed from the tropical belt. Let it travel to the latitude of the British islands, and there, having descended to a lower level and entered a colder sky, it would drench the natives, as it was frequently doing at that very period. These high S.W. winds do occasionally let fall a few drops upon the mountain, and upon the vineyards beneath; but Providence has kindly enjoined them to reserve their contents for more northerly

climes. Why? Each atom of vapour they transport has been raised in a region of sunshine, and bears with it a quantity of tropical warmth. On mixing with the cold air of less favoured latitudes, this vapour condenses and gives out its latent heat. Thus the temperature of lands like Great Britain is ameliorated—in fact, supported—by regular subsidies of warmth from the South. That great current conscientiously abstains from expending any considerable quantity of moisture until it reaches the region of comparative cold, as if it knew it was freighted with the most precious of principles, that its drops were the glad carriers of caloric, and that many a fair land might wither were this fleet of golden vesicles—argosies more richly laden than those of Mexico or Peru—stayed in its course or diverted to another destination.

Another interesting question was to determine the amount of solar radiation in these elevated tracts. In other words, what was the strength of the sun's rays before they plunged into the denser part of the atmosphere, and sacrificed a large portion of their caloric in their transit through the ocean of vapour below? Here the good reader must distinguish between temperature and radiation. They are different things. The one may be represented by the climate of the room in which you sit: the other by the direct influences of the fire which enlivens the apartment. The thermometer may indicate a general warmth of sixty or seventy degrees; but let it gradually approach the hearth, and the quicksilver will mount until it has reached the top of its caloric gait and fractured the tube in its expansive rage. Now judging from the nightcaps of snow which are worn by the tallest mountains, and remembering that if we could climb to the height of some 15,000 feet at the Equator itself we should find every pinnacle coated with ice, we might conclude that the sun's beams must be less powerful in these lofty solitudes than in the humbler plains. It would be a great mistake. It certainly sounds like a paradox to say that if the Tower of Babel had been completed, the garrets would have been white with frost, and the inhabitants of the upper stories shivering with cold, though the direct heat of the sun would be considerably greater than that received from him at the ground-floors of the pile. Such, however, would unquestionably have been the case. The depth and density of the atmosphere explain the phenomenon. Let a schoolboy possessed of a convex lens, and eager as all schoolboys are, when so enriched, to burn holes in the hands of their companions, try the pleasing experiment when the sun is declining in the heavens, and he will find it difficult to make a proper impression upon the cuticle of his patient; but let him operate towards the

middle of the day, and the writhings of his victim will soon assure him that he has completely succeeded in his little *auto-da-fé*. The solar rays have in fact to traverse a much greater extent of air when the sun is on the horizon than when he is in the zenith, and consequently are shorn of much of their calorific power before they alight on the earth. This loss has been variously estimated. Few have reckoned it at much less than a third of the heat of the beam when it first strikes upon our atmosphere: and some have supposed that at least seventy parts out of every hundred are intercepted in the vertical descent of a ray. Not that all this valuable warmth is idly squandered; on the contrary, it is absorbed by the air and vapours, and thus serves to heat the great transparent garment which nature has so magnificently woven for the protection of the globe.

But if the upper parts of the atmosphere arrest the choicest portions of the solar fire, why should they not be warmer than the lower? Such, indeed, would be the case, were the air of equal density throughout. But it is not. Its rarity increases in proportion as we ascend, and consequently its capacity for heat augmenting, there is not the same palpable manifestation of warmth in these lofty regions which we expect, and, in fact, experience at the surface of the earth. Neither can the superior strata of the atmosphere profit by the radiation which goes on from the ground, and tends to keep up the temperature of the strata contiguous to the soil. Hence though the attics of the globe receive the 'pick' of the sunshine—the virgin effusions of the solar furnace, if we may so speak—the air around is unable to fund the glorious fire so as to raise its own *sensible* temperature to an equivalent height.

These things considered, we shall not be surprised to learn how Professor Smyth's thermometers conducted themselves on the mountains of Teneriffe. On the first day of trial a patent instrument was shattered by the sunshine. It was only qualified to mark a temperature of 140 degrees, but when exposed to the direct rays of the luminary, the quicksilver rose so rapidly that it soon reached this limit, and broke the tube in its efforts to expand. With instruments of higher capabilities the observations were continued, and by noon the mercury stood at 168°. Still more striking results were attained on a subsequent day. One calm morning the fluid ascended to 180° by half-past nine o'clock, and at twelve o'clock it had flowed over, and half filled a kind of safety cistern, the apparatus being only graduated to that extent. But on the 4th of August the sun seemed to come out in such force that you might have thought Phaeton was in charge of his chariot once more. The Professor calculated his

heat at 212 degrees! This, as the reader will remember, is the boiling point of water at the level of the sea, and much higher than the boiling point at the summit of a tall mountain. Could the direct temperature of the sun have been imparted to the air and the rock, the climate of Guajara would have surpassed that of the Piombi at Venice, or the Black Hole at Calcutta. The bare foot could not have rested on the ground; the hands could not have touched any object without being blistered; the lungs would have drunk in the attenuated air with fearful gaspings; and the fluids of the body must have exhaled so rapidly, that the traveller would soon become little better than an animated mummy. Yet here, where the fiery shafts from the great luminary might be expected, as a Cape boer remarked of the African orb, to 'stick you through' on the spot, they fall harmlessly upon the earth; and here, where we might fancy the ground would be scorched and blackened by exposure to the artillery of the sun, playing upon it without a cloud to break its force, the practical temperature ranged from 60° to 67°! Under cover, the mercury stood at the first of these figures on the day when the exposed bulbs intimated that *they* were at the boiling point. The direct power of the sunshine therefore, over and above the temperature of the hour, was equivalent to 150 degrees!

It is clear, therefore, that the tops of great mountains are not places where we could advise ladies to indulge in a summer sojourn. What would become of their complexions under the fierce outpourings of a tropical sun? Could baths of Kalydor keep their skins in the fair and dainty condition which it is the glory of the sex to maintain? Would it not be requisite to establish depôts of parasols above the clouds, and to enlarge the dimensions of the round-hats, so as to bring them up—by a small addition, it is true—to the circumference of a coach-wheel? Even in the nether lands of the Canaries, men—and these young active Britons, too—might be seen walking about with blue spectacles on their eyes, and green umbrellas unfurled over their heads. And if bearded people could do this at the level of the sea, could we expect ladies, who have a natural antipathy to tanned visages and crops of freckles, to entrust themselves to the sun in his own hill territory, unless provided with the amplest silken shields, or protected by the immensest straw-canopies? How Mrs. Smyth braved the exposure we are not informed, and it would be impertinent in us to conjecture, even as a matter of pure scientific curiosity.

But if the sun's calorific rays were so far intensified *in excelsis*, what effect would the abstraction of 9000 or 10,000 feet of atmosphere produce upon his chemical beams? After the Pro-

fessor's descent from the clouds, he took up his photographic implements to the roof of the hotel. He wanted the peak to sit for its portrait. The day was beautifully clear, and every great feature in the mountain was distinctly visible to the eye. There was the steep ridge of Tigayga, for example, with its variegated flanks, glittering in direct frontage to the morning sun. The first plate, however, which issued from the camera contained no Tigayga at all! 'Not a ghost of it or of its brethren appeared on the collodion film. We tried another and another, ringing all the changes of long and short exposure, positive and negative developers—yet all to no avail, the detail of the escarpment would not come out. There was only the sky line and a flat tint within that; as if the sun were behind, and not in front of the mountain.' Where was Tigayga gone? The atmosphere had intercepted so many of the chemical rays, that it was literally extinguished on the photographic plate. Aloft at Alta Vista there had been no difficulty in obtaining pictures of the crater-wall at a distance of four miles, in which every ridge, and almost every bush, stamped itself permanently on the silver mirror of the camera; but here, as the author forcibly remarks, the photographic apparatus could only produce 'a dim outline of a mountain looming through a chemical fog, where the eye, though sensible of an atmosphere, saw all the lights and shadows of the cliff.'

Professor Smyth also made a dash at another *vexata questio* in science. Do the rays of the moon yield any appreciable heat? That we cannot warm our hands in her rays—that cats are rarely found basking in her presence as they do in the glories of the sun—are matters of universal observation; but if she affords so much light, why should she not also afford some caloric? We do not ask for much. A trifle will suffice. But surely it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that if she reflects so considerable an amount of solar illumination, she should also be able to transmit us some noticeable dividend of solar warmth.

Time after time philosophers have experimented on her beams. They have tried her with the most sensitive thermometers; but she would not raise the fluid through the smallest fraction of a degree. They have concentrated her rays by means of reflectors, and brought them to a focus on the bulb of the instrument; yet, though metals would have flashed into vapour under such a test had the sun been the operator, the poor moon did not appear to have fire enough to stir the mercury at all. At length Melloni questioned her with his thermo-multiplier—an apparatus of rare susceptibility—and to him she seemed to reply that she was not the perfect icicle men supposed. So faint, however, was her

response, that it has generally been ignored, and the feeble results obtained were ascribed to some disturbing causes ; for the process is one of such delicacy that the observer may easily credit the moon with the very caloric which emanates from his own person. In fact, many people seem disposed to adhere to the old fancy, that the lunar rays produce a positive chill. There are gardeners who feel deeply aggrieved by the proceedings of the 'Red moon'—one which is on duty in the heavens in April or May—because they believe that it kills young buds with its icy glare. They do our satellite great injustice. When the sky is clear, the earth parts readily with the heat it has acquired during the day, and the sprouting vegetables consequently suffer from cold : but when a thick curtain of cloud is drawn over the firmament, that heat is retained or reverberated, and the young plants are kept comfortable until the sun returns. As the moon, however, is necessarily invisible when the heavens are overcast, and as her appearances synchronize with the sufferings of the nurserymen, these good people angrily throw the entire blame upon her, and justify their wrath by declaring that her rays are full of frost.

Rejecting, however, the idea of any chilling qualities in our little luminary, it has been supposed that the action of the atmosphere will explain the calorific poverty of her beams. If the sun's shafts suffer such a per centage of loss in their transmission through the air, what will be the case with the borrowed radiance of the moon ? Will not the upper portions of the atmosphere suck out the heat from her rays, and consume it, as Sir John Herschel supposes, in dissolving the vapours upon which they impinge ?

It was obvious, therefore, that if the lunar beams could be tested before they dip into the denser part of the aerial ocean, the problem of their temperature might be investigated with more decisive results. And here was a philosophical Endymion, quartered on a mountain peak, with nearly 9000 feet of atmosphere beneath him, and the prevailing clouds of the region almost half that distance below his feet. What could be more favourable for a thermometric interview with the goddess ? Teneriffe is higher than Latmos, and Mrs. Smyth was at her husband's elbow to protect him from all scandalous remark.

On the 15th August the question was formally asked. It was put by means of a delicate thermo-electric pile. Every precaution was taken to guard against the inroads of foreign caloric. No lights or fires were permitted to exist within a considerable distance of the apparatus. The observer himself was swathed in flannel to prevent the conveyance of heat from his own body. The air was perfectly tranquil, and, except that the moon was low

in declination, everything appeared propitious to the success of the experiment. The requisite arrangements being made, the Professor turned the cone of the instrument to the moon, as much as to say, 'Now, madam, be pleased to tell us frankly whether you have a spark of fire in your beams, or whether you are the cold, chilling creature some persons choose to assert. If you are not an icicle, oblige me by moving this slender magnetic needle, and then a long litigated problem will be solved.' The observer looked anxiously at the little metallic tongue which was to convey her reply. It yielded! slightly, very slightly, it is true; but still sensibly. To make sure of the fact, he repeated the readings about two hundred times that evening, varying the direction of the cone at intervals. In the course of an hour and a half (says he) 'I was extremely pleased to find that the mean of the numbers indicated an undoubted heat effect of about a third of a degree.'

Certainly a third of a degree, as degrees go on the thermomultiplier, is a mere bagatelle. The simple warmth of the observer's naked hand at the distance of three feet sufficed to drive the magnetic needle through an arc of seven degrees. In order, however, to obtain a comparative estimate of the force of the lunar caloric, Professor Smyth placed a candle upon a stool fifteen feet from the pile, and found that it emitted a quantity of heat equal to three times that which had been produced by the moon. Assuming, then, that his experiments were tolerably uniform in their results, we must conclude that the earth owes little to its satellite in the article of warmth. For here, shining brilliantly as she did, without a cloud or a mist to lessen her splendour, the whole miserable pittance of caloric she afforded was not equal to that of a candle stationed at the distance of a few feet. And if so feeble in her issues of heat, is it likely, on the other hand, that she can radiate any mischievous influences from her orb? Who will now believe that she can kill sprouting cabbages, putrefy flesh, exasperate lunatic brains, or execute any other of the wicked pranks for which she has so frequently been blamed?

Of course the astronomer availed himself of his propinquity to the moon—for the removal of a mile and a half of feculent atmosphere was a virtual approximation to that luminary—to peer into her wonderful pits. Are they volcanic constructions, or are they not? Many geologists doubt their fiery parentage, or at least question their family resemblance to the Etnas and Heclas of the earth. But after a few observations, and with such a fine sample of a terrestrial crater at his feet, the Professor soon satisfied himself on the point. In several of the hollow

mountains of the moon it was impossible to overlook the gentle slope without, the sharp abrupt descent within, the large flat floor, and the peak springing from the centre. These were precisely the features which the great basin of Teneriffe might have exhibited to a lunar astronomer, could he have probed it with a 'Pattinson Equatorial,' though certainly this rock is a protruded mass, whereas the cavities in many of the moon's circular structures are depressed below the level of the adjoining region. Here and there, too, the observer could detect something like a collection of stony lava streams; and when the Spaniards were allowed to examine these and other appearances in the moon, they compared them, without hesitation, to kindred peculiarities in their own private little volcano. Even the singular whiteness noticed by the Professor in the interior of the lunar craters was explained by the caldera of the Peak, where the steam and acid fumes issuing from numerous vents had blanched the rock, and given it the glistening look which it must doubtless have presented to a foreign telescope of competent calibre.

But more was expected of the Professor than this. Some peasants came to him one day with a pleasing and romantic notion in their heads. They had heard strange things of the English astronomer and his prodigious tube. They had been informed that he could actually see into the moon. And if he could do this, what objects must inevitably meet his eye? Clearly, goats. Knowing little of other animals, these simple herdsmen imagined that their own staple quadruped must be as indispensable to the Lunarians as to themselves. Would the Professor allow them to look? It would be so pleasant to see the creatures skipping about in that distant world! Doubtless it was a source of great grief to the astronomer that he could not gratify their wishes. Many a wicked wag, we are afraid, would have had his fun out of these unsophisticated islanders by getting up a lunar 'goat' for the occasion, or manufacturing a monster like that which Butler describes in his *Elephant in the Moon*.

Very interesting and important also were Professor Smyth's observations on Jupiter. That the bands which cross the disc of this planet are regions of cloud has long been assumed; but now, surveyed under high telescopic powers from the clear altitudes of Teneriffe, their true character was elicited beyond all question. The bright parts are obviously vaporous masses, for their forms are as specific as those of our globe. There they were—sailing along under the influence of currents created by the rotation of the orb on its axis, just as our own sublunary cumuli are driven by our own sublunary 'trades.' It was difficult to gaze at the



equatorial parts of the planet without 'acquiring the impression 'of looking at a windy sky: the whole zone of vapour seemed 'to be in motion; while from its ragged edge portions were 'torn off and were driving along, some of them rolling over and 'over, and others pulled out in length, and rearing up towards 'the fore-part, like a sailing-boat scudding before a gale.' The polar regions of Jupiter appeared to be quieter and less troubled; but this, as the author says, might be simply the effect of perspective. He came to the conclusion, also, that there was here, as there is on our earth, a 'medial line of calm'—a half-way belt of tranquillity—in the atmosphere, which does not exactly correspond with the equator. Should this be 'borne out by future 'observations, it may be held to arise from the same causes which 'make the Southern Trades overbalance the Northern upon our 'earth, and throw the zone of so-called equatorial calm into north 'latitude—viz., the unequal distribution of land and sea surface 'in the two hemispheres. Such a result would be proving much, 'seeing that some theorists have been lately contending for 'Jupiter and all the outer planets being mere globes of water 'with at most a cinder nucleus.' We commend this remark to the attention of that arch-assailant of the Jovian orb, the author of the *Plurality of Worlds*. From what slight circumstances may we not extract important conclusions! Those belts entitle us to assume that yon distant globe is furnished with clouds, winds, trade currents, land and water, unequal continents, and a rotary movement on its axis, precisely similar to the features of our own little earth.

Occupied in the investigation of these and other scientific questions, the Professor proceeded, after a sojourn of more than a month on Guajara, to enter the great crater, and climb the Peak in its centre. The direct distance was only four miles, but four miles of volcanic travelling are equal to a pretty long scramble through the ruins of a prostrate city. To an ordinary observer, the descent into this huge caldron—a caldron with a rim more than twenty miles in circumference—would have presented a scene of gigantic confusion. No order was apparent in its tumbled masses of rock and jostling streams of ancient lava; but the philosophic eye soon resolved it into shape, and mapped out its true character. What was that long ridge of blocks, heaped upon each other in the wildest fashion and at the most perilous angles for the passenger? It was a great wave of lava which had once broken on the beach of a fiery lake, or dashed against the cliffs of the crater. There was a time when it issued from the entrails of the mountain, glowing with the heat of those awful furnaces which can melt the stubbornest substances like

wax; now it stands before you a huge petrified billow. Advancing along the floor of the basin, the travellers found themselves amongst rugged and intricate rocks, where the very guides were bewildered, and lost their way. It was not until much hallooing, and many tedious windings in and out amongst the stony masses, that the trail was recovered. They proceeded thus through a region of profound desolation, where red rocks, and inky lava streams, and yellow pumice dust seemed to make a fit flooring for an oven, into which the sun shone with mountain fervour. In the evening they reached Alta Vista, an elevation of 10,700 feet, which is the Ultima Thule of all beasts of burden. It was from heights like these that the geography of the crater could be best studied, and the vision of its geological past most readily recalled. Hear what the Professor says of his survey from the station he had just quitted at Guajara:—

‘Day after day we gazed at, sketched, and discussed these various outpourings which had flowed down from the central peak, deluging the plain of the great crater, and insensibly we glided into a generalization, which further experience has fully confirmed. It may be stated thus:—

‘The earliest lava streams are of a yellow tint, the succeeding ones red—a rich Indian red—and the last one blue-black. The yellower appear to have been the most abundant, as well as most fluid, for they cover the largest spaces, have flowed over nearly level tracts, and their ridges imitate the forms of watery waves. In one of our photographs of the south-eastern corner of this broad crater, the confines of a flood of yellow lava from the peak may be seen rushing up the curving beach in surf-like waves, as with the sea on the coasts below.

‘The red streams again, are evidently much smaller in extent than the yellow, and have never run or spread very far. Their terminal markings are more like the wrinkles of a glacier than the waves of water; and, besides these transverse features, there are beginnings of a longitudinal arrangement, in some cases, as mentioned above, looking like the lateral moraines of an ice stream. In others, they give one the idea of nothing so much as the ruts of chariot-wheels of Grecian demigods, driven with celestial power through the bewildered plain of loose red stones.

‘The black streams are decidedly the scantiest of all: they have never moved, except when the slope was very notable; and with them the longitudinal arrangement, which had just begun to appear in the red, predominates; all the black streams, being nothing but a series of long ridges of embankment. They have not the form of any fluid stream, watery, or viscous, but rather of a quantity of finely-comminuted solids, as sand; their sides, and even their ends, being sloped so uniformly at a constant angle, that they look here and there amazingly like embankments formed by railway navvies.

‘I do not propose here to enter into minutiae of the absolute manner

of movement of a lava stream, and the oft-discussed influences of viscosity and crystallization in modifying its manner of flowing, but only to point out differences of shape, on the large scale, actually subsisting amongst different streams. These shapes, being undoubtedly an expression of the particular mechanical forces once exerted in each case, must be replete with instruction, if rightly interpreted. Their study constitutes, indeed, a sort of colossal or telescopic mineralogy, which assumed, in my eyes, quite an aspect of professional importance, as presenting the only means by which we can legitimately compare the surface of the moon with that of the earth.

‘The relative ages of streams alluded to in the enumeration already given, we ascertained by their position. The colour was an accident, or at least was superficial; but the differences of form were something of a far greater importance, and when taken in conjunction with other features—also capable of accurate measurement, as relative extent, quantity, and angular slope of the bed—indicated besides their age, the gradation of heat in the different classes of streams, and showed, at least with this volcano, that a secular progress had accompanied its periodical movements.’

Without entering into any details of the flitting from Guajara, and temporary establishment at Alta Vista, let us join the Professor and his party on their emerging from the Malpays—a region of very bad character, as the name sufficiently implies. It was then that the true cone of Teneriffe rose before them like a great tower, with its red and yellow flanks flashing in the rays of a brilliant sun. Clambering up the acclivity, the height being about 470 feet on the eastern side, they observed many holes and fissures in the rock, and in these a decided sensation of warmth was felt. Hotter and more numerous the cracks became as the party advanced, and soon a sulphurous odour was plainly perceived. Advancing eagerly, at last they stood on the brink of the crater which crowns the mountain. Is it the fearful abyss it has sometimes been represented? Let the Professor speak for himself, as he well knows how to do:—

‘Fagh! on inhaling the first whiff, one was inclined to beat an instant retreat for a few steps; looking for the moment, with infinite disgust on the whole mountain, as nothing more than the chimney, 12,200 feet high, of one of nature’s chemical manufactories. This chimney, having been built at great expense, she was resolved to turn it to account. We, curiously-foolish creatures, had been innocently creeping up the sides, and were now astonished to find, on peering over the mouth of the long stalk, that noisome fumes were ascending from it.

‘Again we mounted up to the brim, and soon getting toned down to breathing mephitic exhalations, found the chief feature of the crater-interior some 300 feet in diameter and 70 feet deep, to be its extreme whiteness; often white as snow, where not covered with sulphur. The

breadth of rim was hardly sufficient to give standing room for two, so immediately, and in such a knife edge, did the slope of outside flank meet that of inside wall. On the portion of circumference where we collected, the ground was hot, moist, dissolving into white clay, and full of apparent rat-holes. Out of these holes, however, it was, that acidulated vapours were every moment breaking forth, and on the stones where they struck were producing a beautiful growth of needle-shaped crystals of sulphur, crossing and tangling with each other in the most brilliant confusion.

'The north-eastern, northern, and north-western, were the highest, whitest, and hottest parts of the crater walls. Towards the west and south they dipped considerably, and verged to an ordinary stone-colour inside; outside they were red and brown all the way round the circle. Hence it arose, that when in previous months we had looked from Guajara, some of the bleached interior surfaces of points on the northern brink, being seen through and over the southern depression, gave us the erroneous idea of a double crater; an exterior ring-wall of brown, and an inside one of white, material—errors of perspective, it now appeared.

'Some short portions of the interior of the wall are precipitous rocks, ten to twenty feet deep. But generally the structure has so crumbled away during long ages of volcanic idleness, that it is now, like a baron's castle of a long past feudal age, going to slow and certain ruin, falling downwards in a mass of rubbish, that tends to fill up the central hollow. All about the curving floor my wife and Don Rodriguez wandered over the deep bed of fragments, searching for the finest specimens of sulphur; and, with the photographic camera, I walked through and through the crater more than a dozen times, in as many different directions, to take the several views, completely disproving thereby all alleged dangers of the 'awful abyss' that one tourist described looking into with fear, after he had 'crawled' up on the outside to a high pinnacle, from whence he could safely make the survey.

'Only in the neighbourhood of the walls is there much annoyance from puffing steam and vapour, while neither there nor anywhere else is more than a thin coating of sulphur, often bedewed with sulphuric acid, to be found. If all the sulphur on the peak were to be gathered together, by scraping it off the stones, a long and tedious operation in itself, there would hardly be two barrowsfull obtained; and speculators therefore, in England, need not incur the expense of sending up here, to the height of 12,200 feet, for so scanty a supply.'

It appears, therefore, that Tenerife is not yet totally superannuated. We cannot treat it exactly as a retired volcano. It still does a little business, though on a scale so trivial that were it not for a few puffs of steam and a slender sublimation of sulphur, we might fancy it had withdrawn into private life. It seems to discharge a small quantity of heated vapour, just by way of keeping up its rank amongst the burning mountains of the

globe. But it is sometime ago since it indulged in any of the professional paroxysms of a volcano. We cannot say of it, as Virgil says of *Ætna*—and, indeed, it would be a pity if we could :—

‘Interduinque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem  
 Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla.  
 Attollitque globos flammæ, et sidera lambit.  
 Interdum scopulos, avulsaque viscera montis  
 Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras  
 Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.’

It is half a century ago, indeed, since any decisive steps were taken by the mountain, and these were not equal to its proceedings when the penultimate eruption occurred, in the year 1701–5. At the last-named period—distinguished as the ‘earthquake year’—a great river of lava broke from one of the parasitic craters, and dashed into the town of Garichico, whose bay it filled up completely, so that buildings were soon erected where the waves had formerly played. In January, after a succession of shocks and a terrible darkness in the heavens, torrents of fire poured from various vents, and set the country in a blaze wherever they wandered. One of these rushed towards the little town of Guimar, already shattered by the heavings of the soil, and dividing into two branches just before it reached the place, the inhabitants found themselves hemmed in by burning streams on either hand, with the sea raging before them, and earthquakes rolling beneath their feet.

Still, though the volcano has sunk into comparative quiescence for the present, it is a question with philosophers whether it is simply in a state of suspended animation, or is dying from pure decrepitude. Collating his own observations with those of former travellers, ‘Humboldt concluded a cooling of this crater; Bertholet, in 1830, in a similar manner, concludes a heating, and speculates in a lively French manner on what a catastrophic destruction of men will ensue when this hoary old volcano resumes its pristine energy. As far as we could make out, the ground is heated by the steam which permeates it, and which indicated in the strongest holes only 150°, whilst the boiling point of water, which we ascertained by careful experiment in a deep cleft, on the western side of the crater, is 191° 0·8. There would seem, therefore, to be no ‘high pressure’ at work, nor, indeed, any sensible difference in the effects on the whole since the day of Captain Glas, nearly a century ago.’ In fact, from the relative scantiness of the more recent streams of lava, and their apparently inferior fluidity, Professor Smyth assumes that the Peak has been dying out for years, and is now

in a state of hopeless decline. Let us hope, therefore, that Teneriffe will exhibit no more vicious propensities, and that the Canarians will never have the misery of seeing it in active practice again. It is a serious question for the globe, however, whether volcanic power is decaying at large, and whether the great forces of elevation which have so often counteracted the disintegrating agencies of wind and water—agencies always labouring to fill up our seas, and reduce the world to a monotonous level—are growing feeble and emaciated with age.

Returning to the station at Alta Vista, the astronomer continued his observations for a few days, but the fine weather soon began to show symptoms of bankruptcy. The barometer fell fast, and the hygrometer spoke strongly of the increased humidity of the air. Mists ventured to gather round the mountain-top, and, as the Spaniards say, rain may be expected *cuando el pico tiene puesto su sombrero*—when the peak has mounted his little sombrero. Clouds, too, came up in great force from the south-west, and at a lower level, to fight those of the north-east—not hopelessly now, as they had done on one occasion some weeks before, when a grand aerial engagement ensued, which the Professor has described in a fine animated bulletin. But now the battle took place on equal terms; the trades were defeated; and as these were the champions of the Canarian summer, whilst the low south-westerns were the representatives of autumnal rain, it soon became manifest that the astronomical season was at an end. Teneriffe in clouds was as unfit for an observatory as the bottom of a coal-pit; and therefore, on the 19th September, the Professor descended from his eyrie, and became once more a dweller on the plains.

But we must not draw too freely upon the contents of this pleasing work. Though not a large, it is a magnificent volume. The stereographs are a novelty, of which both author and publisher may be proud. It was a happy thought to introduce these dual pictures into a printed book, and make them available by means of a stereoscope which may be carried in the pocket, or sent by post as easily as an ordinary valentine. To Mr. Lovell Reeve, whose scientific attainments qualify him so worthily for the publication of treatises like these, the public owes many thanks for his beautiful extension of the photographic art. Should it become common, as it doubtless will be, travellers will probably be restrained in the use of the long-bow—the suggestion is not ours, but the Professor's—and many a fine flourish with pen or pencil may be checked by the consciousness that Nature has limned her own features with the stern fidelity of truth, and may be called in to convict those who flatter, as well as those who

libel. The author has also been aided by the attentions of Mr. Glaisher, of the Greenwich Observatory, who has superintended the chemical part of the operations; and, therefore, the work issues from the press with as many advantages as the most fastidious parent could demand for his literary child. We need scarcely say, that it introduces many topics of scientific interest—such as the zodiacal light, the lines in the solar spectrum, the extraordinary case of refraction witnessed by Humboldt on his visit to the island, the geology of the volcano, the appearance of the heavens, and others on which the expedition was expected to afford some information. It is written with a great deal of vigour and life. The Professor does not disdain the aid of fancy. He has made use of this charming handmaid to knowledge with considerable effect. Hence, instead of a dry treatise, such as many might have anticipated from an astronomical missionary, sent out with Government funds, we have an agreeable volume, in which the solidities of science are pleasantly interspersed with the small-talk of an excursion. In place of an official despatch, such as Routine loves to write and Red Tape to receive, we have a vivid chronicle full of graphic descriptions, which will induce many a reader to wish that he could spend a summer in philosophic gipsying at the Peak of Teneriffe.

ART. VII.—(1.) *The Collected Works of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.* 5 vols., 4to. London. 1798.

(2.) *The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.* Edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM, now first chronologically arranged. In Nine Volumes. Vols. I.—VIII. Bentley. 1857-8.

IN looking over a large number of books, we are often much perplexed under what title in the catalogue, or upon what shelf in the library, to place some of them, and very similar is the difficulty we feel with regard to some of our writers who do not exactly belong to one class, and yet not exactly to another. Pre-eminently among these should we place Horace Walpole, a writer who, even were he as prosing as Samuel Pepys, would deserve a place far higher than any one of that class in right of a correspondence which supplies us with so much information, obtainable from no other source, and extending over the long period of *threescore* years. But Horace Walpole was also a

writer—a tolerably voluminous one for an amateur—and whatever the intrinsic value of his works may be, it is but just to bear in mind, that to him we are indebted for the first, almost the only attempt, to trace the history of Art in England; for the first experiment of making the antiquarian essay actually readable; and that even among the masses he still maintains a name in right of his always popular little tale, *The Castle of Otranto*. Still, it is as a letter-writer that Horace Walpole is most widely recognised; nor, when we remember the vast number of ‘celebrities’ with whom he not merely came in casual contact, but whom he knew and to whom he was known, and the long and stirring period he lived through, shall we be surprised that for one reader who turns over his *Anecdotes of Painting*, or his *Historic Doubts*, five hundred amuse themselves with his graphic and always interesting correspondence.

Perhaps no writer ever had so long and so extensive an acquaintance with the great, and noble, and celebrated of his time as Horace Walpole. He kissed the hand of each of the four Georges. He had complimented every court beauty, from ‘dear Lepell’ and the Duchess of Queensbury (Prior’s ‘Fair Kitty’) to the Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Crewe; he had seen every ‘exquisite’ during the same long period; he had been personally acquainted with every political leader, from Bolingbroke to young Pitt and Charles Fox; while his French acquaintance included both the faded relics of the Regency and that youthful race who became alike actors and sufferers in the tremendous Revolution. The present complete edition of his letters will enable us to take a close view both of Horace Walpole and his times. Let us do so, and let us endeavour to ascertain how far ‘the faults of his head and heart,’ remarked upon with so much severity by a celebrated critic, were due to himself—how far to the influences by which he was surrounded.

Horace Walpole, the youngest son of that celebrated man who, although at this time only plain Robert Walpole, Esq., was so soon after First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, was born in Arlington-street, in September, 1717. On his father’s side, Horace was the descendant of an ancient Norfolk family; on his mother’s, of a wealthy London family, connected, too, with Nonconformity, his maternal grandfather having been the Sir John Shorter, who, chosen Lord Mayor during the important year 1687–8, refused to take advantage of King James’s ‘Indulgence’ as a Protestant Dissenter, and thus became of some note in that strife respecting ‘Occasional Conformity,’ which was so keenly carried on by our Nonconforming forefathers some hundred and sixty years ago. Sir John



Shorter was a member of Dr. Calamy's church, and to the ministry of that celebrated man his beautiful granddaughter, Catherine, had doubtless in childhood listened—perhaps stood among his catechumens; but, unhappily, as the wife of Godolphin's young *protégé*, the early teachings of her grandfather's pastor were forgotten; and with her beauty and gracefulness, and the high station that so soon became hers, and the wide influence, too, which—as wife of the powerful minister, who, though faithless enough, ever treated her with respect—she possessed, she became one of the gayest of court ladies, even as she was one of the most beautiful. Horace was the youngest child of five; and as an interval of more than ten years separated him from his next brother, Edward, he was the sole little one in the nursery; and, in delicate health from infancy, and often threatened with dangerous illness, he became the darling of his mother, who, notwithstanding a life of dissipation, anxiously watched over the sickly boy with most commendable care. His earliest education seems to have been at home, and, when between seven and eight years of age, he was consigned to the private tutor of Lord Townshend's sons (his cousins), to be educated with them, passing the summer in the country, and the winter in London, at his father's. The second summer thus spent from home was at Twickenham, and, likely enough, its lovely scenery might even thus early awaken a sense of beauty in the childish mind of the future owner of Strawberry Hill. Ere he had completed his tenth year he was sent to Eton; but ere he went thither, his introduction to court-life took place. •

Scarcely surprising is it that Horace Walpole should become in after years the minute chronicler of kings and courts, when his earliest recollections pointed him to the night, when, at the earnest solicitations of his mother—won over by his persisting entreaties to be allowed to see the King—the pretty little boy was honoured, at that very unusual age, and still more unusual time, by being presented to George I. just before he set out on that journey to Hanover from whence he never returned. And vividly he relates in his delightful *Reminiscences* how, late one evening, brought secretly by his fond mother through the back way, Lady Walsingham led the child of the all-powerful Minister into the ante-room, where an old man, 'rather pale, and exactly 'like his pictures, with a dark tie-wig, a plain coat, waistcoat, and 'breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same 'colour, and a blue ribband over all,' kindly caressed and kissed him, while his mistress (left-handed wife, as some of his German followers were pleased to call her) the gaunt, grim-featured Duchess of Kendal, stood scowling behind, wishing Sir Robert

and his son at the very bottom of the sea, and wondering what her friend Bolingbroke would make of this emphatic proof of favour toward a Minister for whose overthrow they had both so long, but so impotently, laboured.

Pleased enough did the young courtier return; and when soon after the news of the King's death arrived, and he walked in procession with the Eton scholars at the proclamation of his successor, the remembrance of the old man's condescension touched the child's heart, and he burst into tears—a most unlucky incident, for in those tears the crowd imagined they beheld a sure proof that the reign of Sir Robert, too, had ended. And ended it might have been, but for the incapacity of Sir Spencer Compton, who, ordered by the King to draw up his first speech to the Council, besought Sir Robert to do it himself. Queen Caroline, far better qualified to judge of a Minister's fitness than the King, however, interfered, and by opportune management—Caroline was an admirable manager—secured to the former Minister his place. Next day the Queen held her first Court at Leicester House, and on Lady Walpole's arrival she was rudely pushed aside by 'the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees.' The Queen, however, called out, 'There, I am sure I see a friend.' The torrent divided, 'and, as I came away,' said Lady Walpole, 'I might have walked over their heads if I had pleased.' From henceforward until Caroline's death—indeed, for four years after—Sir Robert Walpole was lord of the ascendant, and managed to keep 'great George' in tolerable order.

Meanwhile, little Horace seems to have led a most pleasant life at Eton. Strange as it may appear that a child so young, and who had evidently been so greatly indulged at home, could have reconciled himself to a mode of living so different, and to the stern discipline, too, of a public school, we always find him not only in later life—but when the recollections were freshest—looking back upon his school-days as among the happiest of any he had known.\* And pleasant companions he found there: Richard West, that promising young poet whose death Gray lamented in

\* This seems the more remarkable, inasmuch as public schools at this period were notorious for harsh usage. The reader will remember the horror with which Cowper looked back upon his school days at Westminster; while John Wesley, accustomed enough to severe treatment from infancy, has recorded the cruel usage and actual starvation he endured, only a few years before, at the Charter-house. It would be worth inquiring in what respects Eton differed in discipline from other public schools, for we find not merely Horace Walpole, but 'melancholy Gray,' vehement in its praises, and in his well-known ode, recalling

'its pleasing shades,  
, And fields beloved in vain,'

as though Eton were a very paradise, from whence he had been cast forth upon an unpitiful world.

an exquisite sonnet; Gray himself, Ashton—afterwards preacher at Lincoln's Inn—and George Montague, with whom he afterwards carried on so long a correspondence. With the three first Horace formed a very close friendship—'a quadruple alliance,' as he playfully calls it, and in which each boy was distinguished by a fanciful name. At Eton he continued seven years, and, in 1735, was sent to King's College, Cambridge. Here his correspondence—to be extended over just sixty years—begins; and here, too, he made his *début* as a writer—in a different style to the one he afterwards adopted, for it was a copy of Latin verses on the marriage of Frederic Prince of Wales. His general proficiency in academical studies, while here, although never much valued by himself, we find afforded gratification to his father, who must have been greatly disappointed at the very mediocre talents displayed by his two elder sons. Horace next attempted English heroics in a poem commemorating that hapless King whose name is deservedly dear alike to the Eton boy, and the King's College student, Henry VI. This is preserved in his works, and it is suggestive to trace in it an awakening sense of the beauty of Gothic architecture at a period when, perhaps beyond all others, it was most despised, in his admiring celebration of the 'clustering columns,' the 'pensile quarry' of the roof, and the 'wonders unknown to art,' of gorgeous King's College Chapel. Is it unlikely that the stately towers of Windsor, seen from the pleasant playground of Eton College, and the magnificent roof and rainbow-dyed windows of that chapel where he daily knelt, while they familiarized his eye to the Gothic, gradually trained it also lovingly to appreciate its unequalled beauties?

In 1737, Horace lost his mother. That he deeply mourned her loss we have evidence not only in a letter of Gray's, but in his own letters, written many years after, and in that beautiful monument which he subsequently erected to her memory in Henry VII.'s Chapel. But a strange proof of the low state of morals is afforded by the fact that, within six months after Lady Walpole's death, Sir Robert married his acknowledged mistress, Mary Skerrett (the 'Phryne' of Pope's *Satires*), and not privately, but with such *éclat*, that the Duchess of Marlborough tells Lord Stair how 'crowds of people of the first quality' pressed to pay their compliments to the bride, and ladies among the oldest nobility besought the honour of presenting 'Phryne' at Court! But strangest was the conduct of Walpole's own family. His two eldest sons saw with the utmost nonchalance the mistress elevated to the head of that table where their own mother so lately sat; while even Horace, the darling son, speaks of 'my father's second wife' with a coolness that reminds us of Eastern usage, when Amina

having died, Fatima, the next wife, of course takes her place. The wretchedly low state of morals at the period of Horace Walpole's entrance into life should never be lost sight of either by his biographer or his critic.

At King's College Horace continued, though occasionally with long intervals of absence, until the spring of 1739; and he tells that, during this time, in addition to the usual college instruction, he learnt fencing, dancing, and drawing—the last a rather unusual accomplishment then—together with French and Italian. He next set out for 'the grand tour'—that indispensable finish to the education of the fashionable gentleman—accompanied by his old schoolfellow, the poet Gray. His correspondence now increases: we have many letters to his friends West and Montague, and in them we already find indications of that keenness of observation, and frequent grace of expression, which form the charm of his later correspondence. He speaks of himself here as having been a dreamy boy, fond of old buildings and old stories, and even thus early expresses his aversion to active life. His letters during his tour are still more characteristic. It is creditable to his taste that, in an age when Versailles was considered as the great wonder of Europe, he could perceive its pompous inanity—'a huge heap of littleness' is Gray's forcible description—and with the quaint humour of his later years, he makes himself merry over the majestic gardens, where 'the elementary god of fire solaces himself in a fountain. 'In another, Enceladus, in lieu of a mountain, is overwhelmed 'with many waters;' and 'where avenues of water-pots disport themselves much in squirting up cascadelins.' But very different are his feelings on visiting the Grande Chartreuse; and amidst the magnificent scenery of the Alps, where, 'lonely lords of glorious desolate prospects,' as he finely says, they traversed 'that road, winding round a prodigious mountain, surrounded 'with others, all shagged with hanging woods, obscured by 'pines, or lost in clouds,' and gazed on the torrents forcing their silver speed down channelled precipices; and the 'old 'foot-bridge, with a broken rail, a leaning cross, a cottage, an old hermitage,' far below them. At Rome, we find him reverentially visiting all its ruins, and exulting in his many purchases of 'medals, lamps, idols, and prints,' characteristically adding, 'I would buy the Coliseum if I could;' while at Naples, the newly-discovered buried city, Herculaneum, awakened his interest far more than that fairest city and its beautiful environs.

In the spring of 1741, Horace Walpole and Gray returned to Florence; and soon after, in consequence of a difference between them, they separated, and Gray went on to Venice. Such dif-

ferences, and such results, are common enough, especially when one young man possesses far greater advantages of rank and wealth than the other; but it is not every young man that will seek reconciliation with his offended friend, and, still more, write thirty-four years after such an ample exculpation of his friend's conduct, while he so delicately censures his own, as this:—

‘I am conscious that, in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was too young, too fond of my own diversions—nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation, as a Prime Minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one whom presumption and folly, perhaps, made me deem not my superior *then* in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently; he loved me, and I did not think ~~he~~ did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from the knowledge that he was my superior. . . . Forgive me if I say that his temper was not conciliating; at the same time I will confess to you that he acted a more friendly part, had I had the sense to take advantage of it. He freely told me my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that, with the dignity of his spirit, and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have grown wider, till we became incompatible.’—*Letter to Mason, March 2nd, 1773.*

It is pleasant to find that, three or four years afterwards, a reconciliation between the friends was effected by a lady; and from thenceforward until his death, Gray was the frequent correspondent and visitor of Horace Walpole; and, as the reader is probably aware, it was upon one of his favourite cats, drowned in her endeavour to secure one of his highly-prized gold-fishes, that the playful ode upon ‘pensive Selima’ was written.\*

In September, 1741, Horace returned to England, having been chosen, during his absence, member for Kellington, in Cornwall, one of the Treasury boroughs; and he took his seat only just in time to witness and to aid, as far as his silent vote could do, in the last struggle of that administration which had lasted more than twenty years. In the midst of descriptions of balls, and assemblies, and the passing events of fashionable life, we find in the letters to Sir Horace Mann some very curious illustrations of the progress of that opposition, which eventually

\* Horace Walpole, anxious to do all honour both to his friend and to his poor favourite, ordered a pedestal to be made for the china vase in which Selima was drowned, and the first stanza of the poem to be inscribed upon it. This vase, of very common blue-and-white china, was actually sold at the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842 for 42l.!

compelled Sir Robert Walpole to resign. On the first day of the new Parliament, four hundred and eighty-seven members were present—an astonishing number, when the time of year—it was the beginning of December—and the wretched state of the roads then, are borne in mind. Sir Robert, although well aware of his losses at the last election, still, we find, estimated his majority at forty. ‘And a good majority,’ his son remarks, ‘like a good sum of money, soon makes itself bigger.’

With the discussion on the King’s Speech the contest in good earnest commenced, and with ‘a very warm battle between Sir Robert and Pulteney.’ The minister, ‘with as much health and spirits, as much force and command as ever,’ answered Pulteney in an hour’s long speech, and declared that if any one would move for a day to examine the state of the nation, he would second it. Pulteney accepted the challenge. Sir Robert performed his promise; and the 21st of January was fixed. It is very amusing to observe the violent, almost desperate, exertions of the parties when they became so nearly balanced as to divide within a few votes of each other, and the vehement exultation of the opposition when they obtained a majority of *four*, in a division of almost five hundred members. ‘It was not very pleasant to be stared in the face to see how one bore it,’ is the naïve remark of the falling minister’s son. ‘Still,’ he adds, with much pathos, ‘one reflection I shall have, very sweet, though very melancholy, that if our family is to be the sacrifice that shall first pamper discord, at least *the one, the part* of it, that engaged all my concerns (his mother), and must have suffered from our ruin, is safe, secure, and above the rage of confusion. Nothing in this world can touch her peace now!’ The astute minister, however, rallied his forces, and again he commanded majorities; and notwithstanding his advanced age, and the exhausting debates, bore up with a vigour of body and mind utterly surprising. But the great struggle was on the 21st; and how graphically has Horace Walpole described it. The unequalled scene in the House when ‘the sick and the dead were brought in on both sides,’ and the lame, the paralytic, the idiotic—Mr. Hopton carried in with his crutches laid by his side, and Sir William Gordon, lifted from his bed ‘with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig,’ to swell the ranks of the Opposition.\* And then

\* The ministerial party were just as active, but in one instance with less success; for Sir Robert’s eldest son,—who, as Auditor of the Exchequer, occupied a house adjoining the House of Commons, with which his back-door communicated—had secured two or three invalids, who, being too feeble to go round by Westminster Hall, he proposed to carry in through this convenient door. But alas! the Opposition, ‘who had rather more contrivances than their predecessors of Grecian and Roman memory,’ had taken the cruel precaution of stopping up the keyhole with sand!

the long debate, from before three o'clock until ten, on the secret committee; when 'Lord Perceval blundered out what they had 'been cloaking with so much art, and declared that he should vote 'for it as a committee of accusation.' Upon this, the more than twenty years' minister rose, and in an indignant speech—different enough from the polished sentences of the Chesterfields and Grenvilles—flung back defiance, and challenged his opponents to do their worst. 'There were several glorious speeches on both sides,' writes his son; and to the admirable speeches of the two great leaders, Walpole and Pulteney, contemporaries unconnected with either party have testified. At length the House divided, and the motion for the secret committee was lost by three. *Five hundred and three* members were present, the largest House ever known; and the Opposition boasted that they were the greatest number who ever *lost* a question. But the victory was too hardly won for the clear-headed minister not to perceive that his power was declining; and how he resigned his office, and was created Earl of Orford, belong to English history.

But Walpole's resignation partook of a triumph. His levees were crowded, while scarcely any bonfires celebrated his supposed overthrow. The Duke of Newcastle, who hungered for his place, was most respectful, Pulteney was actually complimentary; Frederic (the Prince of Wales) scarcely dared to take the olive-branch, reluctantly enough held out to him; while cold, distant George, actually fell on the neck, and wept over his fifteen years' minister, as he knelt to take his final leave. Nor was Sir Robert altogether unavenged upon the party who drove him from office, especially upon his most powerful opponent; for when a peerage was offered to him, he quietly persuaded the King to bestow one also on Pulteney. 'I have turned the key of the closet on him,' was his exulting remark, as he told his son how completely he had 'shelved' that powerful orator whose influence lay in the House of Commons alone; while Pulteney dashed his patent on the floor of the House of Lords, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to take the oaths. 'My Lord of Bath,' said the Earl of Orford, when they first met in the 'House of Incurables,' 'you and I are now two as insignificant men as any in England.' Bitterly did Pulteney feel that it was so; but Walpole to the day of his death was consulted both by the King and his ministers. 'Ah, your Grace,' said he, some time later to Newcastle, when the ministers returning after a Sunday dinner at Claremont, they, and their servants too tipsy to find their way home, were overturned in their carriage just outside his gate at Richmond, and were compelled to ask the aid

of his coachman to drive them safely home, 'Ah, your Grace,' said he, laughing, 'you see when you are in any difficulty, you must still come to me.'

Not quite calmly, however, was Sir Robert allowed to retire into private life; the Jacobites were incessant—under the auspices of that foolish prince, who was ready even to join with them, if he could spite his father—in their endeavours to impeach him. The attempt was therefore made to appoint another secret committee, and on this occasion Horace made his first speech. He tells Mann that this speech was much admired, and incloses a correct copy. We will just give the first paragraph as a specimen of Parliamentary oratory in 1742:—

'Mr. Speaker,—I have always thought, Sir, that incapacity and inexperience must prejudice the cause they undertake to defend; and it has been diffidence of myself, not distrust of the cause, that has hitherto made me so silent upon a point on which I ought to have appeared so zealous. While the attempts for this inquiry were made in general terms, I should have thought it presumption in me to stand up and defend measures in which so many abler men have been engaged, and which, consequently, they could so much better support; but when the attack grows more personal, it grows my duty to oppose it more particularly, lest I should be suspected of an ingratitude my heart disdains. But I think, Sir, I cannot be suspected of that, unless my not having abilities to defend my father, can be construed into a desire not to defend him.'

How wordy and tame is this; how utterly different to the light and graceful style of the letters he was writing at this very time—and yet this wearisome speech, not the fourth part of which we have inflicted on our readers, was listened to with attention, and the speaker complimented, as we find, even by Pitt! We are really inclined to think, judging from the few *authentic* specimens that have been handed down to us, that, except on those occasions when men spoke from the very fulness of their hearts, parliamentary eloquence in former times was far from being the wonderful thing our great-grandfathers believed it to be.

The minister had now (1742) quitted Downing-street, and his youngest son, who from his return appears to have resided with him (Phryne had died soon after her marriage), released from his close attendance in Parliament, was now free to plunge into the dissipations of the times, like every other young man of birth and independent fortune, and to take his standing in the fashionable world. What kind of world that was, the characters of the leading men will sufficiently reveal to us. There was Lord Chesterfield, as profligate in private life as he was



treacherous in political ; writing verses to titled ladies, which the coarsest kitchen girl in the present day would fling into the fire. There was Lord Middlesex, subsequently Duke of Dorset, renowned for drinking, but even more for his harem of opera-singers, on whose outrageously luxurious fancies he lavished all his fortune ; and there was Lord Hervey, gibbeted by Pope to 'lasting shame,' as Lord Fanny, and Sporus, with his 'painted face, and not a tooth in his head,' worn out by his wretched profligacy ere forty, and then by daily emetics, and a diet of asses'-milk\* and biscuits, vainly endeavouring to restore that health he had so recklessly flung away, and amusing himself with vapid love-songs and scurrilous party ballads, or

'Puns, or politics, or tales, or lies.'

Nor were the female leaders of fashion deserving of much honour. The Lady Wortley Montagues, and Townshends, and Herveys, and Petershams, clever as they unquestionably were, would not have been presentable in respectable society now ; and yet it was with such that Horace Walpole from his twenty-fifth year constantly associated. He supped with them at Vauxhall, waited on them at Ranelagh, accompanied them on the Thames 'with the French-horns,' or danced with them at those crowded balls where, although the dancing did not cease until three in the morning, little more than a dozen young noblemen could 'grow jolly,' and 'stayed till seven, and drank thirty-two bottles of wine !' Poor Horace, doubtless it was such follies as these that bequeathed him that sad legacy, gout, from which, long ere his fiftieth year, he was so grievous a sufferer.

And yet, as well might we blame the heathen for his hereditary faith, or the savage for his low morality, as the young man of fashion in those days for his dissipation. Where could he find a good example ? Even when he looked beyond the leaders of fashion, where could a worthy, decorous, 'family' man be found ? where a noble, high-minded woman, such as the days of Puritanism could show ? Indeed, with the exception of that strange and wayward Duchess of Queensbury, and the formal Lady Pomfret, with her blunders almost rivalling Mrs. Malaprop's, there was scarcely a lady of title whose name had not been depreciatingly whispered abroad. Still it was a Christian country, and there was a most expensive machinery at work to keep it so—to outward appearance at least. But what of Christianity could the son of the great minister learn from the crowds of

\* Hence the stinging point of the well-known lines,—

'What ! that thing of silk,  
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses'-milk.'

Vide *Prologue to the Satires*.

reverends and right reverends that jostled each other at his father's levees, or almost pushed one another down stairs when the welcome news had just arrived that some 'father in God' had been opportunely seized with paralysis. What reverence could the young man feel for the pure teachings of our holy faith, when a guest, as he tells us he often was, at the table of that wretched old heathen, the Archbishop of York (Lancelot Blackbourne), who sat down to his jovial meal with an illegitimate son of one of his many mistresses as chaplain to say grace, while Mrs. Conwys, his present mistress, impudently took the head of the table. This certainly was an extreme case—it needed to be so; but it is appalling to think that a man over whose early history so dark a cloud rested that he was actually believed to have been a bucaner, should for many years be second only to the 'primate of all England,' and upon the death of Herring almost feel it a grievance, though bordering upon eighty, that he was not translated to Canterbury! These traits of social life are needful to be borne in mind in contemplating the career of a young man exposed to such baleful influences, and before whose eyes Christianity had never appeared, save in the guise of gross Papal superstition, or in the more disgraceful form of a Protestant scramble for wealth and high station.

While, as we have seen, Horace Walpole was most unfavourably placed as to society, he seems to have been far from happy in his family relations. His father, although most indulgent to all his children, never appears to have shown any partiality for him; indeed, when writing to Mason, more than thirty years afterwards, he disclaims the epithet of 'favourite son' in a way that proves to us that he was rather the neglected one. At this time, too, writing to Mann, who remarks that doubtless he was greatly admired, he rather sadly answers, that he 'is not so in the least,' adding, 'Sir Robert has shown no partiality for me, and do you think they would commend when he did not?' With his two brothers he was scarcely more friendly; the eldest seems to have treated him only with cool courtesy; the other, Edward, with undisguised hostility; with his married sister, Lady Malpas, he seems to have had but slight acquaintance, and the only relation in whom the poor young man expresses any interest, is, 'my sister Lady Mary,' the illegitimate child, for whom Sir Robert on his elevation to the peerage, obtained a patent that she might rank as an Earl's daughter. At this time he possessed an independent income of about 2000*l.* a-year, derived from two or three Government places, and thus he was early enabled to indulge in those more creditable pursuits which became the passion of his later years. Probably the father was disappointed

in his youngest son. Neither of the elder inherited in the least the commanding talents of Sir Robert, and in the quickness and love of learning, which the pretty little boy very early displayed, perhaps the minister had hailed the promise of abilities which might render the son a powerful coadjutor of the father. But when the tall, thin, ordinary young man returned from Italy, far from robust in health, and utterly disinclined to public life; more ready to indulge in the '*dolce far niente*,' and to discuss the claims of rival operas than affairs of State; more ready to set in order the cameos and antiques he had brought home than to sag upon committees, we can well imagine the contempt which the father, who, on the verge of seventy, could conduct a debate in the House for seven or eight hours, and then 'all alive and in spirits' enjoy his supper, would feel for one so utterly different; and thus, although we find Horace occasionally referring to commissions, given him by 'my Lord,' to execute, we find they are nothing more important than to cheapen some Italian picture, or to superintend the alterations in the gallery at Houghton.

Very amusing are the letters from Houghton, where, each autumn, for three long months, poor Horace was compelled to stay, in obedience to his father's wish. The 'beefy' country gentlemen, the 'family piece of goods, aunt, an old remnant of inquisitive hospitality;' the alderman brandishing his knife, and 'about to stick his fork into his neighbour's jolly cheek;' the musical young Norfolk lady, proud of her voice, because so loud, that 'had it 'been a thousandth degree louder, you might have heard it at 'Florence,' afford suggestive hints of the wide difference then between town and country life. And thus how exultingly he records that there is only a fortnight or a week ere he returns to London. 'Would you know why I like London so much? why, if 'the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take 'them in the gross, and not in separate pills as they are prepared 'in the country.' So gaily enough he returns into London life, and chronicles the squabbles of the ministry, the feuds at the opera, the *on-dits* of the season, and all those little events 'below the dignity of history,' as writers who mistake dulness for dignity, say, but which throw more light upon history than all the dissertations which 'philosophical historians' have ever inflicted upon us. And very pleasantly he gossips about secret committees, and rumours of plots; of new fashions, and the last new *bon-mots*; of the prowess of 'great George' at the battle of Dettingen, the intrigues of the 'Cobham cousins' for political power, the Domenichino purchased for Houghton, and Lord Orford's first speech in the House of Lords, where so long he had sat silent, and by

And then mark, lastly, that these natural reactions which follow the child's wrong actions, are constant, direct, unhesitating, and not to be escaped. No threats : but a silent, rigorous performance. If a child runs a pin into its finger, pain follows. If it does it again, there is again the same result : and so on perpetually. In all its dealings with surrounding inorganic nature it finds this unswerving persistence, which listens to no excuse, and from which there is no appeal : and very soon recognising this stern though beneficent discipline, it becomes extremely careful not to transgress.

Still more significant will these general truths appear, when we remember that they hold throughout adult life as well as throughout infantine life. It is by an experimentally-gained knowledge of the natural consequences, that men and women are checked when they go wrong. After home education has ceased, and when there are no longer parents and teachers to forbid this or that kind of conduct, there comes into play a discipline like that by which the young child is taught its first lessons in self-guidance. If the youth entering upon the business of life idles away his time and fulfils slowly or unskilfully the duties entrusted to him, there by-and-bye follows the natural penalty : he is discharged, and left to suffer for awhile the evils of relative poverty. On the unpunctual man, failing alike his appointments of business and pleasure, there continually fall the consequent inconveniences, losses, and deprivations. The avaricious tradesman who charges too high a rate of profit, loses his customers, and so is checked in his greediness. Diminishing practice teaches the inattentive doctor to bestow more trouble on his patients. The too credulous creditor and the over-sanguine speculator alike learn by the difficulties which rashness entails on them, the necessity of being more cautious in their engagements. And so throughout the life of every citizen. In the quotation so often made *à propos* of these cases—'The burnt child dreads the fire'—we see not only that the analogy between this social discipline and Nature's early discipline of infants is universally recognised : but we also see an implied conviction that this discipline is of the most efficient kind. Nay more, this conviction is not only implied, but distinctly stated. Every one has heard others confess that only by 'dearly bought experience' had they been induced to give up some bad or foolish course of conduct formerly pursued. Every one has heard, in the criticisms passed on the doings of this spend-thrift or the other speculator, the remark that advice was useless, and that nothing but 'bitter experience' would produce any effect : nothing, that is, but suffering the unavoidable consequences. And if further proof be needed that the penalty of the natural

ness. The whole country ran wild about the South Sea Bubble, but Walpole at once perceived its fallacy; propositions the most plausible were again and again made to him, but he saw their hollowness at a glance. And then his strong practical sense gave a directness to his measures, and his indomitable courage carried them out. Thoroughly *English* was the great minister of the first two sovereigns of the House of Hanover. Indeed, did we describe him by a single phrase, we should adopt that thoroughly English one, 'he had no nonsense about him;' all was straightforward, even those corrupt practices for which he was so abused, although his successors did just the same. Earlier ministers turned up their eyes and talked of 'patriotism' and 'religion,' and laid their hand pathetically on the embroidered waistcoat when they offered the bribe. Walpole had seen enough of this in Queen Anne's days, and saw that it would not answer, so he took a bolder path, and instead of making any secret of it, declared that 'every man has his price,' and if the man were worth it, paid him. Now this could not but be irritating to the Bolingbrokes, and Chesterfields, and Pulteneys, who had no objection to bribery, but much to its publicity, and who fancied, too, because they were fine gentlemen, and literary, they could cheat the shrewd English people with fine words. Well did the minister know how little the populace were to be cheated thus, and therefore the 'builders of the lofty rhyme' who had summoned half Olympus to the apotheosis of Sir Robert, sadly found that Paxton, who had so many a guinea for the Grub-street ballad writer, had none for them. How heartily did Walpole laugh over that Grub-street literature, of which his opponents hailed him as chief patron. What was 'an heroic epistle' compared to a ballad, written to a popular tune, and with a chorus, such as—

'Sir Robert's the man, will do all that ten can,  
Which nobody can deny.'

For who can deny that such a chorus would tell upon the multitude, and lead them by scores to vote for the Treasury candidate? Little did Sir Robert heed ridicule, or abuse, or even threats of assassination; a thorough Englishman, straightforward in speech, too, was he. How must the Hanoverian minister have been astounded when Sir Robert, detecting his falsehood, roared out in the very presence of the first George, whom 'he governed by bad Latin,' '*mentiris impudentissime.*' When had such words ever before echoed through the presence-chamber of royalty?

His son has told us how Sir Robert governed George I. by bad Latin, 'Augustus' not understanding a single word of English, and his minister neither French nor German. But,

like a skilful manager, he mingled pleasanter with sterner methods of rule. The old King, like all great folk of that age, was fond of '*la chasse*,' doubtless that solemn piece of foolery, where the deer were driven by jackbooted huntsmen up to the muzzle of the royal carbine, to be despatched *selon les règles*; but the minister, a keen huntsman from his youth, and a good shot to the last, taught him the pleasures of English pheasant-shooting. And pleasantly would the King and his minister shoot together in Richmond Park, and then sometimes dine together, and discuss with much relish the huge bowl of punch, much to the alarm of the Duchess of Kendal, who, unluckily on one occasion having directed the German attendants to keep watch over his Majesty's drinking, found they had received such a torrent of abuse in the choicest royal vernacular, that she was fain to leave meddling both with Sir Robert and the punch-bowl ever after.

It was by a different method that the great minister ruled the second George. He found in Caroline a valuable conjutrix; and few *ruses* in the annals of diplomacy are more amusing than the way in which these two clever managers governed a King so ignorant of English politics, and so 'royally intractable.' Quietly did the Queen and Sir Robert discuss the measures to be submitted to the royal judgment, and decide them all. Then, demurely, with thimble on her finger and cambric in her hand, would Caroline proceed to the royal closet, and, plying her needle, remark upon the weather, or the latest court news, until the portly minister was announced, and then would she rise up, and offer to retire, when the King would very graciously tell her she might stay. And a picture must it have been for Hogarth, when the Queen, resuming her seat, again plied her needle as though hemstitch were the whole duty of woman, while the minister proceeded to detail the already settled business—Caroline's keen blue eye meanwhile furtively raised from her hemstitch, to mark the countenance of her liege lord; and if he objected to anything, timidly offering a word, but always contrary to her real opinion, well knowing that in his intense horror of being wife-led, he would be sure to act just opposite to what she proposed. And then, when the long discussion was ended—not seldom without almost a squabble—and Caroline and Walpole had carried everything their own way, how did great George hold his head almost two inches higher, as he felt how superior he was to all dictation, while the minister with a hasty bow left the presence, struggling against the laugh that would burst forth outright, almost ere the door of the back-stairs was closed upon him. Amusing enough is all this, but we must bear in mind that by these

means Walpole ensured to the country nearly thirty years of steadily advancing prosperity—a period which our best political economists assert to have been the most prosperous in our annals. In contemplating the greater father we have almost lost sight of his son ; still, ere passing, we cannot but contrast Sir Robert Walpole's conduct with that of other ministers far less abused than he has been. 'No stain of ingratitude, treachery, or cruelty, rests upon his memory.' Indeed, the kindness of his disposition is most striking. With ample opportunities of pursuing to the death many of his fiercest opponents, he never brought one to the block ; while he detected their intrigues he spared their lives, and, true Englishman as he was, contented with victory, sought not for revenge. It was somewhat in those days to have so many heads in his power, and yet suffer them to remain on their owners' shoulders.

The death of his father did not materially improve the fortune of his youngest son. The house in Arlington-street, and 5000*l.* in money, was assigned as his share ; but of the money, he tells us, he received a very small portion, and thus his income was still mainly derived from his office of Usher of the Exchequer. Nor did the death of the father allay the hostile feeling of the elder brothers toward the younger. Only two months after Lord Orford's death, we find a most abusive letter from Sir Edward Walpole addressed to Horace, on that never-failing subject of bitterness—a 'family' borough. This letter, together with the two answers, are now first published, and, as illustrations of the overbearing tone adopted by elder brothers in those days, and of the kind and respectful feelings with which Horace replied, are valuable additions to the Walpole Correspondence. The first two are too long for insertion, but the last we subjoin :—

'DEAR BROTHER,—You have used me very ill, without any provocation or any pretence. I have always made it my study to deserve your friendship, as you yourself own, and by a submission which I did not owe you. As to consulting you, in what you had nothing to do, I certainly did not, nor ever will, while you possess so much aversion for me. I am still ready to live with you upon any terms of friendship and equality ; but I don't mind your anger, which can only hurt yourself, when you come to reflect with what strange passion you have treated me, who have always loved you, have always tried to please you, have always spoken of you with regard, and will yet be, if you will let me,

'Your affectionate brother and humble servant,

'HORACE WALPOLE.'

Ere the autumn of 1745 closed, England was startled by the news that the Young Pretender had actually landed in Scotland,

and after quietly marching towards Edinburgh, had entered it as rightful sovereign. The utter unexpectedness of this event is characteristically illustrated in a letter—dated just at the time when Charles Edward was nearing the coast of Scotland—in which Horace remarks, ‘that if it were not for the life that is put ‘into the town now and then by bad news from abroad, one ‘should be quite stupified;’ so he quietly goes on a visit to Mount Edgecumbe. On his return in September, he needs no longer to express his fears of being stupified, for he found ‘confusion enough.’ It must have been gratifying to the pride, if not to the affection of Horace, to mark how the public mind, irritated with the blunders of the Duke of Newcastle, and the stubborn disbelief of the King, dwelt sadly now on the memory of that great minister, who would soon have suppressed a rebellion so recklessly planned and so recklessly conducted as this. But English spirit rose, and perhaps more energetically from the very weakness of the Ministry; and when, on the 26th of September, the prudent, cautious London merchants boldly consented to aid the Government by taking bank-notes instead of specie, and no less than eleven hundred and forty signed the agreement within *three hours*, a most emphatic proof was given of the determination of England never again to endure the yoke of a Stuart.

From this time the spirit of the nation was thoroughly aroused; and we cannot imagine how Lord Mahon, accurate and well-informed as he certainly is, could believe that had Charles Edward boldly pressed on, London would have fallen into his hands. This opinion we cannot but think must have been owing to his ignorance of the popular feeling of the day. Some time ago we looked over a collection of the leading newspapers during this period, and we were then forcibly struck with the sudden unanimity they all express—though hostile enough before—as soon as the young Pretender is found to be really in Scotland. Not only do the flaming letters signed Hampden, and Junius, and Scævola, exhibit this, but notices of public meetings in various parts, summonses of the train-bands, advertisements addressed to ‘jolly tars’ and ‘beef-eating Britons:’ while the popular paper of the day, the *London Penny Post*, places in bold type, at the foot of the first page—‘No wooden shoes; no arbitrary power.’ It may be seen from this popular watch-word, that the anxiety of the public mind really arose from fear of *French* intervention. What had Highlanders to do with wooden shoes? and what fears could Englishmen possibly entertain of the final success of an undisciplined rabble who had never seen a looking-glass, and were actually frightened at a watch! Against the scythes and pikes of the Macdonalds and Camerons, the



most unwarlike of the train-bands would have stood right valiantly; but against Marshal Saxe and his well-disciplined troops, the odds were great. Now these letters, embodying the popular feeling from day to day, prove that this was the chief source of apprehension. 'Tell him the whole coast is so guarded, that nothing can pass unvisited,' is the reassuring remark in October; and even when the young Pretender was marching upon Manchester, he writes: 'The best is, that we are in no fear from France.' And thus we find that no sooner had the Duke of Cumberland's troops placed themselves between the rebel army and London, than our great-grandfathers resumed their customary unwarlike habits, and ate their Christmas dinners in tolerable comfort, although a royal Stuart, and a so-called army, were still in the land.

The subsequent letters to Mann, describing the trials of the rebel lords, their behaviour in the Tower and at their execution, are very ample, and supply much curious information and many graphic pictures in Horace Walpole's best manner; but it is with the glad feeling of a schoolboy about to enjoy a holiday that he at length breaks off with, 'I have taken a pretty house at Windsor, and am going thither.' There he continued during the summer of 1746, with Gray as a frequent visitant, who composed there his ode *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*. \*

The following summer was quite an era in Horace Walpole's life, for then he became possessor of Strawberry Hill—'a little new farm, just out of Twickenham, so small that I can send it 'you in a letter to look at,' as he tells Sir Horace Mann; and then he gleefully describes 'the prospect as delightful as possible, 'commanding the river, the town, and Richmond Park; and 'being situated on a hill, descends to the Thames through two 'or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and 'two cows, all studied in their colours for the view. This little 'rural *bijou* was Mrs. Chenevix's, the toy-woman, who every 'dry season is to furnish me with the best rain-water from 'Paris, and now and then some Dresden-china cows, who are to 'figure like wooden classics in a library.' And for full twenty years, with some intervals, improving this little rural *bijou* supplied pleasant employment to its owner. 'My present occupation,' he tells us the year after, 'is planting, in which I 'have made great progress, and talk very learnedly with the 'nurserymen;' but he laments very naïvely that 'the deliberation with which trees grow, is very inconvenient to my impatience;' adding, almost in the spirit of prophecy, 'I am persuaded that a 'hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove 'oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant

'tulip-roots.' Then, having laid out his grounds, there were endless alterations and improvements, and additions to be made to the house; and all these the more gratifying because under his own superintendence, and affording him many a pleasant journey, too, in search of old carvings, old paintings, but especially old stained glass. 'I have amassed such quantities of this,' he gleefully says, in 1753, 'that every window of my castle will be illuminated with it.' It is very pleasant to mark how again and again Horace breaks off from detailing some choice piece of court scandal, or an unexpected event in politics, to tell his Florence correspondent how the lilacs and orange-trees flourish, how the great staircase is approaching its completion, or how another discovery of old painted glass will add to the still unfinished glories of 'my Strawberry.' If this was trifling, which we can scarcely allow, for be it remembered that Strawberry Hill certainly first awakened a taste for Gothic architecture among the higher classes—still it was a rather less injurious trifling than 'deep play till four in the morning,' or the three bottles of wine, and the breaking windows, and beating the watch, of his more 'manly' associates.' Remembering the wretched society among whom Horace Walpole's lot was chiefly cast, we have again and again been surprised to observe with what a keen relish he turns to simple home pleasures; how freshly he dwells on the beautiful scenery around him, even after it had been familiar to his eyes for twenty or thirty years; how even the old man of seventy marks the towering beauty of the trees he planted so long ago, and still exulting in 'my Strawberry,' numbers even every pane of stained glass, and almost every blossom.

During these years Horace Walpole was not so wholly employed at Strawberry Hill but he took part in the politics and literature of the day. He still sat in Parliament, and occasionally spoke—indeed, in one of his letters, when pleading guilty to his love of 'battlements and niches,' he remarks, 'but you, perhaps, recollect that I have another public passion, which is for squabbles in the Wittenagemot.' It was, however, rather in hearing than in taking a prominent part in them, that this 'passion' was gratified. Against the Pelhams and all their party he expresses himself with great bitterness, but he does not allow much greater praise to Mr. Pitt, or to any one. Indeed, although with little love of his father, he seems to have felt it a kind of duty religiously to cherish every Walpole personal dislike. But as to measures, Horace Walpole's opinions are very independent, and there seems to have been a kindliness in his nature, too, which long familiarity with the selfishness of fashionable life could not subdue. Thus, he repeatedly laments the ravages of war: he

speaks kindly of a strike among workmen in consequence of dearness of provisions, although the effect to himself is—leaving his gallery unfinished, and greatly increasing his expenses; while, in the year 1750, when Clarkson and Wilberforce were yet children, he could write thus :—

‘ We have been sitting this fortnight on the African Company, *we*, the British Senate, that temple of liberty and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have this fortnight been pondering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone! It chills one’s blood. I would not have to say that I voted in it for the continent of America. The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards was but a momentary misfortune, that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared with this lasting havoc which it has brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering these poor creatures for the good of their souls.’—*Letter to Horace Mann.*

In 1751 Horace lost his eldest brother, Lord Orford, who seems to have fallen a victim to hard drinking. ‘ I had much to forgive before I could regret,’ he remarks, expressing, too, his fears that Houghton will be sacrificed, the estate having been greatly mortgaged, and the heir an only son and a minor. To remedy this, the kind uncle, and his friend Mr. Chute, hit upon an expedient curiously illustrative of the morals of the day. There was a ‘ rich Miss Nicoll, with a fortune of above 150,000*l.*, who it appears had been already, though very young, promised to Mr. Whithed, a young friend of Mr. Chute’s, who unluckily, by a sudden death, was prevented enjoying the benefit of this ‘ great fortune.’ Thereupon ‘ uncle Horace’ and Mr. Chute arranged an admirable plan of transferring the poor girl and her fortune to the young Lord Orford, Mr. Chute persuading her to run away from her guardians. Nothing could promise better—nothing was more *selon les règles* of fashionable life, but alas! the young Lord Orford did not see the indispensable importance of a rich wife of his uncle’s choosing, so he most provokingly refused the young lady. Poor Horace is utterly astounded at this. ‘ After such fair success’—literally the abduction of a young heiress—‘ Lord Orford has refused to marry her, why, nobody ‘ can guess! Thus had I placed him in a greater situation than ‘ even his grandfather hoped to bequeath to him—had retrieved ‘ all the oversights of my family, had saved Houghton and all ‘ our glory! Now, all must go.’ The poor girl had reason to be most thankful for her escape, for the young lord, profligate as his father, though not quite so abandoned as his worthless

mother, entered on a career of drinking and gambling which at length ended in hopeless insanity.

During the following years, planting, and building, and beautifyings—among notices of these we find that ‘the painted glass’ is full blown in every window, and the gorgeous saints are fixed ‘for ever in their tabernacles’—employ Horace Walpole’s time far more honourably than in seeking, by the fortunes of rich heiresses, to postpone the impending ruin of Houghton. And then he is occupied as a trustee under Sir Hans Sloane’s will, thus becoming one of the founders of the British Museum; and he writes several papers in the *World*, and several poems too; and, greatest pleasure of all, finds that ‘Strawberry’ has already a name and a fame which is each day increasing. So, on fine summer days, when ‘it is all gold and green,’ he gives stately breakfasts to select parties, and has the honour of doing *its* ‘honours,’ to the Duke of Cumberland and Princess Emily; while such changes does ‘the whirligig of time’ bring about, that in 1755 he actually finds his father’s great opponent, Lord Bath, a guest at his ‘castle’ and so charmed is the old man with it, that he writes a ballad in its praise, each verse concluding with,—

‘But Strawberry Hill, but Strawberry  
Doth bear away the bell.’

‘Can there be an odder revolution of things,’ he remarks, ‘than that the printer of the *Craftsman* should live in a house of mine, and that the author of the *Craftsman* should write a panegyric on a house of mine?’ It was during this year that the beautiful cenotaph to his mother’s memory was erected in Westminster Abbey. The statue, he tells us, had been sculptured by Vallory, at Rome, some years before, but the reasons for so long a delay before its erection are not stated. With the deep attachment which Horace Walpole ever felt for his mother, it is surprising that he could have written so cold and so formal an inscription; doubtless this arose from the morbid fear of ridicule—that greatest weakness of his character—and which compelled him to adopt the language of vague eulogy, instead of the deep outpourings of his heart. During this time he was active in the House of Commons, too, and many of his sketches of the more important debates are of great political value, not only as the version of his party, but as fairly accurate details of what took place. Indeed, we may here remark that the numerous collections lately published, of the letters of Horace Walpole’s contemporaries, and which narrate the same events, have singularly corroborated his general accuracy, and in many cases verified anecdotes which had been pronounced apocryphal.

In 1757 a printing press was added to the curiosities of Strawberry Hill, and it doubtless excited the wonder of the fair ladies who flocked thither more than all the marvels beside. 'Elzevirianum,' Horace playfully calls it, and Gray's two Odes were the first production. Several little works were subsequently printed here, and in the following year the *Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England and Ireland*. This sold so well that a second edition was demanded in the same year, and *two thousand* were printed, but not at the Strawberry press. Poor Horace was now, in addition to some threatening monitions of the gout, to suffer the new, and to him most irritating annoyance, of abusive criticism. He was sadly abused in the *Critical Review*, he tells us, 'for disliking the Stuarts,' while in the *Monthly Review* he was attacked 'for liking my father.' Meanwhile 'Sylvanus Urban, Esq.,' was of course indignant that a son of Sir Robert Walpole should write at all, and rated him soundly. His next publication exhibits great kindness of feeling. A poor tailor at Buckingham, self-taught in the learned languages, was in great distress; so Mr. Spence wrote a small book with some account of his life, and this Horace Walpole printed at the aristocratical press of Strawberry Hill. Six hundred copies were at once sold, and poor Mr. Hill was rendered comfortable in his old age. We may remark here that Miss Berry's assertion that, 'although no ostentatious contributor to public charities,' his private benevolence was large and extensive, is fully proved in the numerous letters to his deputy, Mr. Bedford (now first published), in which he requests him to make inquiry into cases of distress—chiefly imprisonment for debt,—and bestow sums varying from one to five guineas, but expressly prohibiting the mention of his name.

Horace Walpole was now, in addition to a rather high standing in the fashionable world, to take his place among literary men; so we soon after find among his pleasant letters to Mann, and Conway, and Montague, several to the Rev. Henry Zouch, Sir David Dalrymple, the Rev. Mr. Cole, one of the most prosing of orthodox antiquaries, and subsequently to Mason and Warton. In these letters, except to the last two, we greatly miss the light, graceful style, the playful satire, the pictures in a few careless touches, that form the charm of his correspondence. He seems to feel himself scarcely at home in such grave company, and he bows too low to bow gracefully. Still these letters show that the gentleman-writer was in many points far in advance of his age. He perceives the inaccuracies of Hume's much-praised *History of England*, and he impugns the veracity of Clarendon; he boldly characterizes Erasmus, then a great

favourite owing to Dr. Jortin's *Memoir*, as 'a begging parasite, 'with parts enough to discover truth, and not courage enough 'to profess it;' and even when writing to a Scotchman dares to hint his doubts of the authenticity of Ossian's poems. At first, it is true, both he and Gray seem to have believed them while offered in a few detached fragments, but when the dignity of an epic poem was claimed for *Kingal*, he remarks, 'I would as soon 'take all the epitaphs in Westminster Abbey and say it was an 'epic poem on the history of England,' and he urges that for its genuineness, proofs are to be demanded rather than mere assertions.

During 1761-2 Horace, in addition to his usual extensive correspondence, was pleasantly employed in arranging the manuscripts of Vertue, the engraver, which he had purchased, and in preparing his largest and most important work, the *Anecdotes of Painting*. Although for the greater portion of his materials he was indebted to Vertue's researches of many years, still the work may be fairly considered as his, since not only is it entirely written by himself, but, in addition to verifying Vertue's statements, he supplies materials of his own. To say that this work, published in 1762-1 and the first on the subject, is anything like a complete history of art in England, would be merely to assert an impossibility; but that it is a work creditable alike to the research and taste of the writer, who, with inadequate and often apocryphal information, has done the best that could be done, is praise which justice demands from us. At a time when taste was at its lowest, when the patrons of art—few indeed in number—dwelt exclusively upon 'the classical,' and when 'the Gothic' was so scorned that at this very time the exquisite tomb of Aylmer de Valence but just escaped destruction to make room for Wolfe's monument, no slight tribute is due to the writer who proved that there was art, high art, long before his readers dreamt there was any such thing. Indeed, on no subject was Horace Walpole so in advance of his age as the fine arts. He could appreciate the beauty of the illuminated manuscript, while fine ladies, and gentlemen too, were going into ecstasies over 'dragon-china,' and point out the stately grace of Queen Elinor's crosses, while his neighbours were rearing up frightful pagodas. And admiring the great Italian painters, he could laugh at the affectation of Le Brun; and with an earnestness that anticipated Mr. Ruskin's by almost a century, he begs Mann to watch the work of destruction even then going on among the Florentine churches, and obtain copies of the pictures, ere the originals perished beyond remedy. 'Let us have more of Massaccio, and all the few of Bartolomeo,' he writes to

Mann, who had sent him some copies. 'What gentleman owning a picture gallery even twenty years ago was anxious about Fra Bartolomeo or had even heard of Massaccio? Still Horace Walpole, although with strong Pre-Raffaelite tastes, was not exclusively attached to any school. Cellini's works found a place beside the delicate carvings of the middle age, and Réynolds and Gainsborough were appreciated as well as Zincke's enamels, and Oliver's and Petitot's miniatures.

The *Anecdotes of Painting*, as well as the *Catalogue of Engravers* published soon afterwards, seem to have been favourably received—at least, the reviewers let them alone, for art was beneath their learned notice. So Horace again turned to beautifying yet farther his 'dear Strawberry,' and even thus early finds the annoyance of keeping a house for show. 'In short, I keep an inn,' he says, 'and the sign is the Gothic Castle.' But we have little doubt that although occasionally inconvenienced, he was well pleased enough with giving tickets, and afterwards hearing from Margaret, his housekeeper, the remarks—some of them most amusingly silly—of the crowd of fashionables who flocked thither. Meanwhile, the old King had died, the young one succeeded, and ministerial squabbles went on just as of old; and little did the son of Sir Robert heed, until the furious debates about 'Wilkes and the 45,' and the dismissal of General Conway from all his employments, for having opposed the Ministry on the question of the legality of general warrants, awakened all his sympathies for his friend. Again, as he did twenty years before, he urged him, in a warm-hearted letter, to share his fortune; and that this was no merely complimentary offer, we have proof in an unpublished letter of Conway to his brother, written only two days after, in which he remarks—'Horace Walpole has, on this occasion, shown that warmth of friendship which you know him capable of so strongly, that I want words to express my sense of it.' The kind offer was not, however, needed; scarcely six months after, the Duke of Devonshire bequeathed 5000*l.* to General Conway; and, strangely enough, even in a day of such swift political changes, within little more than a year, Conway was Secretary of State, and leader of the House of Commons. The following year, Horace Walpole wrote the little tale by which he is most popularly known—*The Castle of Otranto*. The first edition was quickly sold off, and a second was published three months after. We smile when we find him, in his letter to Cole, assuring him that 'if I have amused you by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content;' for the heroes and the heroines of *The Castle of Otranto* are as unlike the men and women of feudal times, as

the Dresden shepherdesses on his mantelpiece were unlike the genuine ones. It was well he did not know all that his acquaintance said about it; for Gilly Williams, writing to Selwyn, cruelly says, it is 'a novel that no boarding-school miss could get through without yawning,' and consists 'of 'pictures that walk out of their frames, and helmets that drop from the moon.'

In the autumn of 1765, Horace Walpole revisited Paris, after an absence of three-and-twenty years. And what photographs has he given us in his letters of the old King and Versailles, and Madame Geoffrin, and her capital dinners, and blind Madame du Deffand, of whom, at first, he speaks very slightly, and her opposition suppers, where President Henault, and the Dukes de Richelieu and Nivernois, the Duchess de Choiseul, Madame de la Valière, and the 'charming Madame d'Egmont,' all the wits and beauties of that brilliant day, trifled and talked 'philosophy,' and made *bon-mots*, all unconscious of that fearful earthquake, ere long to overwhelm them. But in the midst of all the luxury and literary enjoyment of the *salons*, Horace Walpole could perceive the coming danger. 'I assure you, you may come hither very safely, and be in no danger from mirth. Good folks, they have 'no time to laugh. There is God, and the King, to be pulled 'down first, and men and women are devoutly employed in the 'demolition.' A strangely prophetic remark in 1765. In the following spring he returns to 'Strawberry,' and its beautiful grounds—doubly beautiful to him after the 'no verdure' of France, and 'trees cut into fire-shovels, and stuck into pedestals of chalk.' But the gout again attacks him; and he sadly writes, 'it will be a cruel fate, after having laid out so much money here, 'and building upon it as a nest of my old age, if I am driven from 'it by bad health.' He, however, recovers, and next determines to give up his seat in Parliament, which he does in a very formal letter to the Mayor of Lynn.

We have little doubt that this giving up his connexion with the House of Commons was, indeed, the release which Horace Walpole assures his correspondents it was; and we have little doubt, too, that the careless, indeed scornful indifference, with which he speaks of all ministers and parties, arose from no 'conceited affectation,' but from a sincere distrust of them all. In a mere fashionable gentleman, acquainted with courts and ministers only from the *on dits* of his friends, or the patriotic effusions of the newspapers, such contemptuous indifference would have been affectation; but in the son of that Minister whose guiding opinion was, 'every man has his price,' it was natural enough. 'Remember that, as my father was Minister, I almost came into the world at three years old,' he remarks. And



into what a political world did he enter! How many a curious recollection must Horace Walpole have had of the stories laughingly told in his childhood, by his father, of the Sunderlands, and Marlboroughs, who corresponded alike with Hanover and St. Germain; and how many stories, too, could the retired Minister, as he easily lounged in his great arm-chair at Houghton, tell the young member of Parliament, of the intrigues of Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield, and Pulteney; of the many 'honourable members,' too, who duly took the Treasury pay, and duly took their seats on the Treasury benches, but who as duly, after dinner, passed their bumpers over the water-decanter, in honour of him who was 'over the water,' too. 'Go, my son,' Oxenstiern is reported to have said, 'and see how little wisdom suffices to govern the world.' 'Go, my son,' might Sir Robert Walpole have more emphatically said, 'and see how little even of common honesty is to be found in administrations.'

Nor was there much during the five-and-twenty years of Horace Walpole's own political life to alter his estimate of ministers. The busy intrigues of Carteret, the eager seeking after places by 'the patriots,' the Lytteltons, Greavilles, and Temples; the long administration of Newcastle, a man, as Lord Campbell remarks, 'hardly gifted with common understanding, and not possessing the knowledge of geography and history now acquired at a parish school;' of his successors, Bute, Bedford, Rockingham. Even 'the great commoner,' Pitt, by far the worthiest of them all, appeared to Horace Walpole but as he appeared to his contemporaries—when they amused themselves with the studied flannels, and the crutch, and the stately figure bowed by illness, and that most graceful elocution—as merely a consummate actor. 'For twenty years,' he says, in 1762, 'I have been looking at parties, factions, changes, and struggles; do you wonder I am tired? when I have seen them so often acted over, and pretty much by the same *dramatis personæ*.' Ere passing on, it is due to Horace Walpole to remark, that while politics interested him but little, his voice was always raised on behalf of humanity. We have seen how he denounced the slave trade, even at a time when worthy John Newton himself was captain of a slaver; and when Admiral Byng was so cruelly sacrificed to popular tumult, Horace Walpole denounced it as a murder. He foresaw the evil consequences of our strife with America, asserted its injustice, and rejoiced in its successful termination; while the horrible excesses of the French Revolution so appalled the feeble old man, as actually to convert him, in extreme old age, almost to Toryism.

Again Horace Walpole set himself to authorship, and at the beginning of 1768 he published his *Historical Doubts on Richard*

*the Third.* The success of this certainly clever antiquarian essay was astonishing. Twelve hundred copies were at once sold off, and a second edition of a thousand was published the next week. This success, sufficient to have gratified a writer far less vain than Horace Walpole, was, however, attended with vexations which he little foresaw. 'The hack writers, who had been irritated enough at the 'gentleman,' who, instead of confining himself to songs and epigrams, like his noble acquaintance, had already presumed to put forth a four volume work, felt somewhat of the indignation the country squire feels towards unauthorised intruders on his preserves. If the owner of Strawberry Hill were allowed thus to trespass on their manors, what would become of their craft? So, one and all, they raised their voices against him, and loudest against this last publication. This, alone, he might have little heeded; although he, like his contemporaries, evidently stood more in awe of the *Critical Review*, than we, in this irreverent age, do of the *Edinburgh*. But all the prosing antiquaries, who heretofore had potted over his curiosities, and sent him lumbering books; reverend gentlemen, fellows of colleges, 'the most ingenious' Mr. This, and the 'very learned' Dr. the Other, joined in the cry. Poor Horace Walpole! innocently enough, he thought that if he could prove that a man charged with half-a-dozen murders had not committed half so many—perhaps none at all—he was doing a righteous deed; but so thought not the venerable Society of Antiquaries. It is curious to observe the bitterness, the genuine gall, of the impugnors of the *Historic Doubts*. We might have thought that the son of the Whig Minister had attempted to whiten the fame of that veritable monster, Cromwell, or doubted the immaculate truthfulness of the royal Martyr, rather than have merely endeavoured to balance the scales between the last Plantagenet and a Tudor who had slumbered in his gorgeous chapel more than two hundred and fifty years; but we suppose that 'distance lent enchantment to (their) view.'

And now that more than eighty years have passed, and so many authentic documents have been discovered, what is the present state of this controversy? That Richard, although feeble, was certainly not a hunchback, is proved by the fact that, at the battle of Barnet, he led the vanguard, which he could not have done if he had been, for he could not have worn plate armour. That he murdered either Henry VI. or his brother Clarence is a myth that can only find a place in those penny histories, mere paste and scissor work from Hume; that he murdered his wife is disproved by reports from her physicians during a lingering illness; while the murder of the two young princes—the most

likely of his crimes—still rests, so far as regards his *actual* complicity, on conjecture alone. That Richard found these poor children in his way, and in his strife for a crown was willing enough that they should be put aside, is sufficiently probable; but More's account of 'black Will Slaughter,' and his associates, may take its place beside the nursery legend of *Bluebeard*. Long was this controversy carried on between Walpole and his opponents, among whom Dean Milles distinguished himself, as well as several other fellows of the Antiquarian Society. At length, in disgust, in 1771, he withdrew his name from them.

Horace Walpole had now become quite an authority, among the party who supported his views of Richard, on antiquarian questions; and unhappily, in 1769, his fame reached Bristol, where

‘that marvellous boy who perished ere his prime,’

was meditating an escape from the lawyer's desk. He therefore sent a letter to Walpole, enclosing some specimens of the Rowley poems, which he asserted were *lent* him by a companion, and remarking that his own taste leading him to prefer poetry to the law, he should be thankful to obtain a more congenial situation. The answer to this letter is remarkably respectful and courteous—indeed, extravagantly so, as addressed to an unknown correspondent. But Horace Walpole was evidently delighted with the thoughts of a discovery so valuable as that of ‘Abbot John's verses,’ and also of some new light to be thrown on the history of oil painting—a subject which he was very much interested in, and on which his opinion, as to its very early origin, later researches have proved to be correct. As to the authenticity of the *poems*, Walpole does not seem to have had, at first, any doubt; but the drawings subsequently sent naturally enough at once awakened his suspicion, for even the merest smatterer in Gothic architecture would at a glance perceive that they were clumsy fabrications. Poor Chatterton should have kept to his poetry only; for although no reader at all acquainted with old English could for a moment have been deceived by them in the present day, eighty years ago they deceived many well-read men; and even Dr. Percy at first only *doubted* their genuineness, as Walpole ere long did. Chatterton, meanwhile, not receiving an answer to his second communication, wrote a peremptory letter, demanding back the specimens. These were sent, with an answer, which unfortunately has never been discovered, but which Horace Walpole solemnly declares was neither harsh nor arrogant; and all farther communication ceased. Chatterton came to London. It is not likely that he would seek a personal interview with Walpole; nor, had Walpole known he had been there, is it

likely he would have appointed a meeting with Chatterton, especially after his having expressly held him up to ridicule under the title of 'the redoubted Baron of Otranto.' Chatterton died; public sympathy was now naturally awakened by his sad fate; and then the tale was first whispered, and then more boldly told, how the poor starving boy had besought the patronage of the lord of Strawberry Hill, and how he, who could lavish scores of pounds upon old armour and choice enamels, grudged even a shilling to him. Keenly did Walpole feel this charge, and indignantly repel it. 'A lad at Bristol, who I never saw there before, or since, sends me two or three copies of verses in old English, which he tells me had been found there, and were lent him by another person. I suspect the poetry; he is angry, redemands it, and, two years after, the youth is found dead. My share in his fate is simply reduced to this.' But very sorrowfully does Walpole lament that fate, while maintaining,—and justly, we think,—that he had really no share in it. 'The warmest devotees of his genius,' he writes, 'cannot be persuaded more than I am of the marvellous vigour of his genius at so very premature an age.' And writing to Cole in 1778, he remarks, 'our correspondence was broken off before he quitted his master's business at Bristol, so that his disappointment with me was but his first ill success; and he resented my incredulity so much, that he never condescended to let me see him. I could only add to this a vain regret of never having known his distresses, which his amazing genius would have tempted me to relieve; though I fear he had no other claim to compassion.'

In 1772, Walpole collected and published his *Miscellaneous Antiquities*, and this, with the exception of the privately printed *Defence* of himself against the aspersions of the Bristol editor of Chatterton's Works in 1779, was his last appearance in print. He also now finished, though not for publication, his *Memoirs of George II. and III.* Meanwhile in 1767, and again in 1769, he revisited Paris, and it is curious to observe how Madame du Deffand, who, as we have seen, did not particularly attract him at first, wins his admiration, and even affection. Horace Walpole has been much ridiculed by some of his critics for his partiality to this 'dear old blind woman,' as though the elderly gouty gentleman, and the sightless marquise of seventy-three, were a very Damon and Phillis. But the age of Ninon and *liaisons* at fourscore had passed away; and as Miss Berry, in her affectionate vindication of the friend and instructor of her youth, remarks, an *affaire du cœur* in old age would then have excited the ridicule of all Paris as much as if the dowager of threescore had re-adorned herself with the ribbons and rouge of eighteen.

In a letter to George Montague in 1769, a passage occurs which we think throws some light on the kind of attachment Walpole felt for this certainly still fascinating woman. 'In short, her goodness is so excessive, that I feel unashamed at producing my withered person in a round of amusements which I had quitted at home. I tell a story; for I *do* feel ashamed, and sigh to be in my quiet castle and cottage; but it costs me many a pang, when I reflect that probably I shall never have resolution enough to take another journey to see this best and sincerest of friends, *who loves me as much as my mother did.*' Might there not have been some nameless charm in the ceaseless attentions Madamo du Deffand bestowed upon her sickly visitant that awakened in his mind recollections of those days when his beautiful mother—dissipated, but with a mother's heart—would steal from her drawing-room, where all the beauty and fashion of the day crowded, to catch a look at her little Horace on his nurse's knee, and bring some choice dainty, or bestow some tender caress on the feeble and delicate child for whose life she trembled?

Very amusing are these letters from Paris; his visit to the chapel at Versailles, and the King and Madame du Barri at prayers! And the transition from 'a Court and a reigning mistress, to a dead one and a cloister' at St. Cyr, and the graphic description of that idolized foundation of de Maintenon, just before it was swept away. And how he laughs at their landscape gardening; and returning to ever welcome Strawberry, writes, 'I feel myself here like a swan, that after living six weeks in a dirty pool upon a common, is got back into its own *'Thames,'* so he determines to do nothing but 'plume and clean myself, and enjoy the verdure and the silent waves.' His attachment to his 'dear old blind woman,' led him, however, to make another visit to France in the summer of 1771, and in his letters on this occasion he forcibly paints the wretched misrule, and general distress. In a letter to Conway, he remarks, 'I have been deep in all the secrets of France,' and 'the worst part is, that by the most horrid oppression and injustice, their finances will very soon be in good order—unless some bankrupt turns Ravallac, which will not surprise me.' While in Paris, he received the unexpected news of the death of Gray; 'one with whom I have lived in friendship ever since I was thirteen years old;' and he sadly remarks, 'Methinks, as we grow old, our only business here is to adorn the graves of our friends, or to dig our own.'

Horace Walpole was now certainly feeling the approaches of age, although he had not attained threescore years, and it is

with a mixture of playfulness and sadness that he continually refers to his vanished youth. Still he frequented fashionable amusements, and rather cultivated the society of young people—the latter wisely, we think—for as he well says, ‘age would indulge prejudices if it did not sometimes polish itself against younger acquaintances;’ but he adds, ‘it must be the work of folly if one hopes to contract friendships, or could desire it, or think one can become the same follies, or expect they should do more than bear one for one’s good humour.’ So he visits as of old, but evidently would far more have enjoyed a pleasant gossip over ‘old times,’ in the ‘delicious round tower of dear Strawberry.’ Meanwhile he had plenty of occupation. The Society of Arts, of which from the first he was a member, visits to the Exhibition, when he notes in the catalogues, West’s ‘sign-post pictures,’ and Gainsborough’s fine portraits and ‘charming landscapes,’ and the great excellence of Reynolds’s paintings; and when the Exhibition was closed, in visits to private galleries, and continual purchases of those beautiful miniatures, which sold at such unexpected high prices in 1842. Still he had other causes than failing health to make him anxious. His niece, Lady Waldegrave, had been for some time privately married to the Duke of Gloucester, and the son of a prime minister seems to have feared annoying results to himself from this connexion with royalty, while his nephew, Lord Orford, was ‘mad and ruined.’ ‘Thus,’ he says to Mason in 1773, ‘I have moralities enough at my elbow. The only shaft that pierces me, is the apprehension of losing the tranquillity I had so sedulously planned for the close of my life. To be connected with courts, or inns of court, is equally poison; to trifle here was my whole wish. My little castle was finished, I was out of Parliament, and Temperance had given me her honour, that being as unsubstantial as a sylph, I should be as immortal.’ He, however, now endeavours to divert these thoughts by anxiously superintending Mason’s edition of Gray’s Works—but a mournful employment—and again and again in his letters he dwells upon the comfort of old things, old friends, and old times.

In the autumn of 1775 Horace Walpole visited Paris for the last time. The old King was dead, and the new King and his Queen in all the radiance of her beauty were now making glad a people who vainly hoped that their sufferings were at an end. ‘What I have to say,’ he writes to Lady Ossory, ‘I can tell you in a word, for it was impossible to see anything but the Queen. Hebes, Floras, Helens, and Graces are street-walkers to her. She is a statue of beauty when standing or sitting; grace itself when she moves!’ Indeed, as enthusiastic as Burke, is Horace

Walpole, although far more familiarized than he with court beauty. His remarks on the political condition of France, on the plans of Turgot and Malesherbes, and the frequent forebodings that no one knows how things will end, are very suggestive, and fully disprove the charge that he was 'more occupied with the fashions and gossip of Versailles and Marly than with a great moral revolution that was taking place in his sight.' At the close of the year he took leave—a final leave it proved—of his 'dear blind old woman,' and returned to meet a disappointment in the postponement of Sir Horace Mann's return to England. 'Your return might have opened a warm channel of affection which thirty years could not freeze,' he says. 'I wished that meeting as a luxury beyond what old age often tastes; but I am too well prepared for parting with everything to be ill-humouredly chagrined because one vision fails. Visions are the consolation of life; it is wise to indulge them, unless one builds upon them as realities.' During 1777-8 attacks of the gout, troubles in his friend Conway's family, and more anxieties about his nephew and Houghton, sadly fill up Horace Walpole's time, while the remarks still made on his conduct toward Chatterton, although anonymous, greatly distress him. 'Some jackanapes at Bristol,' he writes to Mason, 'accuses me of having treated that marvellous creature with contempt. It has more than once been insinuated that his disappointment from me contributed to his horrid fate. You know how gently I treated him.' Nor does the next year open more favourably. The pictures at Houghton, that noble collection which Horace more than forty years ago helped to collect, were to be sold, and not merely sold, but sent out of the country! We may well imagine the indignation of that almost worshipper of fine pictures when the news first arrived of thus 'stripping the temple of my father's glory and affection! To be sure I should rather wish they were sold to the Crown than to Russia, where they will be burnt in a wooden palace at the first insurrection—here they would still be Sir Robert Walpole's collection.' But regrets were vain, the whole collection, excepting the family portraits, were sold in 1779 to the Empress of Russia for 40,555*l*.

- In 1780 Madame du Deffand died, and the anxiety Walpole expresses when he first heard of her dangerous illness, and his unaffected sorrow at her death, seem to us to prove that he regarded her as a second mother. She took her leave of him a few days before in a letter, which, in its mournful effort to be careless to the last, is very touching. She bequeathed to him, characteristically enough, her manuscripts and her favourite little dog Tonton, and both found at Strawberry Hill a fitting

home; for Horace Walpole's love of all dumb creatures was a most honourable trait in his character, although in his days, perhaps, there were few things that rendered him more open to ridicule.

Succeeding years brought new changes, in politics, in literature, and in the fashionable world. With the last Horace Walpole had now little intercourse, and still less sympathy, for the 'Macaronies' who had succeeded the rakes of his early days, if not so riotous, nor quite such hard drinkers, were as profligate in their habits, and gamblers beyond all precedent. Their passion for racing, too, was most distasteful to one who, not only from weak health had been debarred from field sports, but whose kindly sympathies with beast and bird made him shrink from giving pain to any creature. In the political world all the 'names of power,' which had been familiar to him from childhood, had passed away; and North, Rockingham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, were a new generation to whom 'Sir Robert' and his views were a tale of the long past. Still, although terribly grumbling alike with Whigs and Tories, Horace held to the formal, cut and dried 'constitutional principles,' as he called them, of old Whiggism, and dreading, very justly, the encroachments of prerogative under young Pitt's administration, the feeble old man, too ill to walk, caused himself to be carried in a sedan chair to Covent-garden hustings at the great election of 1784, that the son of Sir Robert Walpole might record his vote for 'Fox and liberty.'

In the literature of the day he took but little interest, and against most of the literary men he had strong prejudice. 'That bear Johnson' he detested, and doubtless that fine old man who had fought so nobly the hard battle of life, looked with scorn enough on the 'polite letter writer.' It were well had they both learnt that there was something worthy of praise in both. To a certain extent Horace Walpole's judgment on literary subjects was clear and acute. He appreciated Gibbon's noble work; and, led away by his admiration, actually complimented him on his vindication of the two offensive chapters, though, perhaps, his scorn of all 'parsons' might have had some share in this. He ridicules the Litchfield *coterie* and the Della Cruscans, and remarks that Mr. Hayley's works 'have little poetry, and less spirit; in short, 'they are written by Judgment, who has set up for herself, for getting that her business is to correct verses, not to make 'them.' Very humorous is his estimate of Mr. Spence, 'a 'good-natured, harmless little soul, but more like a silver penny 'than a genius;' and his comparison of himself with Gray, 'Alas! I have no genius. Gray and I rode over the Alps in 'the same chaise, but Pegasus drew on his side, and a cart-horse



'on mine.' He advances to the battle of Shakspeare against Voltaire like a very Paladin, and he again and again praises Milton. But then what shall we say to his calling Milton's glorious prose 'barbarous!' and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* dull! or his preferring Dryden's stiff versions to Chaucer's matchless originals? After all, Horace Walpole's strength was in subjects relating to the arts.

While there were so many changes around him, death and change still were busy among Walpole's oldest friends. In 1782 his cousin, Lady Hertford, a most amiable woman, a friend of forty years, died, and just after his old antiquarian correspondent, Cole. A short time before, his schoolfellow, Montague, had died, and now a difference between him and Mason took place, which was only made up some ten years after, just before the deaths of the two old men. Of all the 'celebrities' of the Twickenham of forty years ago but one now remained—one, not the most reputable of his acquaintance; Kitty Clive, who, after 'her youth of folly,' was now almost too feeble to handle her beloved cards; so dull and lonely indeed would even 'dear Strawberry' have been but for the few pleasant old, and the few newer friends whom he welcomed there. Of these last, perhaps the most deserving of notice is Hannah More, whose acquaintance began about 1781, and who subsequently became one of his regular correspondents. We have seen how irreligiously Horace Walpole had been educated, and how irreligiously his life had been passed. It seems, therefore, rather surprising that he should have distinguished as a friend and correspondent a woman, who, at a time when religious profession was far from fashionable, was, in his sense of the term, as great a 'Methodist' as that object of his dislike, Lady Huntingdon. Indeed, Hannah More herself, while highly gratified, seems, as we find from her letters to her sisters, to have been much surprised. But with admirable prudence and true Christian feeling did this excellent woman act. She did not consider it part of her 'mission' to inflict long homilies on her correspondent, or to weary him with religious commonplaces. She knew the little benefit of 'drawing-room preachings,' so she aimed to become one of his liveliest correspondents, as well as one of his most entertaining guests. It is very interesting, in looking over Hannah More's letters, to observe how playfully, almost gracefully, she writes to the friend whose want of religion she laments; how anxious she is to disprove his notion that religion demanded the sacrifice of either art or literature. Would that Horace Walpole in far earlier life had met with a 'Methodist' as judicious as his 'St. Hannah.' We think we can perceive a beneficial effect ere long. Although

the old man lingers over the past in his letters to Mann, there is less of querulous complaint; he refers pleasantly to old days, for 'I sometimes think I have lived two or three lives,' and no wonder, for 'I have kissed the hand of King George the First, and am now hearing of the frolics of his great-great-grandson.' And as gaily as forty years before he writes:—

'Your cherries, for aught I know, may, like Mr. Pitt, be half ripe before others are in blossom; but at Twickenham I am sure I could find dates and pomegranates on the quickset hedges as soon as a cherry in swaddling clothes on my walls. The very leaves on the horse-chestnuts are little snivelling things, that cry, and are afraid of the north wind, and cling to the bough as if 'old poker' was coming to take them away. For my part I have seen nothing like spring but a chimney sweeper's garland, and yet I have been three days in the country. Your resolutions on economy are not only prudent, but just. I know by myself how pleasant it is to have laid up a little for those I love, for those that depend upon me, and for old servants. Moderate wishes may be satisfied, and, which is still better, are less liable to disappointment. I rejoice at your being thrown into retired life. You have the felicity of being able to amuse yourself with what the world calls trifles; but, as gravity does not happen to be wisdom, trifles are full as important as what is respected as serious, and far more innocent.'—*To Conway, May 5, 1784.*

In 1786 Sir Horace Mann died at Florence; and thus closed that most voluminous correspondence which had continued unbroken for forty-four years. But the loss of this old correspondent was ere long well supplied by a most delightful acquaintance now formed by the old man with two fair and intelligent young girls, the Miss Berrys. Very often must the writer, whose vivid recollections ranged over nearly sixty-five years, have regretted that among his numerous great-nephews and nieces there were none who cared to hear those stories which he could so graphically tell; but at length hearers—delighted hearers—were found, and Mary and Agnes Berry, listening with eager looks to those pleasant *Reminiscences* of the aged man, would make a delightful picture. There was General Conway's daughter, too, 'who I love as my own,' Mrs. Damer, the sculptress, and to whom, for her life, he bequeathed his 'dear Strawberry;' and thus, among female society of a widely different class to those of his earlier days, were the last years of Horace Walpole passed; and thus, as one of his most impartial biographers has remarked, the true kindness of his nature was now brought out.

Still age crept slowly on; he suffered much from his old enemy, the gout; 'but never man suffered with more patience,' Hannah More remarks, and in a pleasant letter to her, in 1789, he says:

'Who has more cause to be thankful to Providence than I?' and then he thankfully enumerates his many blessings: 'My gout is tolerable, my eyes perfect, my hearing but little impaired, my spirits are good, and though my hands and my feet are crippled, I can use both, and do not wish to box, or wrestle, or dance a hornpipe.' In short, I am just infirm enough to enjoy all the prerogatives of old age.' But death became again busy around him; the following year his niece, Lady Dysart, died; and soon after his nephew, Lord Waldegrave. This affected him deeply, far more than the death of that worthless nephew, the third Earl of Orford, which, in January, 1791, made him possessor of Houghton and a coronet; a sad legacy for the old man of seventy-four, 'for it was coupled with an involved estate, a crop of law-suits with my nearest relations, and endless consultations with lawyers.' But even without these drawbacks, what did the old man, sick of courts, heed a coronet? What was Houghton to him, and its pictures, the joy and pride of his youth, in a far-off land? To be lord of Strawberry, and gather around him his small but pleasant circle of old and young friends; to look over his choice books and his exquisite enamels; to sit in the shade of trees planted by his own hand, was all Horace Walpole desired now. Happily the lawsuits were soon settled, although little more than the barren title remained—a title so unwillingly taken, that nearly a twelvemonth elapsed ere he would sign 'Orford.'

The visit of the Miss Berrys to Italy, while it gave him great anxiety—for the French Revolution had begun, and he watched over them as though they were his grandchildren—produced his last, and, perhaps, best known series of letters. As literary compositions, they are inferior to his earlier; but as pleasant exhibitions of kindly feeling in age, they are worthy of preservation. More interesting, we think, are his letters to Hannah More, for curious and pleasant is it to trace the growing interest he takes in her various benevolent plans—sometimes mixed with playful *badinage* on her strictness, but mostly expressive of admiration; while, in his old style, he warns her against falling a sacrifice to her many efforts, but promising, in case she should, that he will ever keep in due remembrance 'St. Hannah, virgin and martyr.' His letters to her date to within a short period of his death; and in 1795 he sent her a copy of the Bible, with Bishop Wilson's notes: 'the book which he knows to be the dearest object of her study,' and which he offered 'as a mark of his esteem and gratitude.' Who shall say with what feelings that Bible was given, or what the 'gratitude that prompted the gift?'

In 1795, Queen Charlotte honoured Strawberry Hill with a visit; an event more interesting to the Court newsman than to

its possessor, who, introduced to royalty in his tenth year, could well dispense with waiting upon queens when almost fourscore. A sadder event followed, the death of his dearest friend, and far more than brother, General Conway. From this time his health and strength sunk rapidly; and in 1796, in one of his latest letters to his old friend, Lady Ossory, while sadly disclaiming the 'laurels' she would offer him, he touchingly says, 'I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust.' Still he lingered at 'dear Strawberry';—forty-nine years had he resided there; his ceaseless care had made it the fairy palace it now was; his own hands had planted the trees that now in their luxuriant beauty overshadowed it. Should he be there another summer, and celebrate its jubilee? Winter drew on, and his friends urged him to return to London; but not until every leaf was stript from those trees so lovingly dwelt upon in many a letter, not until November had gloomed those 'glorious windows,' his joy and pride, did the feeble old man look round upon them for the last time. Then he returned to Berkeley-square, and there, on the 2nd of March, 1797, Horace Walpole died, in his eightieth year.

Our narrative of his life has been so lengthened out, that we have but little space to criticise his works. As a poet, we should place Horace Walpole but low; nor can the occasional vigour of portions of that revolting tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother*, give him a place among dramatic writers. Horace Walpole's strength lay in his prose writing, which, though often disfigured by French idioms, often also displays true English force; while his power of picture-painting in words is unrivalled. Who can forget his pictures of St. James', and St. Stephen's; of Westminster Hall, too, and its trials; of Westminster Abbey and the funeral of the old King, and the coronation of the new? And then his French scenes, and those many Watteau-like pictures of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and Strawberry Hill, with the fair and noble groups that wandered there, or the sterner pictures of London in flames in 1780? In his writings, too, on art, or on antiquities, somewhat of the same power will be seen. Even his severest critic has conceded that 'no man who has written so much, is so seldom tiresome.'

While yielding just praise to those unrivalled letters, upon which, after all, the fame of Horace Walpole must rest, far be it from us to overlook the many faults, both of thought and feeling, of the earlier portions—those profane parodies of Holy Writ, and that light reference to vice which, because fashionable, seems never to have been dreamt of as criminal. But it is in these respects especially that it would be most unjust to contemplate

Horace Walpole apart from his times. What those times were the reader has seen; and in the midst of a dissolute age, the young man must have been a hero indeed, had he remained uncontaminated. Still, there was much even then in Horace Walpole to awaken our interest. There was a kindliness of feeling which long commerce with the world could not subdue, and a keen delight in simple pleasures which the ridicule of fashionable friends could never overcome; while all along there was a vague, but earnest seeking after the pure and the good, often very touchingly brought out in his letters. Had Horace Walpole come into the world a hundred years later, his good qualities, as well as his tastes, would have had far wider scope; he might have stood high, not only as a patron of the arts and as a writer, but even as one of our leading philanthropists. 'To whomsoever *much* is given,' of *him* is the much required; let us then pronounce a gentle, and it will be a just judgment upon Horace Walpole.

- ART. VIII.—(1.) *The Principles of Syriac Grammar*. Translated and Abridged from the Work of Dr. Hoffmann. By B. HARRIS COWPER. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1858.
- (2.) *Analecta Nicæna; Fragments relating to the Council of Nice*. The Syriac Text from an ancient MS. in the British Museum. With a Translation, Notes, &c. By B. HARRIS COWPER. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1857.
- (3.) *The Christian Remembrancer*. A Quarterly Review. January, 1858. London: J. and C. Mozley.

THE quarrels of authors form a very disagreeable chapter of the history of literature, and if sometimes we cannot help laughing, like Mr. Pickwick, when he witnessed the fierce personal encounter of the two rival editors, yet, upon the whole, the impression left upon our minds by these miserable feuds is that of a melancholy farce. There is in such squabbles something so alien from the dignity of letters, that though at first we may be forced to smile, we are sure before long to turn away from the scene in disgust. Anything like a row amidst the haunts of the Muses is instinctively felt to be out of keeping with the *religio loci*, and the objurgatory jargon of the Piræus grates sadly on the ear under the classic shades of Academus. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?* is the question which rises to our lips in such a case, and we shout lustily for the proctor to separate the combative gownsmen.

Happily we may congratulate ourselves that the peace is better kept now within the cloistered seclusion of the schools than formerly. Even theological controversy is more decorously conducted, although instances still occasionally turn up when it is necessary to remind some atrabilious divine that 'the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.' Moreover, the vice of polemical spite and abusiveness never showed a more visible tendency than in our days to gravitate towards the most worthless members of the guild. The last century barely tolerated Bentley's savage onslaughts; but all his learning would not have saved him from ostracism in ours. We have our literary passages of arms, as every age must, that thinks at all; but all educated persons are agreed that there are laws which must be observed by every knight who would honourably earn his spurs. To convert the *stylus* into a stiletto, is to bring back the barbarism of the dark ages, and the use of the tomahawk and of poisoned arrows is for none but Pawnees and Choctaws. The alliance between letters and chivalry is of old standing, and the soul of honour which ever inspired the latter must never cease to animate the former.

A safe rule for the guidance of the pen in the treatment of an opponent is, that we should never write of him what, without a breach of the courtesy due from one gentleman and scholar to another, we should never think of saying to his face. Of this rule we fear the meritorious author of the *Analecta Niccena* has not received the full benefit. It is not our ambition to set ourselves up as a court of appeal for revising the judgments pronounced by other critical tribunals. Ourselves jealous of the independence of the censor's chair, we hope always to respect the rights of our brother reviewers. We feel, moreover, a wholesome dread of that mischievous sort of intervention in questions foreign to us, which the wisest of men tells statesmen, critics, and all others whom it may concern, is like taking a dog by the ears. But when we see what looks too much like a wanton, if not a deliberate attempt to write down a zealous, industrious, and useful labourer in a most important and shamefully neglected field of learning, we feel that the public interest is at stake, and that to keep silence in such a case would be criminal connivance at wrongdoing. Under such circumstances we are bound to protest against, even if we cannot redress, the grievance of which the individual and society, threatened with the loss of his not unimportant services, have alike reason to complain.

In a recent article on 'The Ignatian Controversy,'\* some account was given of the singular discovery by Archdeacon

\* *British Quarterly Review*, No. XLVIII.

Tattam and M. Pacho, of a vast collection of exceedingly ancient and valuable Syriac MSS., and of their ultimate safe transfer from the monasteries of the Nitrian Desert in Egypt to the British Museum. So rich a treasure, it may safely be affirmed, has never found its way into any European library since the Revival of Letters. The volumes are upwards of six hundred in number, and the distinct treatises, or parts of treatises, comprised in them, amount to thousands. The great bulk of them are exceedingly ancient. The youngest was written A.D. 1292, and there is one which bears date A.D. 411. Far more, however, belong to the former half of the intervening nine centuries than to the latter. To show that they are not entirely without interest, even for the classical scholar, we may mention that Mr. Cureton has edited from a venerable palimpsest found amongst them, *Fragments of the Iliad of Homer*; and that from another palimpsest, '*ter scriptus*' the illustrious German scholar Pertz, and his son, have just published portions of the long lost Roman Annalist, *Licinianus*. To these may be added a Syriac translation of Aristotle's *Categories*, by Sergius of Rhessina, in the sixth century, and commentaries on the same philosopher by Probus and Severus, bishop of Kenneserin, together with versions into the same tongue of *Galen de Simplicibus* and the *Theodosian Code*. For by far the greater part, however, the collection belongs to the departments of ecclesiastical antiquity and biblical and patristic literature. In an article which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*\* several years since, generally understood to be from the pen of Mr. Cureton, to whose custody the MSS. were committed on their arrival at the Museum, an interesting analysis is given, exclusive, however of the two hundred and more volumes subsequently recovered by M. Pacho. From this source we learn that there are nearly thirty *codices* belonging to the venerable Peshito version of the Old Testament, and forty to that of the New. There is a Pentateuch dated A.D. 464, and the majority were written as early as the sixth century. There are also large portions of the Philoxenian version, and of Origen's *Hexapla*, as corrected by Eusebius, *with the asterisks, obelisks, &c.* The collection is also uncommonly rich in Old and New Testament Apocryphal books. To the latter class belong the Gospel of the Infancy, the History of the Holy Virgin and her Departure from the World, the Doctrine of Peter which he taught at Rome, and a Letter of Pilate to Herod, and of Herod to Pilate. Several of these are quite new. To the biblical MSS. must also be added the Lectionaries, of which there are several of great antiquity and value. Next come a large mass of rituals, service-books, and liturgies,

including those of the Apostles, of St. James, St. John, St. Matthew, Clement, Ignatius, and Dionysius the Areopagite; of Celestinus, Julius, Sixtus, bishops of Rome; of Basil, of Gregory Theologus; of Cyril and Dioscorus, bishops of Alexandria; of Eustathius, Cyriacus, and Severus, bishops of Antioch; of Philoxenus, bishop of Mabug; of Jacob of Edessa, and Jacob, bishop of Serug; of Maruthas, Thomas of Heraclea, Moses Bar Cepha, John Bar Salibi, and others. For future Harduins and Mansis there are several important copies of the Apostolical Constitutions and Canons, together with the canons and episcopal subscriptions of the Councils of Nice, Ancyra, Neocæsarea, Gangra, Laodicea, Constantinople, Ephesus, Chalcedon, and the full Acts of the Second Council of Ephesus.

We may here mention that Mr. Cowper's *Analecta Nicæna* draws upon the rare resources of this department of the collection. From a MS. of the date A.D. 501, he has printed the subscriptions of the bishops present at the Council of Nice, the first and most deservedly revered of all the so-called General Councils. This list may vie with any extant in completeness, and transcends by many centuries the antiquity of the oldest amongst its rivals, Latin, Greek, and Coptic. Indeed, its great age puts the question of the authenticity of the signatures on quite a different footing from that on which it has hitherto stood. As a sort of *παρεργον* Mr. Cowper, having a page or two to spare, gives the subscriptions of the bishops present at the Synods of Ancyra, Neocæsarea, Gangra, Laodicea (quite new), and Antioch. Prefixed is an inedited letter of the Emperor Constantine, summoning the bishops to Nice. Such is the modest and meritorious publication which a writer in the last number of the *Christian Remembrancer*, who professes to take the deepest interest in ecclesiastical antiquity, and who could not himself decipher a line of the interesting and precious documents which Mr. Cowper's Syriac scholarship has rendered accessible to him, deems it good manners to greet with a churlish, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam!*

We have no thought of entering upon any vindication of Mr. Cowper from the ungenerous and gratuitous aspersions of this amiable critic. That gentleman is well able to defend himself against so vulnerable an opponent. It is enough for us to express our astonishment that even a rampant Tractarian organ should stoop to such very small ways of showing its ecclesiastical antipathies. We are painfully reminded of a similar outburst of bigotry into which a cathedral dignitary was betrayed on being told that a Syriac Testament, which he had taken up in a bookseller's shop in the town, had been ordered for an Independent minister; — 'Pon my word!' said the dean, 'like his impudence! What



should he know of Syriac?' But what we most regret is, that Mr. Cureton should have previously lent the sanction of his respectable name to this unworthy attempt to crush an unobtrusive and honourable fellow-labourer in the boundless and almost untrodden field of Syriac exploration. Surely in the new world so unexpectedly and happily brought to light, there is room for more than one Columbus, for we have not nearly gone through the confessedly very meagre enumeration on which we have drawn of the treasures of the collection. There are two copies of the '*Doctrine of the Apostles*,' which, if it be not the work mentioned by Eusebius under that title, is at least six centuries older than the date assigned to it by the late Cardinal Mai, who published it for the first time, but erroneously attributed it to the thirteenth century, whereas neither of the British Museum MSS. was written later than the sixth. We are further told—

'Of the Apostolic Fathers there are found in this collection two copies of the *Recognitions* ascribed to St. Clement, and three epistles of St. Ignatius—to St. Polycarp, to the Ephesians, and the Romans. To these we should add several copies of the works ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite. Of other ecclesiastical writers of the second and third centuries—besides various fragments from their works cited by other authors—we recover in this Syriac collection an oration of Melito, Bishop of Sardis, to the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, which, however, does not agree with that cited by Eusebius in his *Ecclesiastical History* (book iv., chap. xxvi.); the entire *Dialogue on Fate*, by Bardesanes, of which a fragment had been preserved by Eusebius in the 10th chapter of the Sixth Book of his *Præparatio Evangelica*; and two or three Treatises of Gregory Thaumaturgus, which appear to have been hitherto unknown.

'Of ecclesiastical writers of the fourth century,—Titus, Bishop of Bostra, against the Manicheans. The original Greek is imperfect, and the last book lost; the Syriac version is complete, and was transcribed A.D. 411. In the same manuscript are contained two works of Eusebius, on *The Divine Manifestation of Our Lord*, and on *The Martyrs of Palestine*. We find here, also, the five first books of his *Ecclesiastical History*, transcribed early in the sixth century. Of Athanasius,—his *Commentary on the Psalms*, *Life of St. Anthony*, and his *Festal Letters*, but not complete. Of these letters Athanasius wrote upwards of forty—that is, one for every year of his patriarchate—it having been a practice with patriarchs of Alexandria to send a cyclical letter at Christmas to all the bishops of their province, to inform them on what day Easter was to be observed. These have all perished in the original Greek, except a fragment of the thirty-ninth preserved by Theodorus Balsamon. Of Basil,—the treatise on *The Holy Spirit*, transcribed A.D. 509, not one hundred and thirty years after his death; his *Regulæ fusiùs Tractatæ*, treatise on *Virginity*, and various sermons. Of Gregory of Nyssa,—*Homilies on the Lord's Prayer*, on

*the Beatitudes*, and other sermons, some written in the sixth century. Of Gregory Theologus,—his works translated into Syriac by Paul, an Abbot in the island of Cyprus, A.D. 624, with commentaries by Severus, Bishop of Nisibis; one copy transcribed A.D. 790; another, A.D. 840; and others, which appear more ancient. Of Ephraem Syrus,—many sermons, metrical discourses, and hymns; among which are several things not comprised in Assemani's edition of his works—for example, his tract against Julian, supposed to have been lost. One of these manuscripts is dated A.D. 519, or about one hundred and fifty years after the death of the author; others appear to be still more ancient.

Of Fathers at the end of the fourth century and the commencement of the fifth,—nearly all the works of John Chrysostom, in manuscripts of great antiquity. One copy of the *Homilies on St. Matthew* is dated A.D. 557, about one hundred and fifty years after his death; another copy, without date, of the same *Homilies*, appears to be about a hundred years earlier. Several treatises of Proclus, his successor on the patriarchal throne of Constantinople. The *Historia Lausiaca* of Palladius; also the account of the Egyptian monks by Evagrius Ponticus with others of his works; a short treatise on Heresies by Epiphanius, written A.D. 562, less than one hundred and sixty years after his decease, together with extracts from his other works. Almost all the works of Cyril of Alexandria, of very great antiquity; among which we would specify the treatise on *Adoration in Spirit and in Truth*, transcribed A.D. 553, about a hundred and ten years after his death. His *Commentary on St. Luke*, in two volumes, of which the original Greek is lost, excepting a very few passages preserved in the *Calene on St. Luke*. Some of Cyril's works were translated into Aramaic during his lifetime by Rabulas, who was then Bishop of Edessa.

In the beginning of the sixth century, a work of Timotheus, patriarch of Alexandria, against the Council of Chalcedon, transcribed A.D. 562, twenty-five years after his death; various letters of his successors, Theodosius and Theodorus; numerous writings of Severus (Patriarch of Antioch), among which we would specify a volume of sermons, transcribed A.D. 569, or only about thirty years after his death; many of his works were translated into Syriac during his lifetime, in the year 528, at Edessa, by Paul, Bishop of Callinicum. Of these writers of the sixth century nothing more is preserved to us in the Greek than the titles of their works, and not even the whole of these. This arises probably from their having been diligently suppressed by the Emperor and the opposite party, by whom they had been condemned; they are, however, most important for throwing light upon the history of the first half of the sixth century, more especially on several important events consequent upon the Council of Chalcedon, concerning which we have little more at present than the statement of one party.'

In the important department of Church History we have, besides the above-mentioned works of Eusebius, a contemporary *Ecclesiastical History*, by John, Bishop of Ephesus, reaching to

A.D. 583, at about which date the MS. must have been transcribed. This is quite new, and the Third Part has been given to the world in Syriac, by Mr. Cureton. Mr. Cowper, however, informs him, that a great portion of the Second Part also is extant in the collection, of which fact he seems to have been quite unaware. Neither does he say anything about the lost *Church History* of Zacharias, which a German Scholar, Dr. Land, is preparing to edit, the existence of which, also, amongst the Nitrian MSS. has long been no secret to Mr. Cowper. Then we have Ecclesiastical Chronicles, martyrologies, biographies of saints, fathers, and eminent bishops, all in the richest abundance, and only waiting to be ransacked to supply us with plenty of new and invaluable information. There are, besides, several heresiological writers, new and old. Mr. Harvey, whose Cambridge *Irenæus* is now exciting so much attention, picked out thirty fragments belonging to that all but apostolic father, whereas Mr. Cureton was able to supply Dom Pitru, for his *Spicilegium Solesmense*, with no more than a brace. Of Ascetic writings, moreover, there is ample store, whilst of native Syriac authors there is naturally a large number, most of whom are now for the first time introduced to the notice of the Western world, although they have long been names to conjure with in the East.

John Bull may well be proud of having added to his splendid library such a vast acquisition as this. But then comes Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's question—'What will he do with it?' a pointed and puzzling inquiry, which prompts unpleasant misgivings. Of one thing, however, we may be sure, that the worst use he can put it to is to allow it to become a bone of contention to his clerks and librarians. All of us are deeply indebted to Mr. Cureton for what he has done to coin the gold from these rich diggings and to put it into general circulation. But then it must not be forgotten that, as one of the very few ripe Syriac scholars amongst us, and particularly as the custodian of the Nitrian MSS., he enjoyed many advantages over others, and that much was therefore naturally expected of him by the learned world, especially in making the numerous and precious *inedita* amongst them generally accessible at the earliest possible period. The foretaste he gave us in his various Ignatian publications was enough to whet our appetites, and no wonder many hungry readers, like poor Oliver Twist, were emboldened to ask for more. A lustrum passed away, and the *Spicilegium Syriacum*, advertised on the fly-leaf of the *Corpus Ignatianum* as already in the press, and stated to consist of ante-Nicene patristic remains, was still unpublished. More sharp-set than ever, the famished multitude were mocked with a stone instead of bread—*John of*

*Ephesus*, to wit, in Syriac, *without a translation*. Nearly another lustrum slipped by before the promised loaf came, and then it was *stale*. M. Renan, a distinguished young French Orientalist, had already printed at Paris a Latin version of *Bardesanes*, and Mr. Cowper had translated into English, in the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, the *Apology of Melito*. The only piece in the *Spicelegium Syriacum* that was new, was a 'Letter from Mara Bar Serapion to his Son,' and this turns out to be a very trivial matter. Now no doubt it must have been very mortifying to the learned Canon of Westminster, after having hidden his nuggets so snugly again in the hole, to find them gone when he least expected it. But so far as we can see he has none but himself to blame. It is true he had announced his intention of editing *Bardesanes* so early as 1845, but of this M. Renan was not aware, and even if he had been, one does not see that seven years was too short a time for him and the world to wait Mr. Cureton's pleasure. M. Renan, however, it seems, on being civilly informed by that gentleman that he had been poaching, has appeased the wrath of the offended Asiarch by as humble an apology as that recently received by Lord Clarendon from M. Walewski for the insertion in the *Moniteur* of the blustering colonels' addresses, and the *entente cordiale* is, happily restored. As to Melito—or, as Mr. Cureton prefers to call him, Meliton, by the same rule which teaches him to write Platon, Cicéron, and Néron—the notice prefixed to the *Spicelegium Syriacum* says nothing about any previously announced purpose of editing his *Apology*. How, therefore, Mr. Cowper was to divine that the Syriac text of it had been already printed, and an English translation prepared as early as 1846, is not very clear. Nor, had he possessed this knowledge, which he did not, would there have been any breach of literary courtesy in his taking up, after the lapse of a reasonable time, what must have seemed an abandoned design, especially in a case in which the public convenience, and not merely Mr. Cureton's, might fairly demand to be consulted. We think, therefore, that the Canon of Westminster somewhat committed himself in handling Mr. Cowper so severely as he has done in the preface and the notes to his *Spicelegium*—for which, by-the-bye, we might possibly have waited another nine years but for the mild stimulus supplied by that gentleman and M. Renan. Granting that he has hit a few palpable blots in his forerunner's translation—which Mr. Cowper himself admits, though not without making heavy reprisals—the bulk of his criticisms betray captiousness and injustice, and the spirit of the whole thing seems sadly wanting in dignity and generosity. His touchiness about the fancied invasion upon his peculiar province, and the

asperity of his remarks, force upon us a reminiscence of a story told of Sheridan. The wit was out shooting one day with a friend, when a puffy old personage was seen stalking across the stubble and evidently making for them. On coming up to them he fiercely asked, 'Do you know these are my manors?' 'I was not aware of it,' said Sheridan; 'but since you tell me so, I feel bound to say that they are not the manors of a gentleman.' The before irate preserver of game, it is added, was so pleased with the smartness of the retort, that he at once invited the strangers home to dine with him, and detained them with his excellent claret till the small hours. We confess we should like to see Mr. Cureton and Mr. Cowper composing this miserable literary quarrel in a somewhat similar way, and pledging each other in cheerful cups of the good old wine of Helbon or some other Syriac vintage. The case for a hearty union of all the slender forces at our command in overhauling the *embarras de richesses* placed at our disposal by Archdeacon Tattam's discovery, cannot be more strongly put than it is by the *Quarterly* reviewer; and if this be, as is commonly said, Mr. Cureton himself, he ought to be the last to nurse a grudge against any honest reaper for filling his bosom with the golden sheaves crying aloud for the sickle.

'In closing a very brief notice of this collection,' says that writer, 'we cannot refrain from congratulating the learned of Europe generally that these manuscripts have been rescued from perishing in a vault in the desert of Africa; and we shall perhaps be forgiven for indulging in a little national pride when we rejoice that they are deposited in the British Museum. We are, however, constrained at the same time to confess that this our joy is much sobered down by the apprehension that these valuable works, although now safe from the danger of destruction, will still lie upon our shelves in almost as great neglect as they did in the oil-cellar of the monastery. There are but few Oriental scholars in England, and among those few the Syriac has hardly found any attention. The number of persons at present competent to make any use of this matchless collection is very limited; and even of those who may be competent, one is too far removed to be able to avail himself of it, a second too much pressed by other duties; neither can we foresee any prospect of young scholars rising up to whom we may look forward as future explorers of this extensive mine.\* The mercantile spirit pervades even our literary pursuits, and that is most studied which is most likely to turn out to some material advantage, not that which most tends to intellectual profit. We have some Hebrew scholars; there are Hebrew professorships in both the Universities; that in Oxford is well endowed. We have a few indifferent

\* To snub them at the outset, when they do show themselves, will strike most readers as an odd means of brightening that prospect.

Arabic students; there are also chairs for Arabic, indifferently endowed, in both Universities. The foundation of the Sanscrit chair and scholarships in Oxford has already engaged several in the study of that language; and the additional facilities afforded to obtain the means of wealth and distinction in India, by the knowledge of the Persian, have produced several eminent Persian scholars. But the Syriac, a language which, by every association, would seem to call for our sympathies more than any other, hardly excepting the Hebrew itself, has hitherto been in this country almost entirely neglected. There are no lectures read in this language in the University of London. There is no professorship of Syriac in Oxford or Cambridge; and while no less than three new theological chairs have been lately established in Oxford, the Syriac language, which would afford more light than any other for the critical explanation of the text of the New Testament—perhaps of the Old Testament also—which contains much patristical theology, and vast materials for ecclesiastical history, that cannot be elsewhere obtained, has been left without a professor, and consequently, perhaps, without a student.'

We ought here to remark, as some mitigation of the sombre picture, that Syriac forms part of the *curriculum* of most, if not of all, the Dissenting Colleges—a fact which, we are sure, has been ignored in the above passage through nothing but inadvertence or want of due information. But even with this abatement the urgency of the want is pressing enough. It is not creditable to this country, that as many, if not more, foreigners than Englishmen are working these Syriac diggings. Surely far more could and should devote themselves to the task. But if this be more than can be hoped for, at least we ought not to be scandalized by any pitiful wrangling amongst the handful actually engaged.

- ART. IX.—(1.) *Statistical Tables of the Colonial and other Possessions of the United Kingdom.* 1857.
- (2.) *Historical Researches into the Customs, Constitution, and Commerce of the principal Nations of Antiquity.* By A. H. L. HEEREN.
- (3.) *History of the Indian Archipelago: containing an Account of the Manners, Arts, Languages, Religion, Institutions, and Commerce of its Inhabitants.* By JOHN CRAWFORD, F.R.S., late British Resident at the Court of the Sultan of Java. 3 vols. Edinburgh: 1850.
- (4.) *India in 1858.* By ARTHUR MILLS. London: 1858.
- (5.) *Expedition to Borneo.* By Hon. Capt. KEPPEL, R.N. London: 1847.
- (6.) *Suggestions for the Future Government of India.* By Miss MARTINEAU. 1858.

It is a prominent feature in our national character, that the most heart-stirring interests of the day soon slide away into cold commercial problems. When military difficulties arise, few other nations, probably, deal with them with equal energy. When political questions present themselves in turn, few nations address themselves to their solution with wider intellectual grasp. But before the enthusiasm has subsided—and while there is still need of vigorous military administration, and of acute political reasoning—the subject invariably begins to develop a new phasis. The British people are still, undoubtedly, resolved to avenge the wrongs of their countrymen. but there is no denying that they soon indicate a tendency to consult their pockets as well as their sentiments. They will put down insurrection; they will avenge murder; they will reorganize Government; but they will also get something tangible for their pains.

Unless we are widely mistaken, before the questions of the double Government and of the local administration of India shall be finally set at rest, a commercial agitation will arise. We are already conscious that we have widely misgoverned that country; but we are pre-eminently conscious that we have not developed its marketable resources. Of all the empires which have possessed India in different ages of the world, none have possessed it as ourselves. We alone have organized it, and we alone have integrated it into the conquering empire. We have done with India very much what Rome did with Gaul in the age of the Cæsars. We have made it, not a *propugnaculum imperii*, but a *pars imperii*. Portugal, France, and Holland, effected no such result. As the conquering race of India in this age of the world,

we stand, therefore, on a different footing from any of our predecessors in that position.

It is on this account that our rule in India must still be regarded as an experimental rule, and our Indian future as peculiarly an indeterminate future. We come into the possession of India, applying to it principles of government that are without precedent among other conquering States; and which, in their present degree of application, are without precedent even among ourselves. There is no doubt, at the same time, that much has happened which is calculated to clear away our illusions and to expand our knowledge. Since the age of Clive and Hastings the preposterous notions of Indian wealth, which were then common, have been discarded as fabulous and chimerical. We have long learnt that India, after all, is a poor country: or, at least, that it is a country much less wealthy than our own. A population of 160,000,000 afford the State a revenue of less than thirty millions. The immense fortunes which were formerly amassed there, during a few years, were fortunes amassed by every species of extortion, and often by open violence. The fortunes which are amassed there at this day—less rapid and less considerable—still chiefly arise from the factitious superiority of the few. English officials are not paid higher salaries, nor are English barristers entitled to higher fees than they would receive at home, because India is a richer country than their own, but because they would not go to Calcutta and Bombay without greater incentives than lie before them in London. The wealth of the dominant race in India is therefore no index of the wealth of the subject race. Yet, although these illusions are now dispelled, there is no doubt that the wealth of our Indian possessions remains in a great degree undeveloped.

With these views, we propose to forestall the probable diversion of the public mind to the question of Indian commerce. In order to deal with this subject in its fullest comprehension, it is necessary to glance at the relation borne by India to Europe in all ages of which we have any record. It is important to observe what that relation has been, under successive changes of empire in Europe, under changes of civilization, of manners, of means of intercourse, of navigation, and of military rule.

The existence of India, then, has been to Europe, in all such ages, a great commercial fact. While the political relations between Europe and India have widely varied during almost every century, and have often been quite extinguished, commercial relations have been permanent. The products which once supplied Babylon and Rome now supply London and Paris. All this, of course, is the mere result of the difference between the



permanent laws of Nature and the temporary character of political systems. But while civilized Europe has always looked upon India as a source of trade, both in the luxuries and in the necessities of life, her commercial relations in different periods with that country are marked by two cardinal distinctions. In the first place, under the Roman Empire, the trade maintained between Europe and India was chiefly *indirect* ; whereas, in the modern age, it has been chiefly *direct*. In other words, Rome did not maintain the *carrying trade*, even by land, between Europe and India, which Venice, Holland, and Great Britain have successively usurped by sea. In the second place, it was the genius of Roman policy to subordinate wealth to arms—to exalt dominion above commerce. On the other hand, it has been the genius of modern States to look to commerce as the end of their territorial acquisitions.

The poets will aptly illustrate our meaning. If we contrast the language of Virgil, in the age of Augustus, with the language of Dryden, in the age of Louis XIV. and Charles II., we shall trace just this difference between the Indian policy of ancient and of modern Europe. The eulogistic address of Virgil to the Cæsar of his day—

‘ Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum,’

implies that India was rather an empire to be subjugated for territorial security, than an empire to be traded with—as by the Venetians and the Dutch—and still less to be organized and civilized, as is now the experimental policy of our own countrymen. It exactly illustrates the difference which had crept into the Indian policy of Europe during seventeen centuries, to compare this view with Dryden’s description of the Indian commerce of the Dutch in 1666 :—

‘ The sun but seemed the labourer of their year:  
Each waxing moon supplied her watery store,  
To swell those tides which from the Line did bear  
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.’

A view of the commerce of ancient India has its practical importance, inasmuch as it bears directly upon the natural properties and products of that country in our own day. It will be inferred from what we have just said, that the most permanent feature of Indian history rests in the progressive development of its commerce. This development, more or less continuous as between India and the West, has proceeded for some three thousand years. We need hardly therefore apprehend that we have conducted that development to its utmost limit. To consult the interests of Anglo-Indian commerce at this day,

we ought to possess some notion of what the trade of India, both external and domestic, has been from the earliest periods of which we have any certain record. We here therefore propose to glance at the whole subject.

The Indians themselves never were an active or energetic nation. The introduction of Mahometanism made no appreciable difference in their commercial character; for the enterprise and mental activity commonly displayed by the advocates of that faith were cancelled by their religious antipathy to trade. Hindooism, which was venerable before Mahometanism arose, seems not unlikely to outlive Mahometanism in turn. At any rate our notions of Indian trade are connected with the Hindoos, as well after as before the introduction of the Crescent. This want of national enterprise is the more remarkable, since Hindoo fables abound with the most romantic exploits. Yet even in such ancient works as the *Periplus*, the *Ramayana*, and the *Sacntala*, it is clear that the Hindoos were the same dull, passive race that we know them to have been in later ages. They were cut off by a chain of nearly impassable mountains from communion with the North. They were very indifferent mariners, and their only notion of the sea was the Bay of Bengal, which we find perpetually used by them as an interchangeable term for the whole ocean. So strongly was this passive character innate among them, that it was maintained in spite of the encouragement to commerce which their religion afforded. In this respect they held a footing of advantage, not only over the Mahometans, but over the Egyptians of an earlier age, who regarded the sea as *impure*; for the Institutes of Menu indirectly sanction commercial interchange.

The backwardness of the Hindoos as a trading nation, in all ages, arose also from another equally permanent cause. Indo-European commerce has always been maintained by far more in consequence of the advantage derived from it by Europe than of the advantage derived from it by India. The western nations, therefore, have been actuated by much stronger incentives to seek Indian commerce than the Hindoos to seek European commerce. The nation which was least in want, or was least avaricious, was naturally least active. The negative attitude of the Hindoos towards Europe is therefore the result of two principal causes. They are an inert and unambitious race, and they have had less, as they conceive, to gain from Europe than Europe has had to gain from India.

But we must not suppose that the Hindoos have been equally unenterprising towards the Asiatic nations with whom they had more direct and obvious commercial interests. In their most

ancient literature we find recognitions even of a certain maritime traffic. Sir William Jones has brought to light from the *Hitopadesa*, the very acute and original remark, that '*a ship is a necessary requisite for enabling a man to traverse the ocean.*' This inculcation reads as though it were the postulate of an argument in favour of commerce, to be built up with mathematical severity. In the *Ramayana*, scholars in Oriental literature read also of 'merchants who traffic beyond sea, and bring presents to the king.' From these circumstances it is clear that even maritime international commerce was not unknown among the Hindoos, before Western civilization had extended to their shores.

Nevertheless the Hindoos, viewed collectively as a nation, strangely appeared to repudiate commerce. Trade, where it was conducted by them, fell into the hands of the few. This few became almost a caste. The Hindoo merchants were called 'Banians.' They settled themselves at different marts of trade, indifferently within and without the confines of their own nation. The profession descended from father to son, and from son to grandson, until the Banians acquired a hereditary character, though always liable to be interfused by fresh mercantile speculators. Heeren quotes the statement of Cloupet, the French traveller in Arabia, that the commerce of Arabia Felix is at this day wholly in the hands of the Banians of Guzerat, who had been settled there during some generations. It is also estimated that there are now 300 Banians at Bekhara. It would seem, therefore, that the machinery of purely Oriental trade, as maintained by the Hindoos, has undergone little change during many ages.

China was the principal country with which ancient India appears to have maintained commercial relations. Commerce was maintained by the overland route through Bactria, and by sea from the mouth of the Ganges to Limyria. The former, by which the bulk of early Indian trade probably passed, is presumed to be the same route with that which is traversed at this day by a portion of the Hindoo trading community of India.

Heeren asserts that the cotton garments described in ancient Indian records are identical with the cotton garments worn by Hindoos now. It appears that the Cashmere shawls, always in much favour among English ladies, are identical with the Cashmere shawls worn no doubt by the fine ladies of Babylon nearly three thousand years ago! 'What,' asks Heeren, 'can be the 'woollen stuffs' described by Ezekiel the prophet—and what 'the coloured cloths and rich apparel' brought to Tyre and Babylon from distant countries (by which he understands India)—but modern Cashmere shawls?'

The truth is, Eastern *manufactures* are in nearly the same

condition now as in the Babylonian age, and the great products are in all respects the same now as then.

In the remote times of which we speak, the carrying-trade between India and the West was maintained jointly by the Tyrians and the Arabs, in the instances at least in which it was conveyed by the ports of the Red Sea. At those ports the trade of the Arabs ceased; and the conveyance of Indian goods to the few civilized States of the Mediterranean was continued by the Tyrians. But the Asiatic carrying-trade gradually expired. The Greeks—after the extinction of their independence the agents of the world—became settlers in Egypt. Established midway, or nearly so, between Europe and India, they became the principal carriers, both in the Red Sea and in the Mediterranean. Another change occurred; and the Greek traffic, impaired in the Asiatic waters, became nearly extinct in the European. When the monopoly of the Egyptian Greeks declined, commerce found its way to the Mediterranean coasts by the double channel of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. The trade by the latter route afterwards went up the Euphrates and the Tigris, passing by Aleppo and Antioch through the dominion of ruined Tyre. Hence arose the frequency of European adventure on these rivers in the middle ages, and hence Aleppo has always maintained its commercial importance. So widely had this adventure penetrated in those times, that in the sixteenth, if not in the fifteenth, century, a company of British merchants had established themselves on the Euphrates. The goods, however, thus brought during the middle ages to the Mediterranean shores by a medley of traders formed of all nations, were shipped and transmitted through Europe by the Venetians and the Genoese. The devolution of the Indo-European carrying trade into their hands forms the most fixed feature of this commerce in the middle age. In Northern Europe the Hanse Towns aided in the dissemination of Eastern products. Much of this valuable trade sprang from the Indian Archipelago, as well as from the Indian Peninsula. So little acquainted were the European nations generally with the countries that produced the luxuries of life, that the islands of the Archipelago appear, up to the sixteenth century, to have been scarcely known by name.

But with the end of the fifteenth century another and a greater change occurred. The discovery of Vasco di Gama in 1486 changed the fate of the commercial world. The Cape of Good Hope, once discovered and possessed by Portuguese sailors, and the Cape once doubled by their ships, Eastern trade passed by another route. In 1512 the first Portuguese ship was laden with spices such as had never before passed through the plains

and estuaries of Western Asia. Venetian commerce was threatened with annihilation. The Hanse Towns apprehended nearly an equal calamity. Portugal threatened to monopolize the carrying-trade between the Eastern and the Western world.

But it must not be supposed that this great discovery immediately effected the consequences that it threatened. Few governments appear to have been less aware how to seize a great opportunity than the Portuguese at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It must be remembered, at the same time, that they entered on this great enterprise when the arts of government and navigation were a century behind their condition in the era in which the Dutch possessed themselves of the same empire. But it was a fatal error in Portuguese policy, that the Government, instead of opening the Indian trade to the nation, held it in their own hands. At the period of its origin it is true that there existed no mercantile navy in Europe capable of navigating the Indian seas. For the moment, therefore, it was necessary that the King's ships should carry Indian goods. But the Crown, instead of stimulating popular enterprise, repressed it. When ship-building had reached such a development that the royal dockyards launched vessels of war of twelve hundred tons, there could be no vital obstacle to the creation of an adequate mercantile navy by the Portuguese public.

The Portuguese principles of intercourse with India were marked by another leading error. . They gave more prominence to dominion by force of arms and to religious conversion than to commerce. Of their efforts towards the establishment of Christianity we should speak with every reverence, had they not marred them by a fanaticism, and, indeed, a persecuting spirit, which degraded their religious profession. No permanent hold was likely to be secured to the Christian faith by a process so antagonistic to its precepts. Yet in spite of this impolicy, Mr. Crawford (long British resident at Java) assures us, that 'more monuments of the arts of the Portuguese, of their religion, and of their language, exist in the Archipelago than of those who succeeded them, whose authority has been twice as long established, and who are at this moment in the actual exercise of it.' It was but the natural result of this sort of dominion, in which the civilizing influence even of a distorted form of true religion cancelled the barbarizing tendency of a military dominion in that age, that more should be effected for civilization than for commerce.

The Portuguese governed their Eastern colonies under singularly conflicting notions of that commercial policy which it would be an anachronism to term political economy. While

they were so impolitic as to discourage the mercantile marine of their own country, they never attempted, like their successors, to limit or regulate the growth of the favourite articles of commerce :—

‘It happened, therefore,’ writes Mr. Crawford, ‘from the degree of freedom which prevailed, that their commercial establishments prospered exceedingly, notwithstanding the vices and violence of their administration. Malacca, famed as a commercial emporium under its native sovereigns, lost none of its reputation under the Portuguese. An active and unlimited intercourse existed between the Indian islands and China, and between them and Japan, of a beneficial nature unknown to their successors.’

But while this prosperity prevailed in the East Indies, Europe gained little benefit. Eastern luxuries, indeed, were more scarce than they had been before the discovery of the Cape. The Portuguese wars in the Moluccas diminished the growth of spices; the ancient carriers of the trade by the Arabian and Persian Gulfs were plundered by the usurpers from the West; and the Gulfs were seized and blockaded by a European marine, virtually a fleet of pirates. The military navy of the Portuguese did not carry one-third of the Indian goods which had been brought into Europe in the previous age by the Venetians and the Genoese. The discovery of the passage by the Cape, during nearly the whole of the sixteenth century, was therefore not simply a calamity to Genoa and Venice, but an evil to the rest of Europe.

But the seventeenth century followed; and with it the Eastern enterprise of Holland replaced that of Portugal. The arts of commerce and navigation had meanwhile expanded. Dutch trade with the Indies thus widely differed from Portuguese, that it was the trade, not of the State, but (theoretically at least) of individuals. But the trade of individuals soon passed into the trade of commercial monopolies. This, indeed, was then inevitable. There was little individual wealth. There was even less organized trade. Barings and Hopes were only to be made up by aggregating individual speculators into companies. No extensive trade, therefore, could have been carried on between Holland and the East Indies except by means of monopolies. Indeed, the adaptation of monopolies to those times, and their impolicy in our own, is but one of many illustrations of the reason, which has been often asked, why political economy was not known before the latter part of the eighteenth century. The truth is that, although the wealth of the Archipelago even under the Portuguese rule was fully adapted to the liberality of its commercial principles, the corresponding wealth of Europe was wholly unequal to reciprocate the benefit of such principles.

Monopolies became, in the sixteenth century, the machinery of individuals for the development of national interests.

But these monopolies of Indian trade were chiefly mere speculations. This was common both to British and Dutch monopolies. Of one of them we are told, that it was formed of 'dukes, earls, judges, knights, the king's counsel, privy councillors, countesses, ladies, doctors of divinity, doctors of physic, widows, and virgins!' It was simple gambling. The peers and the doctors, the old ladies and the young ladies, put their money into East India trade, as they would have put it into a lottery. A clear indication that the speculation was of this character is to be found in the sums for which each speculated. For the first English voyage to India, Crawford tells us that the whole number of subscribers was 237, of whom 212 were for sums under 300*l*. In the second joint-stock company of the English, it appears that the whole subscribers were 951, of whom only 338 were merchants.

The development of the Companies into quasi-sovereign societies arose from the exact contrast between the policy of the Dutch and English Governments on the one hand, and the Portuguese Government on the other. The Court of Lisbon, as we have seen, were both the rulers and the speculators in the East. The British and Dutch Governments, on the other hand, in abnegating all commercial enterprise, abnegated also all territorial and political pretensions. Now trade could only be maintained by means of local factories: the factories could not be made secure without forts: the forts presupposed other means of military defence: the commercial monopolies, thus established and secured, provoked native jealousy: this conflict of interest produced a conflict of arms: the result of this conflict, both among the Dutch and the English settlements, was usually favourable to the intruders: the territory surrounding the forts was consequently evacuated: the settlement grew into a district: the district grew into a province: and finally with ourselves, on the Indian mainland, the province expanded into an empire.

The Dutch and British East India Companies were both developed by these means. A vast difference is to be traced in the extent to which the two Companies carried their respective power. And there is a corresponding difference between the vigour of Dutch rule a century after its establishment, and the vigour of our own rule at this day, a century after the battle of Plassy. But the introduction of Dutch rule in the East Indies, during the seventeenth century, marks two novel principles of European supremacy in the East. The *first* rests in the subordination of territorial empire to commercial wealth: the *second*

represents the application to India of the great principle of commercial monopolies which is now fading away from the face of the globe.

The Dutch and English, in this manner, soon lost the simple character of Eastern traders, in which they first navigated the Indian seas. Originally, indeed, they stood in honourable contrast to the Spaniards and Portuguese. The acts of piracy which frequently stained the annals of the latter nations in these seas, rarely attached to the history of the former. But when the Portuguese rule declined, the Dutch usurped their place, and, to a certain extent, imitated their violence.

The cessation of the Portuguese rule thus developed what we may term 'coercive monopolies.' Once established in factories, and defended by forts, the Companies sought to carry out, as against the Indians, the monopoly which they enjoyed, as against their own countrymen. Occasionally, therefore, they built forts as much to overawe the native governments as to protect their commercial establishments. Whenever a company obtained a preponderance of power, it was their first care to establish a commercial treaty with the native Government. The means employed by the agents of the Companies for this purpose were sometimes surreptitious, sometimes violent. Anyhow, it is to be apprehended that law and justice were not greatly regarded. The object of these treaties has been aptly described, 'to exclude all rivalry and competition, to obtain the staple products of industry at their own prices, and to possess the exclusive monopoly of the native market for their own imagined advantage. Every attempt on the part of the natives to evade the flagrant injustice, as well as absurdity, which an adherence to them implied, was construed by the traders of Europe, exercising sovereign authority, as a *perfidious* (?) violation of their *rights* (?), and accordingly punished to the utmost of their power.' Hence, as well as from the innate jealousies of the native Governments, arose the continual wars between the settlers and the original inhabitants. This sketch describes the growth of the European colonies—and especially of the Dutch—in the Archipelago, more directly than on the mainland.

The most extraordinary result of such relations between the European and Asiatic population was to introduce serfdom into the East Indies. The bloodshed incident to these wars had so depopulated the districts in proximity to European settlements, that the land could no longer be maintained in cultivation under the existing laws.

'The resource,' writes Crawford, 'was to convert the population of each particular country into predial slaves, and to compel them, by



arbitrary edicts, to cultivate the most favoured products of their soil, and to deliver them exclusively to the monopolists at such prices as the latter might be pleased to grant. It was on this principle, equally iniquitous and unprofitable, that the English have obtained their supplies of pepper, and the Dutch their pepper, their coffee, their cloves, and their nutmegs.'

It is difficult to conceive any rule more alien from that which we now maintain in continental India than what existed some two centuries ago in the Archipelago. During the mutinies—which we are now happily surmounting—we have had an opportunity, such as no other nation has perhaps ever obtained, of testing the appreciation of our rule by the populations which we had subjected. To the mass of the Indian people, unacquainted with our home resources, India must then have seemed lost to the British Empire; yet even in the worst districts of the Bengal Presidency, scarcely a single peasant avowed himself on the side of the mutineers, even when those mutineers marched in triumph from province to province. The population knew that the British dominion, whatever the imperfections it possessed, was the guardian of their rights, and the guarantee of their domestic peace.

But two centuries ago the European name was execrated throughout the Indies. The odious rapacity of those who bore it had engendered a universal rancour and malignity on the part of the governed races.

Nor was this all. The Dutch were hated by the English, and the English were hated by the Dutch, as cordially as Dutch and English were detested in common by the Asiatics. They traduced each other, arresting their hatred for the moment when it became their united interest to traduce the Spaniards and Portuguese. The Asiatic Governments, which were still powerful enough to resist the European settlers, renounced intercourse with them. Two of the most trusted contemporary authorities on this head are Captain Hamilton, who wrote a *New Account of the East Indies*, and Captain Bceckman, who wrote his *Voyage to Borneo*. Both these works date from the reign of Anne; and they afford a striking instance at once of the immoral cupidity of bodies of armed merchants, conquering for lucre, and of the intense detestation in which the European name was then held in the Eastern seas.

Such is a picture of European rule in the East Indies two centuries after its foundation—the saturnalia of conquering merchants! It will have been seen how broadly the Anglo-Dutch rule differed from the ancient, and even from the Portuguese, in respect of the predominance assigned to commerce. In point of

violence, little distinction appears to be found between the different races of usurping settlers, notwithstanding Mr. Crawford's somewhat paradoxical assertion relating to the peculiar traces of Portuguese civilization in the Archipelago. The lust of trade, in the one instance, was as cruel and as brutalizing as the lust of territory in the other.

But it is time that we should refer to dates with more precision. Let us glance at the manner in which India became distinctively associated with the name of England.

We have fixed the discovery of the Cape in 1486, by Vasco di Gama, as the dawn of modern Indian trade, distinguished from the mediæval trade maintained by Venice, Genoa, and the Hanseatic League. Twelve years afterwards, in 1498, Vasco di Gama reached Calicut. The Portuguese Empire dates from the occupation of Goa by Albuquerque, in 1500. This empire gained recognition in Europe chiefly in virtue of a Papal Bull—then of equal validity throughout Western Europe—allotting to the Court of Lisbon the whole empire of the East. It is not surprising that a dominion attained under such a licence was marked by a spirit of fanatical proselytism. The career of Albuquerque, it cannot be denied, bore some relation to the career of Clive, two centuries and a half later. It is said that with five hundred Europeans he defeated the King of Ormuz at the head of thirty thousand. At any rate, the disparity in number was probably immense. He next conquered Malacca, raised Portuguese fortresses along the whole coast line of his possessions, and established a firm dominion in the East. His political talents were even more remarkable in that age than his military exploits. He was among the first to perceive that wealth, and even the state revenue, were to be gained by the freedom of trade; and it may be said that he anticipated in Asia early in the sixteenth century what the most enlightened states of Europe have not perceived until the nineteenth. The policy of Albuquerque was subverted by the hideous reign of grinding monopolies, and was first faintly restored by the abolition of the exclusive trading licences of our own East India Company in 1815.

Albuquerque, then, was the founder not only of the Portuguese, but of the EUROPEAN Empire in India, and the originator of the commercial principles which we now maintain in those territories. The conquests which followed his reign were rapid. The coast of Ceylon had been occupied by the Portuguese in 1505. Malacca was taken in 1512. In 1516, Portuguese intercourse commenced in China. In 1534, a Portuguese settlement was formed at Macao. The Dutch trade commenced about 1590. Holland occupied the Mauritius in 1598. She wrenched Malacca

from Portugal in 1605. She attempted to open a trade with China in 1622. She took Trincomalee in 1632. Meanwhile, the Portuguese dominion had declined. The Embassy sent from Lisbon to Japan failed in 1640, and Portugal was expelled from Ceylon in 1656, during the reign of Cromwell. Thus, in the middle of the seventeenth century the Dutch were the only important competitors of the English in point of trade.

The English trade with the East Indies originated in the Levant, before Venice had been robbed by Portugal. The great Republic on the Adriatic had been in the habit of sending annually a single ship to these coasts laden with Indian stores, for which the Venetian merchants charged exorbitant prices. Such a monopoly roused the jealous energy of our own people under Henry VIII. This spirit was directed to the formation of a trade in the Levant with India, without the intervention of the Venetians. Hence arose, under the Tudors, our famous **LEVANT TRADE**. But the established passage of the Portuguese by the Cape, and their tardiness in availing themselves of the carrying trade, which the formation of a mercantile navy would have secured them, diverted British enterprise to that quarter before the end of the reign of Elizabeth. Singularly enough, instead of at first following in the beaten track of the Portuguese, it was attempted to discover a new route, either by the north-east or north-west. Captain Forbisher, in command of two vessels, made three unsuccessful voyages with this view. His first was made in 1576. The aim of these expeditions, to save the circuits of Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, was similar to that in which Franklin so lately perished. Sir Francis Drake, on his return from the circumnavigation of the globe, pronounced a passage by the arctic circle impracticable. This advice determined the English to follow in the Portuguese track. Hence, with the dawn of the seventeenth age arose the British trade with India by the Cape, which was destined to surpass the trade of the rest of the world.

The first English 'East India Company' was founded in 1600. Cavendish, a young gentleman who had wasted his property in England, had shortly before sailed to the Indies. The account which he gave the merchants of London on his return determined our Indian future. A great body of them applied to the Queen for a charter of incorporation, defining the principles on which they should trade to the East. In December, 1600, the petitioners were accordingly incorporated by Elizabeth under the designation of 'The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies.'

It may be interesting to glance, while Indian Government is a

moot point of legislation, at the original constitution of this Company. The shares were fixed at 50*l.* each ; the whole capital amounted to 369,891*l.* 5*s.* This, indeed, was no small sum for a first adventure in such an age. In 1676, the profits were added to the stock, and the capital was thereby doubled. The precedent with regard to the direction weighs evenly on either side of the present dispute between the Company and the Crown. Elizabeth, on the formation of this Company, herself nominated the twenty-four directors, and also the Governor, who appears to have made a twenty-fifth in the directory. But leave was given in the charter to the Company, or proprietors, to elect most of their directors in future.

\* The concessions of this charter were :—

‘Freely to traffic and use the trade of merchandise by sea, in and by such ways and passages already discovered, or hereafter to be discovered, as they should esteem and take to be fittest, unto and from the East Indies, unto the countries and ports of Asia and Africa, and unto and from all the islands, ports, havens, cities, creeks, rivers, and places of Asia, Africa, and America, or any of them beyond the Cape of Good Hope, to the Strait of Magellan, where any trade or traffic may be used, to or from every of them, in such order, manner, form, liberty, and condition, as they themselves should, from time to time, agree upon and determine.’

Besides this quaint designation of their commercial privileges, certain political rights were vested in the Company. They were allowed to make bye-laws, and to inflict both fine and imprisonment, and even corporal punishment ; providing that they did not transgress the existing laws of their own country.

The English East India Company was quickly brought into collision with both Dutch and Portuguese rivals. Actions were not infrequent between their armed mercantile vessels. But the English Company, if duly supported, would have triumphed over every obstacle. Sir Henry Middleton defeated a very superior Portuguese fleet ; and Sir Thomas Roe, soon afterwards sent as ambassador to the Court of Delhi, aided in the extension of English factories and settlements. Appeals against the collisions in which the rival Companies were involved, lay in either case to the home Government. But James I. accepted the bribes of the merchants of Amsterdam, and abandoned the interests of the English Company.

A treaty was at length concluded between the British and Dutch East India Companies towards the end of this reign. But it was no sooner signed than it was violated by the Dutch in every particular. All the English Company's agents in Amboyna were seized, tortured, and eventually murdered by them, on a

groundless pretext that they had stimulated an insurrection of the natives against Holland. Neither the First James nor the First Charles avenged these iniquities. The Dutch Company, supported by the Dutch State, soon grew too powerful for the English Company, *unsupported* by the English State. Half a century after the formation of the English Company in 1600, our rule in the East Indies seemed about to expire.

But at this critical moment, a change happily took place in the government of England. Cromwell had acceded to the supreme power. He was resolved to pursue war in the interest of British commerce. He allied himself with Mazarin, and declared war against the Dutch. The victorious terms which he enforced upon them in the treaty of the 5th of April, 1654, are well known. It is to be recorded to his credit that in that treaty he avenged, so far as the lapse of time permitted, the atrocities inflicted on the English agents, in which James and Charles, thirty years previously, had failed to redress the honour of the nation. It was stipulated among the articles of this treaty, that 'the Lords the States General of the United Provinces shall take care that justice be done upon those who are partakers and accomplices in the massacre at Amboyna, *as the Republic of England is pleased to term that fact*, provided any of them be living.' A compensation of 82,000*l.* was also demanded for the English Company from the Dutch.

The English 'East India Company,' thus avenged and re-established by Cromwell, never lost their hold on the Eastern world. But from Charles II. they experienced the most inconsistent and capricious conduct. On his accession, he confirmed and extended their charter. In 1669, he granted them the island of Bombay, which had been part of the dowry of his queen, the Princess of Portugal. Yet at the moment when the Company were equipping a fleet for the reacquisition of the kingdom of Bantam, Charles accepted, like his grandfather, a Dutch bribe, and interdicted the expedition. He had repented his liberality in having ceded Bombay to the Company for nothing in return; his mistresses clamoured for more pin-money; his gambling demanded a good supply of cash; and he, too, crushed the English interest for a handful of gold from Amsterdam.

The Triennium of James II. introduced at once consistent principles and a false policy. James laboured to increase the severity of the existing monopoly. But in order to explain his peculiar object, it is necessary to state in what condition this chartered monopoly had stood in actual practice. Charters were in those days granted almost invariably by the Crown alone. The Court was too fickle, and the people were too free, to entitle

the holders of these theoretic rights to general respect. The popular presumption was commonly against the equity of royal charters. Their very legality was questioned. The best lawyers openly scoffed at the pretensions of Companies claiming privileges in virtue of them. It was very clear, therefore, that an adventurous people would not be bound by restrictions of certain moral injustice, and of doubtful legal validity. Accordingly, the monopoly of the East India Company was extensively invaded during the reign of Charles II. The traders to the East in violation of the Company's charter were termed '*interlopers*.' In 1685, this body had seized a no small portion of Indian commerce.

The policy of James II. was directed against the interlopers. In 1686, he despatched a ship of war to India, bearing a royal proclamation, 'directing the free-traders to place themselves under the control of the Company and abandon their pursuits.' This decree struck at the root of the Indian wealth which was surreptitiously diffusing itself in the country. Had the Stuarts remained much longer on the throne, it is doubtful whether the British, exposed at once to the hostility of the Dutch and to the growing power of the French, would have been able to maintain their ground in the East Indies. In 1688, James happily fled the country; and the accession of William of Orange heralded a new era to Anglo-Indian interests.

The Convention Parliament, assembled on the abdication of James, opened the whole question of trade with India. But it appears that the patriots were as open to bribery as the Court. Soon after the accession of William III., an address was presented by Parliament for the revocation of the charter. The Directors were terrified. William took up the question: he referred it to the Privy Council. The Directors bribed the Privy Councillors. The Privy Councillors accordingly advised the King to set the Parliament at defiance, to renew and even to extend the charter. The Dutch Company had bribed the Stuart King: the English Company now bribed the advisers of the Dutch King. But the Company were not yet clear of the rocks. It happened that an Act of Parliament—not specially directed, it would appear, against them—had just been passed, providing that every Company which did not pay certain taxes which this Act levied on all joint-stocks, within three months after they became due, should forfeit its charter. The East India Directors, by a strange carelessness, permitted themselves to take rank among the defaulters. Parliament seized the opportunity, and declared the charter abrogated.

But gold once more came to the Company's aid. The ques-

tion went again to the Privy Council. The councillors were bribed more largely than before; for, in truth, they had a great deal more to swallow on this occasion than on the previous one. They now set law and reason plainly at defiance. It is, perhaps, one of the strangest instances of the imperfect working of our constitution in this period, that the question should have gone to the King's advisers at all. It related to the construction and operation of an Act of Parliament. The Court of King's Bench was of course its legitimate arbiter. But the Privy Council, at once usurping functions and discarding justice, set the Company on their legs once more. This was too glaring. A storm of indignation arose. It took shape in a demand for the books of the Company. From these books it appeared that not less than 100,000*l.* had been expended during this single year for secret service, or, in other words, for bribes, under the euphonism of 'gratifications!' Such, however, was the flunkeyism of the House of Commons, that from the moment at which it appeared that exposure would involve in common the greatest personages and the greatest 'patriots' in the land, the prosecution of the inquiry was arrested.

But the necessities of Government, more urgent than the cupidity of individual ministers, threw a check on this career of monopoly. William found himself unable to prolong the war with France without a loan of two millions. Certain merchants came forward, offering to advance the money on the condition of being incorporated as a rival Company. Thus arose the New East India Company.

The hostile monopolists, however, each acted in a manner as prejudicial to the interests of the other as the elder English Company and the Dutch. The result was almost inevitable: they proposed and effected an amalgamation. This amalgamation took place on the accession of Anne in 1702. The organization of the united Company is very curious. The three Presidencies of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras were then instituted. The relations of the two Courts of Proprietors and Directors were clearly defined as the Indian executive and the Indian legislative. In 1726 the united Company received a new Charter from Sir Robert Walpole, empowering them to create a Mayor's Court at each Presidency, which should consist of a Mayor and nine Aldermen for cognizance of all civil questions—a Court of Quarter Sessions for all criminal offences, excepting high treason; while the President and Council who governed in the name of the Company formed in either case a Court of Appeal. In the extinct title of President, since changed into Governor, we find the origin of the present division of our empire into Pre-

sidencies. The development of the European Courts into a form analogous to that which they now bear, dates from an extension of this Charter in 1753.

But the real evil of the amalgamation of the two Companies remains to be told. *It crushed the principle of free trade.* On this point Mr. Crawford, whom we have not followed for several pages, writes—‘ From the union of this new Company with the ‘ old one, in 1702, under Queen Anne, is to be dated the ruin of ‘ free trade, the triumph of monopoly principles, and of course ‘ the cessation, as far as Great Britain was concerned, of all useful ‘ intercourse with India—a blank of 112 years.’

We shall conclude these observations by describing the commerce of British India during the last century and a half. But before we do so it is necessary to glance at our collision with the French, in order to explain the manner in which we attained the commercial pre-eminence that we now possess.

The French appeared later on the Indian theatre; and they hoped to dispossess the Dutch and British, as the Dutch and British had dispossessed the Portuguese. They did not come formally into competition until 1721. The French ‘ East India Company’ had but lately been established. The island of Mauritius, which the Dutch had abandoned in 1712, was then formally occupied in the name of Louis XV. The French ‘ Company,’ content with this acquisition as a refitting port between France and the Indies, made no effort to colonize it. Mauritius under their rule appears to have been as much a *rendezvous* for the outcasts of all civilized nations as are the quays of Constantinople and Smyrna at this day. Among the settlers it is affirmed there were a clique of European pirates, just as such a clique, (many of whom claim the protection of the British flag in the character of Ionian Islanders,) still infest the Turkish ports of the Mediterranean. The island, however, served the political more fully than the commercial pretensions of the French Government; and while its cultivation was nearly neglected, it formed the pivot by which the French navy maintained its ascendancy in the Indian waters during the American war.

But the French rule in the East occupies too unimportant a place in European history to be dealt with at any length. Pondicherry was probably their most important colony; and it temporarily excited the jealousy of their rivals. Perhaps the proposal of the French East India Company to the British Company, to recognise a neutrality in the Indian seas, may be taken as a fair presumption of their inferiority; for nothing in their history leads us to deem them less rapacious than their rivals; and the proposal, indignantly rejected by the British Company,



was just what an expiring rapacity was likely to dictate. In 1746, a detachment of the French Company's forces, under La-bourdonnais, captured Madras. Ten years afterwards, the European Seven Years' War broke out; and hostilities between the British and French forces in India formed a part of the general combination. The French lost Madras nearly in the same juncture with that in which the English lost Calcutta. But while Clive regained Calcutta from Raja Dowla and avenged the iniquity of the Black Hole, the French failed in the recapture of Madras. In 1778, Warren Hastings and Admiral Vernon seized the opportunity of the resumption of war between France and England for the conquest of all the French possessions in the East Indies. The execution of this design established the British people, for the first time, the undisputed masters of the East.

Having thus sketched Indian commerce down to the establishment of our supremacy in the East, we have next to trace the introduction of free trade with India in the abolition of the monopoly system of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Crawford's narrative, which is superior, both in historic fidelity and in breadth of commercial views, to any which has since appeared, thus glances at the influence of America in bringing about this result:—

‘The first appearance of an Anglo-American trader in the ports of India in the year 1784, is the true era of the commencement of fair and legitimate commerce between India and the civilized nations of the West. The period of nearly three centuries which preceded that event, may truly be described as a period of delusion in which the nations of Europe, to their own loss and dishonour, were pursuing a mischievous phantom. During all the time of the American trade, it has never connected itself with any political concern of the natives, never embroiled itself in their quarrels; nor has any American ship ever been cut off by the rudest tribe they have dealt with. In the very vicinage of our powerful establishments, they are now (1820) pushing their enterprises in situations that we have neglected for more than a century, and by their conciliatory conduct retrieving that character which their progenitors had lost.’—Vol. III., p. 253.

Mr. Crawford, however, does not notice the provision introduced by Mr. Pitt in the interest of free trade into the Company's charter in 1793. This provision, it is true, proved nearly abortive in practice. It was there stipulated that 3000 tons of the shipping of the Company were to be allotted annually to private merchants. ‘But the rate of freight,’ says another writer on this subject, ‘was not specified, and of course the Company's agents, with the usual impolicy and injustice of monopolists, fixed so

‘high a rate, that the British merchants and manufacturers were deterred from engaging extensively in the trade. Thus the exports to India were very limited in amount; while there was an increasing amount of exports from India, which was liable to serious checks and hindrances from the uncertainty and cost of the means of conveyance.’ It should be added, that the only improvements of importance introduced into our trade in this juncture were introduced on the unsupported authority of the Marquis Wellesley.

It may be interesting to glance at the extent of English trade under this system. During the first twenty-one years, the average number of ships annually employed was but *four*. It is calculated that about *twelve per cent.*, or one eighth of these were captured by the Dutch, and that about *ten per cent.* were lost. But from 1680, we have more accurate data. During the twenty years, 1680–1700, the *average annual tonnage* amounted to only 4590. Yet the Company had now been engaged in the trade during a whole century. During the next twenty years, 1700–1720, the average annual tonnage declined to 4232. But from that period trade began to increase. During the twenty years, 1720–1740, the average annual tonnage was 6796. During the twenty years 1740–1760, it was 8891; during the twenty years 1760–1780, it rose to 13,350; and during the twenty years, 1780–1800, it rose to 26,300.

But this rapid increase was no result of any beneficial policy on the part of the Company. ‘It arose altogether,’ says Mr. Crawford, ‘from circumstances forced or fortuitous.’ The chief cause has been the accidental or unlooked-for circumstance of *tea* having become, in rapid progression, an article of great consumption in this country; and it would, I imagine, be as unfair to ascribe the prosperity of the East India Company’s commerce to this circumstance, as to take the extent of the monopoly of salt in Old France, or the King’s monopoly of tobacco in Spain and the Americas, or their own monopoly of salt in Bengal, as just *criteria* of the prosperity of those countries. *In the first period there was not a ton of tea consumed in all England.* In the second the tonnage occupied by it would not exceed 160. In the third period, it would rise to nearly 1000. In the fourth, it would rise to above 2000. In the fifth, to 5600; and in the sixth period to 15,149. The deduction is a startling one. The increase of the trade of the Company in the East during a whole century was almost entirely confined to a single product, reared in a territory in which they had no settlements. If we take the 15,149 tons of tea annually imported on an average during the years 1780–1800, from the 26,300 tons forming the aggregate

trade on an average of the same twenty years, there remain but 11,151 tons to represent the trade in all other articles and throughout the Company's dominions. If, again, we take the 4590 tons forming the annual average for 1680–1700, when there was no tea-trade, from the 11,151 tons forming the annual average for 1780–1800 exclusive of the tea-trade, we find that the increase of the Company's legitimate trade, or the trade arising from their own territories during a whole century, did not exceed 6561 tons. Yet in that century, the Company, having commenced it with hardly an acre of land, had acquired territorial possessions which gave them the dominion of sixty millions of human beings!

With figures so conclusive on the question of East Indian monopoly, it is surprising that this monopoly could have endured so long. The iniquity was apparently maintained by bribery, and by that organization and activity which a wealthy corporation well knows how to put in practice against the assailants of its pretensions. The profits gained under this system were naturally enormous. Spices, at the commencement of the trade, appear to have sold in England for 700 *per cent.* on their original cost. But these immense profits steadily diminished.

The final abolition of the exclusive licence of trade, so long maintained by the East India Company, took place in 1815. The results of this measure were greater and more rapid than could have been anticipated. In that year, the united trade with India and China had reached 40,000 tons; its increase, therefore, was less than 1000 tons a year, since the beginning of the century, with which our former calculation ceased. Yet in 1820, this trade had reached 61,000 tons, the increase being immediately almost five times as rapid after the dissolution of the commercial privileges of the Company, as it had been before it. This is a fair estimate of the relative merit of the two systems, even though the five years, 1815–1820, were the first years of peace; for war had rather developed than crippled our commercial energy.

The Company's monopoly being thus destroyed, and experience confirming the wisdom of its destruction, we confess that we should, so long ago as in 1820, have been disposed to regard the Company itself as a doomed corporation. We have already shown what were the principles of commerce under which it originated. We have shown that this Company was incorporated and invested with its great privileges for the sake of commerce, not for the government of territory; for when the original Company arose in 1600, it had great commercial prospects without any territorial possessions. *Government, therefore,*

was the accident of its commercial existence, not the object of its existence. But its trading privileges were a greater incubus on the nation than its political authority. Those trading privileges, as we have shown, originated in a period unfitted for any other trade. The period and the adaptation passed away; and the commercial privileges, for which alone the Company was originally called into existence, were, of necessity, abrogated.

When this abrogation had taken place, the territorial and political rights of the Company, which were more accessories to its commercial rights, out of which they had arisen, became anomalous. So far as we can perceive, the only motives which dictated the retention of these rights under the charter of 1815, and under subsequent charters, were a vague conservative instinct, a sense of the general inexpediency of great changes, and a more definite apprehension of ministerial corruption, by a transfer of immense patronage to the Crown, before the principle of competitive examinations, and awards on intrinsic grounds, had been recognised by the State. The government of India by the Company could hardly fail, sooner or later, to give way to the devouring spirit of centralization.

We shall now glance at the condition of Indian commerce at this day. We will advert, in the first place, to the disproportion of native to European trade with India. In this statement we, of course, exclude the native Indian coasting-trade from consideration. We may appeal to a recent *Blue Book* in verification of this statement. Take first a tabular view of the number and tonnage of EUROPEAN vessels entered and cleared at ports of British India during the years 1854, 1855 :—

Years.	Entered.		Cleared.		Total.	
	Vessels.	Tons.	Vessels.	Tons.	Vessels.	Tons.
1854	2813	1,104,000	3223	1,230,000	6036	2,334,000
1855	3191	1,207,000	3285	1,187,000	6476	2,395,000

Take next the number and tonnage of NATIVE vessels (exclusive of the coasting trade of the British states) entered and cleared at ports of British India, 1854, 1855 :—

Years.	Entered.		Cleared.		Total.	
	Vessels.	Tons.	Vessels.	Tons.	Vessels.	Tons.
1854	9976	450,000	10,069	450,000	20,045	900,000
1855	9696	429,000	9,153	427,000	18,849	856,000

The test of relative commerce is, we need not observe, to be found in the tonnage, and not in the number of vessels. Indeed,

the native or Asiatic trading vessels (exclusive of coasting craft) appear to be by more than three times as numerous as the European. The proportion of native vessels entered in 1855 is 9696, against only 3191 European. The other comparisons run in the same proportion. But the native tonnage entered is but 429,000 against 1,207,000 European tonnage. The ratio of tonnage is inverse to the ratio of shipping; and the native vessels, three times as numerous as the European, yet only one-third of the European in aggregate tonnage, present an average of *one-ninth* of the European in the average tonnage of each vessel. European commerce, then, is triple in extent to native maritime commerce.

Another such view will show the relation of British shipping at Indian ports to that of all other European states. We will take the returns for 1855 simply.

	Entered.		Cleared.	
	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.
British Vessels . . . .	2307	906,000	2421	916,000
Other European Vessels	567	152,000	537	112,000

According to these figures, British vessels entered and cleared at Indian ports present about *four-fifths* of the aggregate of European vessels, and their tonnage presents about *five-sixths* of the aggregate of European tonnage. The figures, however, contradict each other, to the extent of some twelve *per cent.*, as will be perceived on collating the last table distinguishing British and other European trade from the aggregate of European trade cited in a previous table. After making due allowance for this error, British trade appears to be larger than all the native trade and all other European trade in combination.

We should glance next at the degree in which each of the three Presidencies contributes to this aggregate. The following tabular view refers to the year 1855.

	Entered.		Cleared.	
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
Bengal .	1640	696,000	1646	656,000
Madras .	5426	510,000	6207	585,000
Bombay .	5821	429,000	4585	372,000

It appears, therefore, that the actual shipping is three times more *numerous* at Madras than at Calcutta, and is even greater at Bombay than at Madras. On the other hand, the tonnage is considerably less. We can account for this inverse proportion

only on the supposition that the bulk of the Native trade is maintained with the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras, since we have seen above that the average tonnage of European vessels is larger by *nine times* than the average tonnage of Native vessels. The Bengal Presidency, with only 1640 ships, appears to maintain a trade larger by *one half* than the Bombay Presidency with 5821 ships.

This view of the disparity in the usual tonnage of the ships trading with the three Presidencies is confirmed, so far as the relation of the Bengal to the Madras trade is concerned, by the following table, of the total value of IMPORTS (including Treasure) at each Presidency, by sea, in each of the years ending 30th April 1853-55. The computation is in pounds sterling.

	Bengal.	Madras.	Bombay.	Total.
1853	8,387,000	1,417,000	7,097,000	16,902,000
1854	7,759,000	1,533,000	6,701,000	15,994,000
1855	7,244,000	1,500,000	6,244,000	14,770,000

The proportion of the Bengal trade to the Madras trade nearly represents the proportion of Bengal to Madras tonnage. On the other hand, the value of the Bombay trade is nearly equal to that of the Bengal trade, notwithstanding the difference of tonnage. We may perhaps account for this apparent contradiction on the supposition that the trade of Bombay concerns articles more valuable in proportion to their compass and specific gravity. ●

It must not be supposed from the above tabular view that the trade of India actually declined during the three most famous years of Lord Dalhousie's rule. The diminution was caused by the variation in Treasure, which declined from 5,000,000*l.* to 2,000,000*l.* in these three years. The increase of Trade (exclusive of treasure) in the three years was, therefore, nearly 1,000,000*l.*

It is impossible to conclude these observations without referring to the immense change which the altered Eastern policy of our own generation is working both in our Indian trade and in the fortunes of the East. We refer the *origin* of this change to the abolition of the Company's exclusive trading privileges in 1815. That abolition extinguished the principle of chartered monopoly. With that principle there was also associated, both in tradition and in fact, a spirit of the worst injustice towards the Asiatics. It was that spirit, and the principle which kept it alive, that first induced the Chinese to shackle the freedom of their trade. We had to conquer back by arms the limited free-

dom of Chinese trade that we have enjoyed since 1842, and which there can be no doubt, but for the monopolies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we might have generally enjoyed from good will, and even in a greater extent. We exclude, of course, in these observations, any reference to recent events in China: for among such a people, and with such a Government, it is impossible but that temporary violations of faith and order will arise.

Foremost among the promoters of our new commercial system in the Archipelago ranks Sir James Brooke. He has illustrated the exact reverse of the Dutch policy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He has endeavoured not to profit by the Asiatics at their expense, but to profit by them through improving and civilizing them. The Dutch practised piracy: it is our aim to put down piracy. The Dutch established their authority to oppress all but themselves: we now establish ours to deal out justice among all. Let us quote Rajah Brooke's own words, from which it appears that we are by these means instituting a moral authority in the Archipelago far more secure than any power of the sword hitherto established there:—

‘Since the advent of Europe in the Archipelago, it has been the tendency of the Polynesian Governments to go to decay. Here the experiment may be fairly tried on the smallest scale of expense, whether a beneficial European influence may not reanimate a falling State, and at the same time extend our own commerce. We are here devoid of the stimulus which has urged us on to conquest in India. We incur no risks of the collision of the two races; we occupy a small station in the vicinity of a friendly and unwarlike people, and we aim at the development of native countries through native agency.

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‘I own the native development, through their own exertions, is but a favourite theory; but, whatever may be the fate of the Government of Borneo, the people will still remain; and if they be protected and enabled to live in quiet security, I cannot entertain a doubt of the country becoming a highly productive one, eminently calculated as a field of British enterprise and capital.’—*Expedition to Borneo*. (Mem. of Sir J. Brooke.) Vol. ii. pp. 159, 160.

These expectations of Sir James Brooke, written more than ten years ago, are being gradually realized; though perhaps more slowly than the astute Reformer of the Archipelago had expected. The three definite means on which he relies for laying the basis of the future civilization of these islanders are—*first*, the crushing of piracy; *secondly*, the settlement of native governments on such a basis as to afford protection to the poorer and producing classes; and *thirdly*, a better knowledge of their interests, and more frequent intercourse with them.

The Indian Archipelago is, then, distinctively the theatre of a great commercial future. There is no doubt that within our recognised continental empire itself, the formation of railways will greatly increase production by facilitating transport; and that it will thereby widen our maritime commerce in those regions also. We have seen how numerous and abundant were the exported products of India in the most ancient times. But in the Archipelago we have yet a political organization to create, yet a policy to determine and to accomplish. When we perceive the tendency of the native insular governments to decline under the justice, the foresight, and the energy of our own rule, we can hardly doubt that those who follow in the footsteps of Brooke will eventually become the naturalized island chiefs, and be to the declining dynasty what the Carlovings were to the Merovings. It is by such rule as this that the East Indies now begin to yield the produce with which Nature appears always to have designed them to supply the Western World.



# OUR EPILOGUE

## ON AFFAIRS.

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THE readers of the *British Quarterly* will be aware that want of sympathy with the patriotic men who have sought refuge on our shores from the tyrannies of the continent cannot be laid to our charge. If we have erred at all in regard to that feeling it has been by excess, rather than by defect.

It is no less known that Lord Palmerston has never been a model statesman in our eyes. We have seen the faults which his enemies have done so much to exaggerate—and those faults have grown upon him of late. He has presumed upon his power. Men possessing little of his strength have taken advantage of that form of his weakness, and the natural result has followed.

But ingratitude is of the lowest grade in baseness. We cannot forget the services of Lord Palmerston. When the factions of the hour have dropped into the stream of the past, the verdict of history will be, that Lord Palmerston saved England when no other Englishman was found equal to the task, and when the men who have now taken the lead against him would have sold it.

But Palmerston dethroned—what next? The philosophy of ‘what next’ is not always well considered. Time has answered that question in this instance, and not, we should think, in a very satisfactory way.

Liberal measures from an illiberal government must be a sacrifice of sincerity as the price of power. Of all the demoralizing spectacles that can be presented by a government to a people that is one of the greatest.

But Lord Derby will be honest; he will rule in sound Conservative fashion, and his ministry will be only a transition ministry. And where will you look then? Shall it be to Mr. Gladstone—or to Lord John?

To the thoughtful Englishman there is no phase in the present posture of our affairs that is not humiliating. All our tried chiefs, from Lord Palmerston downwards, have lost place, and where the untried that may be trusted are to come from it is hard to see. The bigots of party may rejoice over these confusions; the lovers of their country must look upon them with emotions of another kind. Our forecastings can do little. The providence which has so often shaped our way will shape it still.

# OUR EPILOGUE

ON

BOOKS.

LITERATURE.

*The World of Mind.* By ISAAC TAYLOR. Svo. Jackson and Walford.—Mr. Taylor describes this volume as ‘an Elementary Book.’ In some respects it is so, but it contains much discriminating and profound thought. This it does also without passing at all beyond the range of speculation that may be accounted as home-bred—as British. German transcendentalism has come into vogue since Mr. Taylor entered life as a philosophical writer, and whether from accounting it as too late, or from any other cause, he has not turned aside to meddle with it.

He commences the present treatise by affirming that it is a great mistake to suppose that we know more of matter than of mind. We know of the latter as much as we do of the former—that, and no more. We know the phenomena—the appearances, qualities, of matter, and we know the same of mind, and that is all we know. In our investigations, we are checked by the unknown in the one of these directions as truly, and nearly as soon, as in the other. What the substance is which is supposed to underlie the properties of matter, and which we call matter, we cannot tell; and what the essence is in which the properties of mind are supposed to inhere, and which we call mind, we cannot tell. That there is such an underlying substance, such a root essence, cannot be proved or disproved—both conclusions must be taken as the postulates of consciousness, if we are not to sink into universal scepticism. If we cannot conceive of mind as the essence in which the properties of mind are said to inhere, experience forbids our attributing such properties to matter—the properties of *thought* and *feeling*. We find nothing like these in matter. ‘We rest on this unlikeness,’ says Mr. Taylor, ‘as reason enough for not attempting to apply to thought and feeling the terms and methods of physical science.’ But the substance we call matter, and the essence we call mind, being thus separately postulated, there is another postulate to follow—viz. that mind possesses a causative power—that is, is voluntary—self moved. This is necessary if there is to be moral government; and then the finite thoughts and feelings involved in moral government are all of a nature to suggest the infinite, and the infinite as concentrated in a moral governor. Thus, philosophy leads to theology, and natural theology has its great mission now in suggesting

the necessity of a revealed theology. Such is the track of thought which Mr. Taylor has elaborated—and very beautifully.

But clear and vigorous as are Mr. Taylor's perceptions, and beautiful of its kind as is the language in which they are expressed, his style as a writer is one that can never be popular. Even this book, which is called 'elementary,' is, for this reason, adapted to the few rather than the many. The language is often unnecessarily abstruse and technical. The sentences, for the most part, are distressingly complicated and elongated. The principal thought is given clearly enough, perhaps, but then follow collateral thoughts, and supplemental or discriminating thoughts, in such succession, that by the time you get to the last clause you are in danger of forgetting the first. No doubt this labyrinth is clear to the writer from beginning to end, and by some attention you may always see your own way through it, but the demand on your attention is unreasonable, unpleasant, and to many must be unendurable. Only a mind possessing a great mastery over thought, and much practised in such forms of composition, could so write. But the whole thing is too artificially done. No man would talk in this way, or if he did he would be voted a bore. Stewart, Brown, and even Reid, are light reading on these subjects compared with Mr. Taylor, to say nothing of such transparent writers as Weyland and Lewes, Cousin and Jouffroy. We say thus much with deep regret, inasmuch as Mr. Taylor never writes anything to which we could not wish a large circle of readers.

*Oriental and Western Siberia.* By THOMAS WILLIAM ATKINSON. Royal 8vo. Hurst.—This volume presents a narrative of seven years' explorations and adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and parts of Central Asia, and includes a map and numerous illustrations. It is one of the best books of its class that has been published for some time.

*A Woman's Thoughts about Women.* By the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. 1 vol. Hurst.—A book full of very wholesome thoughts by a woman about women, and one which sets forth its wisdom in an easy, natural, and vigorous style.

*Suggestions towards the Future Government of India.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co.—This publication is a supplement to Miss Martineau's volume on *British Rule in India*. Miss Martineau is a strange piece of contradiction. She is a singularly shrewd person, and singularly wanting in shrewdness—one of the strongest and weakest of her sex. She writes nothing that is not worth reading, she says nothing that should be received implicitly. When the Gorham case was before the privy council, we remember hearing her say the Church of England was on the eve of the greatest revolution in her history, that there was ground for believing some eight hundred of the clergy were prepared to leave the Church if a certain issue were given to it—whereupon a gentleman quietly observed—'if there are eight I'll eat them.' We know which was the true prophet. This book, like all Miss Martineau's books, is a book proper to be read, but to be read with caution. One section of the performance has

amused us. Miss Martineau is alarmed lest the Exeter Hall people should do much mischief by sending incompetent men as missionaries to India, and so do great violence to the highly cultivated intelligence and feeling of the Hindoos, and adds, that it will be 'the fault of the State' if anything of that sort is allowed! A body of state 'tryers,' we suppose, should be instituted for the examination of such persons! So gentlemen and ladies of Miss Martineau's free way of thinking have ever found their excuses for taking upon them the function of the persecutor. If there are to be state 'tryers' for the missionaries, shall there not be a set for determining who among the Brahmins shall pass muster? In the estimation of Miss Martineau, Christianity and Brahminism are alike forms of human prejudice, but if so why make a difference between them?

*The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life.* By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman.—Mr. Symington has committed himself to a great subject—it is nothing less than to endeavour to trace that line of beauty which is said to run through all created things and to constitute their harmony—the perfection of their beauty. Of course the author does not expect to achieve this object more than in part—merely showing in some degree what is to be done, not doing it. The writer, indeed, seems to us to want the leisure, and to want the patience if the leisure were at his disposal, that would be necessary to the production of a great work on his great theme. He is much too hasty and rhapsodical throughout, for one dealing with a subject so vast, so complex, and requiring so much calm and meditative discrimination. But the investigation is so full of interest, that no clever man could write a book about it without being more or less interesting. Mr. Symington has read much in relation to it, and thought much in relation to it, and has not only given us the frankest utterance of his own thoughts, but has freely adduced the thoughts of great men from all time along with his own. One feels, accordingly, while reading these pages, that whether one is making much way towards realizing the end for which they are written or not, they are very pleasant and very instructive reading.

*The Book of Every Land: Reminiscences of Labour and Adventure in the work of Bible Circulation in the North of Europe and in Russia.* By the late JOHN PATERSON, D.D. Edited, with a Prefatory Memoir, by WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D., F.A.S.S. 8vo. Snow.—This book takes us back to the world as it moved during the first quarter of the present century, and especially to the movements of religious men at that time. To the present generation these matters are already very much matters of history. But among devout persons those days were hopeful and earnest days. It was a sort of morning light period in the religious history of this country. Organization then began to give that impulse to piety, which had been given to it by individual influence in the times of Whitfield and Wesley. Dr. Paterson was one of those modest, deeply principled, indomitable men—men of little noise and much work—who served to make that period what it was. The attitude of religious parties

towards each other has not improved since those times. Men thought more then of God's church, and less of their own, than at present. Piety was the electric element which knit all good men to each other. Dr. Alexander has here done good service to the memory of a good man.

*The Defence of Lucknow.* By a STAFF-OFFICER. 12mo. Smith, Elder, and Co. *The Siege of Lucknow.* By L. E. R. REES. 8vo. Longmans.—These two works should be read together. The second, by a Calcutta merchant, who was shut up with others in the Lucknow 'Residence' as their only place of refuge, is a fitting supplement to the first. Together they tell a tale which scarcely seems to belong to modern times.

*A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude in 1849–1850.* By Major-General Sir W. H. SLEEMAN, K.C.B. 2 vols. Bentley.—This is a timely publication, giving much needed information concerning the kingdom of Oude, and the grounds of the much debated annexation of that province. The author as 'Resident at the Court of Lucknow,' ought to know the real state of things, and especially after having taken his journey of inspection under the direction of the Governor-General. It must suffice to say that, admitting the account here given to be substantially accurate, the annexation of Oude was an event demanded by the circumstances of the case. The King, it seems, and his entire affairs, were in the hands of eunuchs and fiddlers, to the deep wrong and detriment of the whole country. 'What the people want,' says the author, writing to Lord Dalhousie in 1852, 'and most earnestly pray for is, that our Government should take upon itself the responsibility of governing them well and permanently. All classes, save the knaves who now surround and govern the King, earnestly pray for this—the educated classes, because then they would have a chance of respectable employment, which none of them now have; the middle classes, because they find no protection or encouragement, and no hope that their children will be permitted to inherit the property they may leave, not invested in our Government securities; and the humbler classes, because they are now abandoned to the merciless rapacity of the starving troops.'—Vol. II. p. 370. This is not exactly the sort of material which that high-minded person, Mr. George Thompson, is sending home by every mail to his employers in a certain paper which sheds its most peaceful brilliancy over London every morning.

*Sunday Sunshine. New Hymns and Poems for the Young.* 12mo. Nisbet.—This neat little volume is meant to be what is called in religious families a 'Sunday book,' and is meant to contribute towards making Sunday, not a day of gloom, but a pleasant day, or, as the title has it, a day of 'sunshine.' With this view these hymns and poems are all of one metre, and that a simple one; and are all of one length, and that a short one, each piece filling one page, and consisting of four verses. All this indicates thought on the part of the writer as to the helps needed by children. But what of the poetry? Well, the poetry is as simple in its language, as cheerful in its tone,

and as devout in its spirit, as the purpose of the book would lead you to expect. Throughout, it is an iteration of the maxim that the *right* way, for young people and for old ones, is a 'pleasant' way, unless they should be themselves disposed to make it otherwise. We advise Christian parents to get a copy of *Sunday Sunshine*, and see if the young folk do not learn to say that it is one of the nicest books papa ever brought home for them.

*Modern English Literature: its Blemishes and Defects.* By HENRY H. BREEN, Esq., F.S.A. Longmans and Co.—A very unpleasant office is fault finding, even on a limited scale; what, therefore, shall we say of a volume which consists of three hundred pages entirely devoted to it? Really, however necessary it might be, we by no means envy Mr. Breen his thankless task of hunting through the works of almost all our modern writers to find out their 'blemishes and defects.' That there is much careless and extravagant writing in the present day every one must admit, and every one who appreciates our noble language must greatly regret it. But we doubt whether taking the French for an example would much improve our style. Is not their 'correctness' in great measure the result of their limited vocabulary? and is not the fact that 'while they are restricted 'to fixed and clearly defined forms of speech, we can revel in a wealth 'of phrasology from which every one deems himself at liberty to 'select whatever is most pleasing to his taste,' the very reason of the superiority of our writers to theirs? May not this account for the difference between our fine early dramatists, and their tame and formal Corneille and Racine; the difference in the present day between our Carlyle, and Macaulay, and Ruskin, with his magnificent word-pictures, and Guizot with his cold correctness, and Thiers with his bald unimpressive style?

In Mr. Breen's examples of 'Blunders' we are rather struck with his miscellaneous list of writers. Smollett, although hired to complete Hume's *History of England*, is obviously, as regards style, the mere 'penny-a-liner' of a hundred years ago. Disraeli has never taken a place among English *writers*; he can be merely referred to as a compiler; while Kirke White and Lady Morgan, Gatty and Soane are names that rather surprise us in a list which includes Hallam, Walpole, Foster, and Wordsworth. With Mr. Breen's castigation of Alison we are well pleased; for how so slovenly and so tame a writer should have attained his popularity has always been a marvel to us; but what can he mean by alluding, in a passing remark, to 'poor John Bunyan?' has the fine simple style of that 'glorious dreamer' no merit? The chapter on 'Criticism' is very suggestive. How often is all just appreciation of a writer's excellence postponed until the question 'does he belong to our party or not?' is duly settled; how curiously the antagonist criticisms of Wilson and Hazlitt appear side by side; the one constantly lauding the writer whom the other denounces. It is but just to remark here, that Christopher North, with his kindly feeling, and truly poetic appreciation of whatever was beautiful, stands far above Hazlitt. The work concludes with remarks

on 'Plagiarism,' and on 'Literary Impostures.' We think many of the plagiarisms pointed out by Mr. Breen were involuntary, and some no plagiarism at all; for, what is more likely than that two writers meditating upon the same subject should each take for his illustration some figure equally near at hand to them both? We think Mr. Breen is too severe a critic; still we hope that his endeavour to stop the increasing carelessness and affectations of style which disfigure our current literature will not be wholly in vain.

*Unprotected Females in Norway; or, the Pleasantest Way of Travelling There.* With Scandinavian Sketches. Routledge and Co.—This is a pleasant narrative, how a young lady and her mother, with only a carpet-bag a-piece by way of luggage, made a summer tour through Norway, visiting fjeld and fjord,—even penetrating as far as that scene of wildest desolation, the Ségne-fjeld,—and receiving from the simple and hospitable Norwegians attentions and kindnesses which they might have sought for in vain among the inhabitants of Southern Europe. We are always disposed to welcome narratives of travel in those 'high latitudes,' for it is quite time that our Scandinavian brethren should be no longer comparative strangers to us. Their simple manners, their domestic virtues, their utter freedom from conventionality might have a good effect upon many of our tourists, while the scenery, so different from that which usually meets the eye of the tourist, would form a pleasant change. We therefore recommend this little volume, written in a very playful and graphic style, although, perhaps, with a little too much dash, to all tourists, who, during the spring months, are planning their excursions when summer days come.

*The Literature of American Aboriginal Languages.* By HERMAN E. LUDWIG. With Additions and Corrections by Professor WM. TURNER. Edited by NICHOLAS TRÜBNER. Trübner and Co.—'The science of philology,' as the editor remarks, 'has made great progress within the last few years. . . . Ethnologists now understand how to appreciate the high importance of language as one of the most interesting links in the great chain of national affinities; and the reciprocity existing between man, the soil he lives upon, and the language he speaks, will become better understood the more our knowledge of these interesting topics is extended.' The work before us, therefore, is offered as a contribution toward the history of 'American linguistics;' and it forms a bibliographical repertory of all the books in which information can be found concerning the languages of the original inhabitants of North and South America, either in the form of vocabularies or of grammars and grammatical notices. The labour of compiling this thin volume must have been immense; and the student desirous of acquainting himself with this branch of philological inquiry will find he owes no common debt of gratitude to the compilers, who have provided him, not only with references to every known book on the subject, in English, French, German, and Spanish, but even to the chapter and the page.

*Switzerland, the Pioneer of the Reformation; or, La Suisse Alle-*

*mande.* By MADAME LA COMTESSE DORA D'ISTRIA. Translated from the French. 2 vols. Svo. Fullarton and Co.—The lady who here writes under the 'nom de plume' of Comtesse Dora D'Istria, was born of an illustrious family in Bucharest in 1829, married to a Russian prince in 1849, and retired from Russia to Switzerland under the plea of ill health, in 1853. No pains, it seems, had been spared in her bringing up, to ensure to her unusual health of body, and a highly informed mind. As the result, she is before us in these volumes as a devout member of the Greek Church, a stern enemy to Romanism, and a zealous republican. Her information—we may say her learning, is considerable, her love of liberty is most impassioned, and her efforts to do her best to serve it are untiring. Her style is too florid and declamatory, and her tone too often exaggerated. But she does not always lack discretion. Her judgments of men and of affairs are often sound, and well guarded. Her volumes consist of a number of sketches touching the scenery, the cities, the people, and the great men of German Switzerland. Others are to follow, which will treat in the same manner of the Italian and French sections of that country.

As an instance of the good sense which often goes along with the liberalism of the author, we may mention that coming to the city of Zurich, she takes up the case of Dr. Strauss, and distinguishes between the liberty which should allow a private person to speculate about Christianity on any fashion that may be pleasing to him, and the folly—the treachery to truth—which would place such a man in a professor's chair. Women, we regret to say, are for the most part the slaves of custom and the tools of priests, but the Comtesse Dora D'Istria is not a woman of that order. The portrait which embellishes the work bespeaks the intelligence and feeling which pervade it. While Roumania is capable of producing minds cast so much after the old Roman mould as is the mind which gives us these volumes, there is hope for these 'children of the Latins.'

*Bertram Noel. A Story for Youth.* By E. J. MAY. London: E. Marlborough and Co., Ave-Maria-lane.—This story is intended to illustrate the reasonableness and good results of 'ruling the spirit.' The evil of irritability, and the danger of habitually yielding to impulse, are powerfully portrayed; and while we cannot say we like the latter part of the book as well as the former, we think it, on the whole, a tale well calculated to interest the youthful reader, and to convey a useful lesson.

*The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq.* Edited by SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, BART. 10 vols. Svo. Constable.—The tenth of these volumes completes the promised collection of the works of the great Scotch philosopher, Dugald Stewart. There is still, however, a volume to come containing translations of the passages from ancient and foreign authors quoted by Mr. Stewart in the course of his writings, and a general index to the contents of the whole of the works. The eleventh volume will be a gratuitous volume to the purchasers of the ten. To those who have not seen this publication, we may say, that it embraces



everything that can commend it to the eye of the man of taste. The volumes are in all respects handsome volumes. It is well known that Sir William Hamilton did not live to do for this collection all that he had hoped to do. But he saw nine volumes through the press, and had prepared the material for the tenth. This left the expected memoir of Dugald Stewart as the only part to which the hand of the distinguished editor is wanting. The memoir here published by Mr. Veitch, seems to embrace everything important to be known concerning its subject.

The first volume consists of the 'Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy.' The second, third, and fourth volumes include the 'Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind,' with the first part of the 'Outlines of Moral Philosophy.' The fifth volume contains the author's 'Philosophical Essays;' the sixth and seventh, the 'Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man,' with the second part of the 'Outlines of Moral Philosophy;' the eighth and ninth volumes are occupied with 'Lectures on Political Economy,' now first published, and with the third part of the 'Outlines of Moral Philosophy.' Of the tenth volume, nearly the first two hundred pages are filled with the memoirs of the author, and the remainder with the biographies of Dr. Adam Smith, Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Reid. To all these reprints additions are made by the editor, and annotations, often of much importance, are attached.

The influence of Dugald Stewart on the progress of philosophy in Great Britain and in France during the first half of the nineteenth century has been great. The school of Scottish philosophy owes not a little of its reputation to that combination of learning, acuteness, and refined taste by which he was distinguished. The sight of these volumes has disposed us to dip into many of the old pages again, after too long an absence from them, and it has been to have the old pleasure renewed, more than renewed.

*The Gazetteer of the World.* Seven Volumes, Royal Octavo. Fullarton and Co.—We congratulate the publishers of this work on the completion of an undertaking which gives us a Gazetteer that must take precedence of everything of the kind in our literature. 'Gazetteer of the World' is a large title, and would be at once felt to be so, had we not been accustomed to meet with the word 'Gazetteer' in connexions which suggest anything but ideas of greatness or thoroughness. A work which professes to tell us whatever is most important to be known concerning the earth, what it yields, the animals that live upon it, and the people who have their homes in it, need be the work of many heads, stored with vast varieties of knowledge. It is only doing simple justice towards the publishers to say that they have taken that large view of the subject which has fully embraced it.

Physical Geography is treated as including Geology, Botany, Zoology, and Climate, in each region and country. Political and Statistical Geography is so treated as to furnish the merchant, the

economist, the politician, and the historian with large and useful information. The positions of places are given in many thousand instances according to altitude, and not merely according to latitude or longitude. In this department the tables of *Positions Géographiques*, by M. Daussy, in the *Connaissance des Temps*, and those of Lieut. Raper, R.N., have been consulted. The hydrographic department describes ports and harbours in a way to be serviceable to the commanders of ships, determining position, depth of water, rise of tide, nature of supplies, &c. In ethnography, the fruits of research furnished by Humboldt, Duponceau, Morton, Pritchard, Pickering, and others, have been laid under contribution. This enumeration of topics will suffice to indicate the character and extent of the information to be derived from these volumes. We do not, of course, profess to have read through these seven volumes, with their double columns of close print, but we have had occasion to consult these pages again and again while in the course of publication, and we can honestly say that we have never done so without finding the information we sought, and have often felt astonished at the fulness and aptness of the material supplied. Of course, the work includes a rich supply of maps, but it adds to these engravings of cities, localities, and natural objects throughout the world. We know of no class of educated men to whom the work should not be in a high degree useful.

*The Commerce of India; being a View of the Routes successively taken by the Commerce between Europe and the East, and of the Political Effects produced by the Several Changes.* By R. A. IRVING, M.A. Svo. Smith, Elder, and Co.—A useful manual on its subject. It did not reach us until our own article on the same topic was in the hands of the printer.

*The Sheepfold and the Common; or, Within and Without.* 2 vols. Blackie and Son.—The substance of these volumes was published some thirty years since, as a series of brief periodical papers, under the title of the *Evangelical Rambler*. They describe such scenes as were then common in what is called the religious world, and in the non-religious portion of society in this country always bordering more or less upon the religious. Their great design was the vindication of evangelical religion, and the diffusion of wholesome lessons on daily life. This object is achieved in a way likely to interest a large class of readers. The characters delineated are such as still exist among us, and the follies and errors exposed are still of too common occurrence. Concerning the work in its original form, the author says that, according to the most accurate calculations, from 60,000 to 100,000 copies were issued from the English press; while in America it obtained an equally extended circulation. In this reissue of the work, under its new title, the author further tells us that it has been thoroughly revised, many portions of it have been re-written, and others omitted, that the space might be occupied with matters bearing more directly on the present time. Throughout these pages, fiction—but fiction in no extravagant or romantic form—comes to the aid of truth and duty. We scarcely need say that an author who has commanded so

many readers, must be a man of no mean proficiency in his vocation. In truth, his tales are well told, the young can hardly fail to be interested in them, while the old may learn much from them. We should add, that the volumes are handsomely printed, and embellished with some excellent engravings.

*The Penalties of Greatness.* By Rev. ROBERT FERGUSON, LL.D., &c. &c. Ward.—The title of this book is suggestive. Men are often disposed to envy the great when they should rather pity them; for it is a manifest law of Providence, that those who do much should suffer much in the doing of it. Much must be ventured where much is gained, and the costs of the venture will often be of grave amount. It is a great mistake to suppose that the men who aim at great things must be in the vulgar sense ambitious—that is, selfish men. They are often the least selfish—the most self-sacrificing men of their generation. Dr. Ferguson's book is full of just and stirring thoughts, eloquently expressed. The tendency of the volume is to nourish sympathy with noble sentiments. \*

It is important, however, when directing the attention of youth to models of so high a standard as are presented in these biographical sketches, to remind them, and with a clearness and iteration that shall not be mistaken, that true greatness lies in doing the right thing in the right spirit, whether the thing done be in itself great or small. The essence of all greatness lies in duty, and the principle of duty is always the same. Men often fancy how very liberal they would be if they were very rich—or how active they would be if they were highly gifted—forgetting that the man who is unfaithful in little, is the man who would be unfaithful in much. There are no people who need serving more than the large class of people who do *nothing*, because they do not find themselves called to do some *great* thing.

In the first chapter of this volume the author shows the relation of the great man to humanity; in the second, the kind of penalties that are inseparable from greatness; and then follow sketches of the lives of eminent men, from Moses to Cromwell.

*The Heirs of the Homestead.* A Tale. By the Author of 'Orphan Upton,' &c. London: J. Heaton and Son.—*The Heirs of the Homestead* is a tale illustrative of life in the worsted districts of Yorkshire, some twenty years ago; although it touches upon topics of present interest, in relation to Labour and Capital, the Employer and Employed. Of plot, properly so called, the story does not contain much, nor does it pretend to do so; but there are passages scattered throughout the book indicative of considerable power of thought, and characterised by directness and force of expression. We select one in which a nice distinction is drawn between a habit of thoughtfulness and the possession of high mental capacity. A father is speaking of his son, whose apparent intelligence has caused a neighbour to form an undue estimate of the young man's powers:—

'Let me not be misunderstood. I do not deem my son a great thinker. A youth,—nay more, a man,—may have a habit of reflecting, and yet do nothing at

all remarkable in that line; just as an individual may be very fussy without bringing into existence any very particular result. I do not suppose that my son's thoughts are of that lofty kind that disdain to associate with the common herd—something eagle-like, that must be up in the higher regions . . . No, they are, I believe, modest, perhaps contemptible, certainly busy affairs, reminding one of the swallow as their befitting emblem, rather than the king of the feathered tribe. They are constantly at work in their way—now skimming the surface of this subject, and now paying a pop visit to that; one moment darting up into mid-air, with sundry superfluous gyrations, as if conscious of the notice of everybody, and in another, coming down with all the assumption of one vast fell swoop upon an insect.'

Working men would do well to ponder the following :—

'It was then, and is still, to a mournful extent, the case, that the moment working men perceive that one of their number has decided to be steady, economical, pious, and to raise himself in society, he is exposed to a regular persecution . . . Sorters at the board, weavers at the loom, smiths at the anvil, mechanics in the shop, have been passed through a martyrdom because they would not run into the same excess of folly as their associates in labour. Let working men learn not to hinder their own order in attempting self-elevation, before they blame the middle classes for not helping them to rise in life.'

This volume is not to be classed with the polished fictions in our literature; but its pictures, in the main, are more truthful than such fictions, and are given with considerable spirit and good sense.

*The Great Indian Mutiny of 1857, its Causes, Features, and Results.* By the Rev. JAMES KENNEDY, M.A., Benares. London: Ward and Co. 1858.—The fiery waves of the great Indian mutiny of 1857, which at one time threatened to submerge our Indian empire, are now happily subsiding, thanks to the blessing of an over-ruling Providence upon the arms of heroes like the lamented Havelock, and the superhuman energy and profound policy of such administrators as Sir John Lawrence. Over the wrecks caused by the pitiless deluge many a desolated family will still weep for years, and refuse to be comforted. But tenderly as we are bound to sympathize with private losses, so huge and so irreparable, we may still congratulate ourselves that imperial interests have passed through the terrible ordeal unscathed. Even croakers are now forced to own that the worst is over, and that the British oak, planted in the plains of Hindoostan, has been more deeply rooted in that alien soil than its enemies, or even its most sanguine friends, had ever imagined. If some rotten twigs have been swept away by the hurricane, the main branches, at least, and, above all, the heart, has been proved to be thoroughly sound.

There are many ways in which the baptism of blood through which India has passed bids fair to issue in her regeneration. These we cannot stay to enumerate here. Foremost, however, amongst the signs of hope, must be reckoned the circumstance that now, for the first time, the full light of English intellect, English philanthropy, and English Christianity, is being turned upon its dark places, and the "habitations of cruelty," with which, as we have been so sharply reminded, it still abounds. The public thirst for information on the subject is, at last, thoroughly excited, and, copiously as the streams are beginning to flow, will not be slaked for many a long day. Pamphlets

on the mutiny, in particular, still fall thick as leaves in Valloombrosa. They are of very different qualities, but we have seen few from which something may not be learned. Nearly all have their good points, but Mr. Kennedy's combines more and higher excellences than any other with which we are acquainted.

The author is a missionary, but so far from a zealot, that we can easily fancy the most inveterate old Indian poring over his pages without irritation, if not without distrust. A pious, hard-working, and earnest evangelist, he has in him much of the stern stuff of a soldier, and not a little of the keen penetration and of the calm and comprehensive judgment of the statesman. Certain we are that the matter of his pamphlet, if spoken in Parliament during the late Indian debates, would have been pronounced a masterpiece of political eloquence and wisdom. His views carry the more weight as those of a no less brave than sagacious eye-witness, who manfully stood his ground amidst the serious perils with which Benares, the fanatical metropolis of Hindooism, was repeatedly threatened, and was thus competent to describe the awful crisis from personal observation. He gives us the vivid and truthful impression of one who stood on the very crater of the revolt, and yet of one who can reason about the phenomenon with all the coolness of a Pliny.

Mr. Kennedy very properly protests against the disposition to attribute the mutiny to any one cause, taken singly, and traces it rather to a combination of causes, the principal of which he here enumerates:—

'We sum up our view of the causes of the mutiny. The Sepoys, Mussulman and Hindoo, are naturally and religiously averse to us; they have no sympathy with us; they are drawn from the same classes, chiefly from the same parts of the country, and have, therefore, peculiar facilities for dangerous combination; they form a mercenary army; discipline has been greatly relaxed; some small, but valued privileges have been withdrawn, and with the growing extent of the empire new duties have been imposed; our occupation of Oude has given offence. Mohammedan intrigue has been busy at work; fear of interference on the part of Government to violate caste, and destroy both Mohammedanism and Hindooism, has been felt by some, and pretended by others. New orders about recruiting, and the mode of enlistment, have excited deep resentment; prophecy has been loud in predicting our fall; and the extremely small European force over a large part of the country has furnished the native soldiery with excellent opportunities to aim at its fulfilment.'—p. 31.

Mr. Kennedy's animadversions on the countenance afforded to idolatry by the State are naturally severe; but the facts he adduces are of a kind to justify the strong indignation which he feels. He concludes with a parallel, or rather contrast, between the East in 1857 and the West in 1848, which is both ingenious and suggestive:—

'We have thus endeavoured to review the Indian *Annus Mirabilis* 1857, so far as it has proceeded. The contrast to the European *Annus Mirabilis* 1848 is very striking. There the word was onward; in India it has been backward. There the cry was, let us realize a bright future, of which our fathers knew nothing. Here it has been, let us live over again the days of our fathers. There the cry was too often heard, down with all religion! Here the cry has been, let our ancestral

religion be, above all things, upheld. There the grand, stirring words were Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Here liberty has been recognised only in the shape of permission to plunder, murder, and oppress; equality has been scouted, and fraternity has been denounced as a most irreligious principle, which the English were bent on establishing by force. In Europe, the people took the lead, and the soldiers followed, so far as they gave themselves to the revolutionary party. In India, the soldiers have been foremost, and the people, so far as they have joined, have been in their wake. In Europe, the reaction has been to tyranny and superstition. Let us hope that, in India, the reaction will be to true liberty, founded on law and order, and true religion, fit for man, because proceeding from God.'—p. 70.

*The Pen, the Palm, and the Pulpit.* By JOHN STOUGHTON. London: Ward and Co. 1858.—This publication owes its origin to a vote of the Congregational Union, at its assembly held at Cheltenham last autumn.

It would not be easy to name three worthies of bygone days who were more honoured instruments of scattering broadcast the good seed of Christ's kingdom than Tyndale, Hooper, and Whitfield. Their memory will ever be fragrant in the Christian Church; and the record of their devout toil, patient endurance, and seraphic piety, presents a striking memorial of the ripening of Christian character under the most adverse circumstances, and amidst the fiery trial of persecution. Their lives and their labours will bear inspection, and the more closely we sift them the more shall we be awed by the Christian heroism of these three great luminaries of the Protestant calendar, to whom the county of Gloucester gave birth—Whitfield, Saint and Evangelist: Tyndale, Saint, Evangelist, and Martyr; and Hooper, Saint, Evangelist, Bishop, and Martyr.

Tyndale devoted his time, his energies, and his whole heart to the great work of unsealing the fountain of truth to the millions, of rendering into our vernacular tongue the oracles of God. Amidst many and sore discouragements, unaided by the discoveries and appliances of modern scholarship, the hunted exile enthusiastically pursued, and at length accomplished, his great undertaking. Whilst thus engrossed in a work of such pregnant promise, few would have had the heart to censure him, had he held himself exempt for the present from the discharge of those more active duties summed up by the apostle James, as the substance of that religion which is pure and undefiled before God and the Father. But to follow his Master in doing the will of God was Tyndale's meat and drink. Who can read without emotion the following extract, quoted by Mr. Stoughton from Foxe:—

'How he named Monday? Saturday, his pastime—how on the first of these he visited poor men and women who had fled from England by reason of persecution—and how, on the latter of these days he walked round the town seeking every hole and corner dwelt in by the poor—and how through the liberality of the merchants his alms gifts were large, and how, when the Sundays came, he went to some one's chamber and read a parcel of Scripture so fruitfully, sweetly, and gently, that it was like the Evangelist John affording heavenly comfort and joy to his audience.'—pp. 23, 24.

To the earnest exertions of Tyndale, as a translator of the Bible, the English Reformation owes, under God, almost everything, whilst the

unshrinking denunciations contained in his other writings against the doctrinal errors and practical enormities of the Church of Rome inflicted a deadly wound on the Papacy. The mighty instrument by which truth was thus disseminated, error unmasked, and the blessings of the gospel spread widely abroad, was the *Pen*.

In his own episcopal city of Gloucester, Hooper suffered, or rather closed his sufferings, for the truth's sake. His previous eighteen months' imprisonment in the Fleet had been attended with circumstances of unmitigated atrocity. Consigned to the charge of an unprincipled and cruel jailor, he had been made to pay for the common necessities of life on the exorbitant scale for which his baronial rank afforded the covetous wretch a pretext, and had then been treated as the vilest felons were wont to be served by the brutal warders of those days. And then came the true-hearted shepherd's sublime blood-witness in the presence of the flock he had so faithfully served. His earnest self-abasement before the Mercy Seat, his calm resignation to the divine will, and his pious ejaculations during his sharp and protracted sufferings at the stake, are described by Mr. Stoughton with great pathos and power. The *Palm* is the symbol of the glorious old Puritan bishop's laborious and triumphant ministry.

Whilst Tyndale is held up to us as the mirror of Christian literary activity, and Hooper as an illustrious example of faith and patience under suffering for conscience sake, George Whitfield, as the prince of preachers, is chosen as the worthy representative of the *Pulpit*.

Mr. Stoughton endeavours to trace to its source the immense influence wielded by Whitfield, from what he was wont well to denominate his 'throne,' and he is disposed to attribute it rather to his entire absorption in his work, and to his living conviction and all pervading sense of the reality of the momentous truths he proclaimed, than to the possession of remarkable talents. He allows, however, that he was endowed with great dramatic power, which is doubtless the fact. He thus sums up his solution of what has always been felt to be a puzzling enigma by all who have read Whitfield's common-place sermons:—

'He was not like the voluptuary, making himself a Hamlet. He never wore the tragic mask. It was nature in his eye, nature in his tongue, nature in his tone, nature in his attitude. He was a man of God, appearing a man of God. It was the actual drama of humanity lost and redeemed in which he took a part. He stood on the brink of a real Hell by the door of a real Heaven. In truth he plucked brands from the burning. He had the awful naturalness belonging to such a man and such a work.'

We heartily wish *The Pen, the Palm, and the Pulpit* a wide public.

*The United States and Cuba.* By J. M. PHILLIPPO. London: Pewtress and Co.—A manual does not aspire to the dignity of history. It is sufficient if, besides being comprehensive, we find it succinct; if we have intelligence we may excuse profundity. These conditions are fulfilled in the work before us. Mr. Phillippo is favourably known as a writer on Jamaica, and the present compilation does not discredit his previous reputation.

*British India.* By JOHN MALCOLM LUDLOW. 2 vols. Macmillan and Co.—These lectures are no dry compilation; they are the digest of the subject by one who is master of it. Mr. Ludlow has his likings (and what Englishman worth a rush has not?), but he is at the same time eminently a fair reasoner, looks at two sides of a great question, and while he avows his own opinion permits his reader to draw inferences for himself. It is all the more to our author's credit that, while from family connexion and early training he might have been influenced to form *ex parte* views, he has not so been, but has dared to discuss important subjects in a broad and generous spirit. The work consists of three parts, the first treating of the races of India, the second devoted to the history of India, and the third dealing with the present of India in its relation to the past, and in its lessons for the future. With regard to the past history of India, Mr. Ludlow points to the three sunken rocks, which, were we disposed to alliteration, we might call the three C's, that have caused breakers a head for many a day in the course of India's political, social, and religious progress, viz., Caste, Crescent, and Company. The last named barrier is, we imagine, pretty well broken down, at all events so far as a double government is concerned. It remains to be seen to what extent we are able and willing, when peace is once more restored, to grapple with and subordinate the Mohanmedan and Hindoo elements at work in our vast dependency. The settlement of the land question, of the educational system, and last, but not least, the Christianization of India, these form the future matter for gravest thoughtfulness. Mr. Ludlow's book is highly suggestive on all these topics, and we can heartily commend it to the attention of every one desirous of mastering the Indian question.

*French Literature.*—Very little worthy the notice of the English reader is at present to be found in this department; political lectures and trashy novels form a large portion of the publications during the winter, while among the works more worthy of notice, may be placed M. de Remusat's *Bacon, sa Vie, son Temps, sa Philosophie, et son Influence jusqu'à nos jours*: and M. Peirson's *Histoire du Règne de Henri IV.* A new edition too, with additions, of M. Amédée Rénée's pleasant little historical work, *Les Nièces de Mazarin*, has also been published. *Le Journal d'un Missionnaire au Texas et au Mexique*, by the Abbé Demenéch, is worthy of notice for the outrageous hostility it expresses toward the Americans—the Yankees, and the outrageous falsehoods he deliberately sets down respecting them. From this specimen of Roman Catholic feeling, we should augur well for the cause of Protestantism in the United States. The numerous missionaries which Rome has lately sent thither must have met with but little success, for it is upon the contempt with which the reverend writer is treated, and the respect paid to Protestant teachers, that he most bitterly dwells; and thus in his denunciations of the lawlessness and irreverence of the Americans, we recognise the exhibition of that spirit of civil and religious liberty that will as little bow to the



dictum of the priest as to the command of a king. Jean Retoul, the poetical hairdresser of Nismes, has published another little volume of poetry, which he entitles *Les Traditionnelles*. These are characterized by the gentle feeling of his former poems, but they are also by the same tameness.

A survivor of the old legitimist party has put forth, late enough we think, another—argument we cannot call it—but perhaps supposition would be the best word, as to the existence of the poor child, the Dauphin, whose death in the Temple rests upon as conclusive historical testimony as can well be demanded. *Non! Louis XVII. n'est pas mort au Temple*, is the title, and le Comte Gruau de la Barré strives to prove that Naundorff, who died in 1845, was really the son of Louis XVI. As this adventurer left children, on whose behalf this little brochure is written, there seems a likelihood that the legitimist party may be yet more divided. No unpleasant thing would this be to Napoleon III., for what with divisions among the royalists, and divisions among the red republicans, he might feel his crown more secure. M. Labarte, well known for his works on the fine arts, has lately published *Recherches sur la Peinture en Email, dans l'Antiquité, et au Moyen Age*, in which he traces this beautiful art from the earliest times. The work, however, is too interesting to be passed over in two or three lines, and as it is on a subject belonging to the fine arts, we trust at some future time to do justice to it.

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#### A R T.

THE annual 'note of preparation' from Trafalgar-square reminds us that the Art season will shortly commence. Meanwhile sight-seers may amuse themselves with a 'right royal' and aristocratical exhibition at the French Gallery, and delight themselves with the Empress Eugénie and her court ladies in all the glory of crinoline, and flounce, and many-coloured silks and ribbons; or with the more attractive picture of our fair young princess, or the pretty group of bridesmaids—those fresh opening flowers that clustered around our English rosebud. But the Messrs. Colnaghi can also show art of a sterner kind than that of Winterhalter's graceful prettinesses, in Armitage's fine *Retributive Justice*, where Britannia—not the conventional Britannia of our copper coinage, but a glorious avenging angel, is aiming a deadly thrust at the huge tiger whose savage paw has struck down the helpless woman lying dead there, with her two little children beside her. To say this is the *best* allegory of the Indian revolt that has appeared, would be saying little, for the 'art' brought to bear on this subject has been of the lowest kind. It is the *only* worthy commemoration of a revolt unexampled in perfidy, and unexampled in its swift and righteous retribution. We trust that this fine photograph from the fresco drawing will soon be engraved.

The 'British Institution' displays a better collection of pictures this year than usual. Mr. Ansdell with his Spanish scenes; Mr. Roberts with his Oriental, Mr. Haghe's neatly finished interiors, and Mr. Lance's fruit, afford a pleasant variety; while Sir Edward Landseer's *Extracts from my Journal at Abbotsford*, old Maida, and a Collie Puppy, and Burns's *Two Dogs*, and Mr. Goodall's fine, though perhaps rather too theatrical a rendering of the apocryphal story of *The Campbell's are coming*, and the eager garrison at Lucknow striving to gain a sight of their deliverers, while 'Jessie' with dilated eyes and outstretched arm points to the distance, are well worth a visit. A more thoughtful picture than any beside, and full of solemn poetry too, is Mr. Paton's *Triumph of Vanity*,—the crowd of warriors, statesmen, bacehants, old and young, wildly pressing on, trampling down the weaker, as they follow that fair impersonation of sin that floats so gracefully before them to the edge of the yawning gulph, while the huge shadow of the Angel of Death hovers grimly above them. Much of the beauty of this fine picture is obscured by its being badly hung; but the public can well afford to pass it by, although conceived in the true spirit of the old religious painters, for there are more amusing illustrations of this subject by artists, who if they can but please, little heed a moral.

There is Mr. Frith's picture, the talk of all, though not yet publicly exhibited, the subject, that Saturnalia of Cockneyism, *Epsom Races*, with its crowd of 'gents,' costermongers, and less reputable company, and for this 3000*l.* have been given! Who would give half that sum for a *Transfiguration*? Truly if public taste be really improving, it takes rather strange ways of showing it.

A passing reference must be made to the Exhibition of the 'Photographic Society,' were it only to remark on the magical effects now producible by that wonderful art which claims the sun as its workman. The landscapes are exquisite, and the artist may learn from the high finish of the foregrounds, that Nature has no dislike to a Præ-Raphaelite minuteness. We may give a word of praise here to another new art which has not hitherto been very successful, 'Chromo-lithography,' but which, by the patient care and wonderful accuracy of Mr. Gambart, has achieved a triumph, as will be seen in his admirable renderings of some of Turner's finest pictures. The *Old Temeraire* was a very fine specimen; but the *Escape of Ulysses from Polyphemus* is a higher triumph of 'chromo-lithography.' *Twenty-two* printings in various colours, and shades of colour, were required to produce this copy of a most imaginative painting, remarkable for the richness and glow of its splendid colouring; and so admirably have these twenty-two plates been 'registered,' that the print might be well mistaken for a very creditable water-colour copy.

*The Political Economy of Art*, being the substance, with additions, of two Lectures delivered at Manchester, July 10 and 13, 1857, by JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Smith, Elder, and Co.—An eloquent little book is this, very suggestive too, and addressed not to artists or art students only, but to all who love to visit a picture gallery, or to

collect a few prints and drawings, as well as to those who from wealth and station might become the liberal patrons of art. Taking the phrase 'the Art Treasures' as his text, Mr. Ruskin very earnestly strives to show 'what are the political interests involved' in such kind of 'treasure,' what kind of labour they represent, and how this labour may in general be applied and economized, so as to produce the richest results. It begins with much pleasant illustration of the true meaning of the word 'economy,'—it is 'the purple, and the needlework for honour and for beauty,' as well as the 'food and flax for life and clothing;' 'the wise cottager's garden trimly divided between its well set vegetables and its fragrant flowers;' and to consider the means 'by which we shall best distribute the beds of our national garden, and 'raise in it the sweetest succession of trees pleasant to the sight, and 'in no forbidden sense to be desired to make us wise,' is the aim of the writer.

Now the first point is, that you will always have 'to find your 'artist, not to make him; you must dig him out as he lies, nugget-fashion, in the mountain stream;' and to enable us to do this, there should be 'a school of trial in every important town.' This condition is fairly provided for, we think, by the schools of design. But Mr. Ruskin's next demand, 'easy and secure employment' for the promising young artist, is more difficult to meet; although he suggests 'public works, involving various decorations.' But even more important than all beside, is what surely can only depend upon a very wide cultivation of taste indeed, for it is 'the kind of criticism 'with which you, the public, receive the works of the young men 'submitted to you.' But although we should fear that rising genius might have to wait long enough, judging from present appearances, ere 'the public' would be able to pronounce an intelligent, and therefore a just judgment, Mr. Ruskin's powerful remarks upon the importance of judicious praise are worthy of most solemn attention:—

'It is only the young who can receive much reward from men's praise; the old, when they are great, get too far beyond and above you, to care for what you think of them. You may urge them then with sympathy, and surround them with acclamation, but they will doubt your pleasure, and despise your praise. You might have cheered them in their race through the asphodel meadows of their youth; you might have brought the proud bright scarlet into their faces, if you had but cried once to them, 'Well done,' as they dashed up to the first zeal of their early ambition. But their pleasure is in memory, and their ambition is in heaven. They can be kind to you, but you can never more be kind to them. You may be fed with the fruit and fulness of their old age, but you were to them as the nipping blight in their blossoming, and your praise is only as the warm winds of the autumn to the dying branches.'

But there is yet another thought; and upon that Mr. Ruskin dwells with earnest pathos. By this 'withholding of early help,' some noble natures in whom 'the warmth and the affections of childhood may remain unchilled, though unanswered,' may find that just meed of praise for which so long they have thirsted, so long deferred

that those for whose sakes they chiefly sought it, may have been long in their graves.

‘Every noble youth looks back, as to the chiefest joy this world’s honour ever gave him, to the moment when first he saw his father’s eyes flash with pride, and his mother turn away her head, lest he should take her tears for tears of sorrow. . . . And this purest and best of rewards you keep from him if you can—you feed him in his tender youth with ashes and dishonour; and then you come to him, obsequious, but all too late, with your sharp laurel crown, the dew all dried off from its leaves; and you thrust it into his languid hand, and he looks at you wistfully. What shall he do with it? What can he do, but go and lay it on his mother’s grave?’

Then, as to the application of artistic genius; the three main points for the economist are ‘various work, easy work, lasting work.’ Under the first head Mr. Ruskin, after remarking on the depressing effect of being constantly employed on the same kind of work, supplies a very important illustration. By the men in Sir Thomas Deane’s employment (in the New Museum at Oxford) being allowed to vary the ornaments, he found ‘that owing to this cause alone, capitals of ‘various design could be executed cheaper than capitals of similar ‘design (the amount of hand labour in each being the same) by about ‘*thirty per cent.*’ This most suggestive fact was stated to Mr. Ruskin by Sir Thomas Deane himself; and, as he truly remarks, what was the cause of this, but the interest felt in the *new* work, compared to the continuous dull plodding over the same wearisome pattern? Then work should be easy, but ‘how much of your work—men’s time you waste in making them cut glass after it is hard, ‘instead of making them mould it while it is soft.’ How much, too, of the artists’ time in Italy you waste, ‘by forcing them to make ‘wretched little pictures for you out of crumbs of stones glued together at enormous cost, when the tenth of the time would make good ‘and noble pictures for you in water-colour.’ Finally, work should be lasting. Now what chiefly militates against this condition is the speed that in the present day is demanded in art production; for ‘what is produced hastily will also perish hastily;’ and then the anxiety to get so very much for our money, ‘so many woodcuts for a penny’—that great boast of some of our purblind eulogizers of modern art, is well rebuked. Why, woodcuts, penny, and all are as much lost as if you had invested your money in gossamer. More lost, for the gossamer could only tickle your face, and glitter in your eyes; it could not catch your feet and trip you up: but bad art can and does; for you can’t like good woodcuts as long as you look at bad.

‘Now, the very men who do all that quick bad work for us are capable of doing perfect work. Only they can’t be hurried, and therefore it cannot be cheap beyond a certain point. But suppose you pay twelve times as much as you do now, and you have one woodcut for a shilling instead of twelve, and as good as art can be, so that you will never tire of looking at it, and it is struck on good paper with good ink, so that you will never wear it out by handling, while you are sick of your penny—each cuts by the end of the week, and have torn them mostly in half, too, isn’t your shilling’s worth the best bargain?’

Plain homely truth this; would that it might be attended to, and we should soon have a most beneficial revolution in wood-engraving and in steel-engraving too. Very important are Mr. Ruskin's remarks upon our waste of time and labour upon perishable materials; or, what is far worse, upon valuable and almost imperishable materials; but which caprice or fashion demand to be continually altered or remade—such as jewellery and plate. 'Now, so long as fashion has an influence, so long you cannot have a goldsmith's art in the country. Do you suppose any workman worthy the name will put his brains into a cup or an urn which he knows is to go to the melting-pot in half a score years? He will not.' And then he eloquently expatiates on 'goldsmith's work'—true artist work, made with the man's whole heart and soul; and points to Francia and Ghirlandajo, and Verrocchio and Ghiberti the framer of many an exquisite cup and salver, as well as those far-famed bronze gates. And most 'wholesome' for the young artist was this goldsmith's work. Its solidity gave great firmness of hand; its value ensured careful and thoughtful work; and its comparative smallness of size induced 'great delicacy and precision of touch,' for gold has been given us 'that we might put beautiful work into its imperishable splendour; and that the artists who have the most wilful fancies may have a material which will drag out and beat out as their dreams require, and will hold itself together with fantastic tenacity, whatever rare and delicate service they set it upon.' Thus, encouraging good 'goldsmith's work' is encouraging art; but the money spent upon mere dress decoration, according to Mr. Ruskin, is a dead loss. 'There was much complaining talk in Parliament last week of the vast sum the nation has given for the best Paul Veronese in Venice, 14,000*l.*: I wonder what the nation, meanwhile, has given for its ball-dresses? . . . . I wonder whether 14,000*l.* would cover them. But the breadths of slip and flounce are by this time as much lost and vanished as last year's snow, only they have done less good; but the Paul Veronese will last for centuries.'

In the second lecture, on the accumulation and distribution of art-treasures, Mr. Ruskin pleads most eloquently in behalf of the ruined palaces and perishing frescoes of Italy; but we think his hearers must have looked with some surprise at him when he assured them that it would be a 'prouder,' and in our sense of the word more 'respectable' thing, to be lord of a palace at Verona, or of a cloister full of frescoes at Florence, than to have a file of servants dressed in the finest liveries. There is much fine writing in this little book; and much good advice by which we trust the lovers of art will profit.

## S C I E N C E.

*Omphalos : an Attempt to Untie the Geological Knot.* By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S. With 56 Illustrations on Wood. London : Van Voorst, 1857. Pp. 376.—More than once we have had occasion to write of Mr. Gosse as an eminent naturalist. Here we must view him in a somewhat different capacity. He now comes forward as a fanciful theorist, bearing in his hand a book which, had it been published anonymously, we should almost have been inclined to regard as an elaborate *jeu d'esprit*. Not having any right, however, to assume that a gentleman like Mr. Gosse would commit a post octavo joke, or indulge in a solemn piece of waggery involving 376 pages of letter-press, we are compelled to conclude that he is in good earnest in his attempt to solve the problem of the pre-adamite world. What that problem is we need scarcely state. Scripture tells us, apparently, that the earth was created with all its physical furniture in the short space of six days. The geologist tells us, on the testimony of the great stone-book, that this planet must have served an apprenticeship of millions of years before it was fully prepared for the reception of man. How are we to deal with these two assertions? Mr. Gosse is of opinion that the reputed antiquity of the globe is a mere figment, and that therefore the Mosaic week was the literal limit of the Creator's exertions. But admitting, as he does, all the evidences of physical age which the rocks present, he phantomizes them, if we may so speak, by a process of reasoning which would have gladdened the heart of a Berkeley. The theory is not wholly new. It has been promulgated in other productions as well. Mr. Gosse, however, has endeavoured to invest it with an air of dignity by drawing up an array of facts which would appear very formidable if they only possessed the merit of reaching and overlapping the question in dispute.

The idea is this. In creating an animal it was necessary to commence at some given point. Take a modern cow and trace her history. A couple of years she was a heifer—prior to that she figured as a helpless calf. Before her birth she was a mere foetus; that foetus, reckoning retrogressively, had formerly been an embryo, an embryonic cell, a germinal dot; and then, first of all, an ovum. But that ovum, origin as it may seem of her individuality, belonged to, and was once part of a precedent cow. Tracking the latter through similar phases of existence, the process must be continued until we reach the founder of the vaccine line—the Eve of Cows—and find a resting place in the fact of creation. But what is creation? A beginning? Yes—in chronology, but not in physiology; for Mr. Gosse defines it as the 'sudden bursting into a circle.' Perhaps we shall facilitate the reader's conceptions if we suppose that a watch could be made at a stroke by a human artisan. In that case the hands must point to some particular hour and moment of the day—say twenty minutes past twelve. A spectator seeing the fingers in motion, and hearing the apparatus tick-tack, after the fashion of a regularly constructed time piece, would

conclude that those fingers had run through many previous hours at least. It would be a great mistake, however. The watch had no existence at nineteen minutes past twelve.

This consequence, therefore, follows—that every created thing, when first produced, must have been produced with certain physical attributes of antiquity, from which an observer, ignorant of the circumstances, would naturally assume that it had existed for a considerable period before. Thus, Adam must have exhibited precisely the same evidences of age in his person as if he had been alive for the exact number of years he appeared to represent. He must have had a navel—hence the title of the book—though no umbilical cord was really required in the case of one who never issued from woman's womb. So an exogenous tree, if created this moment, must needs present a series of rings expressive of many years of previous vitality. So, again, as Chateaubriand asserts—and we commend the illustration to Mr. Gosse's attention—even the first oaks at the moment of their creation would be adorned with old ravens, nests and young, unfledged doves. And if this were the case, why should not the earth be subject to the same necessity? Why should not all its various strata—all its fossil relics, all its petrified proofs of antiquity—be the mere accompaniments of the creative act—things inserted where they now appear, simply because, without them, the planet could not be just what it now happens to be?

Such seem to be Mr. Gosse's views. Perhaps the first question a reader will ask will be this—why might not the globe have been called into being without these lying geological appurtenances? We can imagine it to exist without the red sandstone fishes as well as with them. We cannot see the smallest reason why the iguanodon and the megalosaurus should have laid their bones where they are now found, if their appearance is purely delusive. Indeed, before we can entertain Mr. Gosse's proposition for a moment, we must put down all human reason—his own as well—and adopt a supposition which is just as monstrous as if some learned antiquary were to argue that Pompeii and Herculaneum were perfect hoaxes—mere mineral freaks—since, instead of having flourished for years, these towns were produced at a stroke, and constituted necessary ingredients in the soil! Mr. Gosse does indeed go so far as to make the astounding assertion, that if the Almighty had seen fit to postpone the creation of the world until the present century, he would have brought it forth with all its towns, railways, shipping, and inhabitants, just as it stands! Shall we err in saying that such desperate suppositions are worthier of the Academy of Lagado than of the British scientific press?

It will be seen, in fact, that Mr. Gosse assumes the chief points on which he wishes to rest his argument. It is enough, for example, to ask him how he knows that Adam had a navel, and you put his whole volume *hors de combat* at a blow. His reply must really resolve itself into this—'I, Philip Henry Gosse, am of opinion that such was the case.' The author of *Tenby* must excuse us if we decline to take a mere surmise as the basis of a book. Plainly there was no

call for such a physiological feature in the first man of our race. Why, therefore, should he possess what was perfectly useless? It does not help the matter to assert that creation is a 'bursting into a circle.' This is another assumption, in so far as it requires that life must be commenced with the precise paraphernalia of being which would be appropriate to a creature travelling to the same stage of existence by the ordinary modes of progression. What this irruption into a circle can mean with regard to a planet, we can hardly comprehend; but granting that the view possessed any scientific solidity, it must, of course, involve a continued advance of the globe through certain states, with periodical returns to the same points. The ship-carpenter mentioned in one of Captain Marryat's novels, was not, therefore, such a bad philosopher when he laid down the theory that, after a given cycle, everything would be restored to its present condition, and that he would be seen sawing the same plank and driving the same nails, just as Mr. Gosse will probably be writing the same work, and we expressing our surprise that it should have been gravely produced. Circles, like whirlpools, are most inconvenient things to enter, and we really should like to know how Mr. Gosse would do justice to his own invention. Will he gallantly assert that this planet, after running through certain stages of growth and decay, must return in its own person, or in the person of its young earths, to its molten or granitic condition, and then pass through all the fossil phases exhibited in its sedimentary rocks? The very phantomizing of such tremendous geological periods implies that they must be made good either on the existing globe or on some of its posterity.

It is impossible, however, to deal argumentatively with a theory which starts with a miracle, and draws upon that miracle for an answer to all your objections. The only course in such a case is to put the theorist in direct hostility to himself. The sole ground, then, upon which Mr. Gosse's views can be admitted is the assumption that the Almighty *could*, if he thought proper, and in the exercise of His Omnipotence, make the world in an instant, with all its fallacious fossil equipment, as it now appears. Let the idea be granted for the time. We say nothing as to the contradictions which such a concession involves; nor do we ask whether we have any warrant for supposing that the Almighty *would* do this simply because he could do it. But what will be the reader's surprise to learn that after resorting to a miracle, Mr. Gosse proceeds to lay that miracle under certain physical restrictions, that after appealing to omnipotent resources, he proceeds to cripple those resources; and that whilst availing himself of boundless creative power as the first condition of his theory, and for the purpose of mastering all difficulties, the second condition is, that the Almighty was placed under a stern necessity, which would not permit him to make the world in any other way than the one Mr. Gosse has suggested:—

'We have passed in review before us the whole organic world: and the result is uniform, that no example can be selected from the vast vegetable kingdom, nor from the vast animal kingdom, which did not, at the instant of its creation, present



indubitable evidence of a previous history. This is not put forth as a hypothesis, but as a necessity. I do not say it was probably so, but that it was certainly so; not that it may have been thus, but that it could not be otherwise.'

Surely the same supernatural power which could, in an instant, arrange a mass of rocks in regular layers, and endow them with a myriad evidences of age, could have made the first man without a navel, or the oolite formation without a bed of Kimmeridge clay? Imagine that whilst standing before a fine mansion, Mr. Gosse were to say, 'Sir, you doubtless suppose that this house took many weeks to erect? Nothing of the kind; it was reared in an instant. It is the work of one of the genii. The layers of stone and mortar appear to have been laid in the regular way, but, in truth, the uppermost stratum was contemporaneous with the lowest. The roof was in its place as soon as the floor, and the chimneys are of the same date to a second as the cellars. It was ready for occupation at once, fires burning, tables and chairs all arranged, the cloth spread for dinner, and the dinner-bell in the act of ringing, as if the tenant had already arrived.' 'Truly, then,' we exclaim, 'the Genius was a being of miraculous powers?' 'Why, not exactly,' replies Mr. Gosse; 'he could make the house in a moment, but he could not make it in a month.' 'Could not, Mr. Gosse?' we rejoin; 'you mean, would not?' 'No,' says that gentleman, 'I mean just what I say. He was under some nameless compulsion. It was impossible for him to spread course after course, like a human mason, or to wait till his walls were raised before he put on his rafters. This was his only way of doing business. It is not a mere fashion the Genii have, but an absolute necessity with them.'

We have too frequently had occasion to admire the pious and reverent spirit in which Mr. Gosse's productions are written to suppose, for an instant, that he advocates any disrespectful qualifications of the Divine power. We assume him to speak of its exercise under what the author will deem purely philosophical exigencies. Let us simply add, that the work contains a large amount of interesting matter. Few fancies, indeed, have been better adorned in this respect; but to make it truly valuable, we are afraid that Mr. Gosse must omit his theory in a future edition, and leave out his *Hamlet* without compunction.

*Sea-side Studies.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. 8vo. Blackwood.—The substance of this volume appeared in a series of papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*. To this substance some additions are made, some alterations are also introduced, and the whole is made more attractive to the student by a series of good plates. The material of the volume is distributed into four parts, headed, Ilfracombe and Tenby—Sea Anemones—the Scilly Islands—and Jersey. The account given by the writer of persons, places, and adventure, and even of his experiments, is often in that vivacious and amusing style which the writer is known to have so readily at his command. But the science of the book—what of that? Well, the science of the book is often of a much more profound and original description than the lightness upon

the surface might lead you to expect. Natural history is not so thoroughly explored as to leave no room for discovery. The facts which come up in these pages are sufficient to disturb many a foregone conclusion. We do not take upon us to settle all differences between Mr. Lewes and his fellow-labourers; it must be sufficient to say, that he always shows grounds for his differences. We commend the book cordially to the occasional visitor at the sea-side, and not less so to the man of science.

*A Cyclopedia of the Natural Sciences.* By WILLIAM BAIRD, M.D., F.L.S. 8vo. Griffin.—A full and useful dictionary on its subject, with illustrative maps and engravings. Its information is carefully brought down to the state of the Natural Sciences in 1858.

*The Congregational Psalmist. Part I.* Containing One Hundred and Four Hymns and Chorals. Edited by Rev. HENRY ALLON and HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc. Ward.—Some twenty-five, or more, years since, a compilation of tunes, called the Psalmist, was published, which may be said, in the words of Johnson, to have done better than others, what no one had done well. The time has certainly come in which it is desirable that no effort should be spared to realize as nearly as may be, some approximation towards conformity both in hymn-books and tune-books. The diversities which obtain at present in these respects, both among churchmen and dissenters, is a positive mischief. Dr. Watts, with all his excellence, is no longer adequate to the wants of Nonconformist congregations; nor is the psalmody through which he has become known to us, equal to present wants. The fault of the Psalmist was that the compilers of the work had more regard to their own reputation as skilled musicians, than to the actual capabilities of those for whose benefit their labours were designed. Examine the tunes arranged by Mr. Novello, and scarcely less those by Dr. Gauntlett, and it will be seen that tunes may be freed from vulgarity, and, in losing that fault, become such as no congregation could execute. We are happy to see in the work before us that Dr. Gauntlett has profited largely by experience. His last seven years' practice, as an organist, has taught him to distinguish between tunes which a congregation may sing, and those to which they must, for the most part, listen as played upon an instrument. Under the joint auspices of this gentleman and the Rev. Henry Allon, the music of the church over which the latter gentleman presides, is here issued as the *Congregational Psalmist*. In the new Congregational Hymn-book there will be many metres, as in books already existing, for which there are not appropriate tunes. It is one aim of the *Congregational Psalmist* to supply this want. Another feature of this work consists in the introduction of the choral, hitherto almost confined to the German Church. One of these, known by the title of Wittemburg, is said to be the best-known tune in the world. Some other ancient tunes, of great beauty, are here revived. The arrangement is uniformly a note to a syllable, or 'plain counterpoint,' as it is termed. If the editors bring their labours to a close in the same judicious spirit which has guided them thus far, they will have performed no mean service.

## THEOLOGY.

*The Philosophy of Theism, an Inquiry into the Dependence of Theism on Metaphysics, and the only possible way of arriving at a Proof of the Existence of God.* 8vo. Ward. 1857.—The author of this volume is careful to assure us that he is not one of the unsuccessful competitors for the Burnet prizes. His Scotticisms leave us in no doubt as to the land of his birth, and he expresses himself throughout with much of the acuteness which has characterized his countrymen when writing on such subjects. The writer asserts that the metaphysical—*à priori* method of reasoning, is ‘the only possible way of arriving at a proof of the existence of God.’ Now we have no doubt that our highest and fullest conception of the Divine existence must be evolved from our necessary laws of thought, and so be derived from within rather than from without. But the argument, in our judgment, is cumulative, and comes largely both from physical and metaphysical sources. The full complement of proof is not to be found in Paley on the one side, nor in such writers as the author before us on the other: and good men often do much harm by selecting one form of proof as being everything, and discarding every other as nothing. If one theist expects everything from the *à priori* argument, and another expects nothing from it, each having destroyed the other, the atheist may smile as being left master of the field. Some of our great metaphysical names are roughly handled in this treatise. We commend it to such of our readers as are disposed towards such speculations. It is of a sort to provoke the exercise of thought.

*The Israel of the Alps.* 2 vols. By ALEXIS MUSTON, D.D. Translated by the Rev. JOHN MONTGOMERY, A.M. Blackie and Son, Glasgow.—As may be supposed from its title, this work is a history of the Waldenses, who in their expatriation, preservation, and return to their own country, bear no small resemblance to the Jews—that wonderful race of old, acquainted with captivity, restored to its loved home by a way that it knew not, and after its last dispersion retaining its unique character among the families of men. M. Muston, the author of these volumes, is himself a Vaudois pastor, who in time of trial has proved his descent from men claiming a martyr ancestry. He has been at evident pains to collate the best extant authorities on his subject, and in the opinion of Thierry and Michelet in France, Herzog in Germany, and the late Dr. Gilly in our own country, his book forms a valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history. The method he has adopted in arranging his material is what he styles the analytic, in distinction from the ordinary chronological system. And when we comprehend the geographical grouping of the Vaudois valleys, we see that this plan of M. Muston is the wisest, for thus he gives to each valley its own niche and independent history, till at the end a whole account is rendered, that may be called the ecclesiastical panorama of the Vaudois.

M. Muston's style is simple, and, for the most part, dignified. Most authors, and we are disposed to say, most of all a French author, lose by translation. The vivacity and piquancy of the Gallic tongue seem to evaporate when distilled through our Saxon medium: yet Mr. Montgomery would appear to have done his duty faithfully, and if we sometimes miss the picturesqueness and bloom (we know no other word) of the original, we are willing to acquit the translator of the mischief of the loss.

The introduction on the origin of the Vaudois is interesting; and, with M. Muston, we are inclined to assign them an earlier date than has usually been done, and to derive their name from their *habitat* rather than their reputed founder, Waldo. It is clear that during the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries of the Christian era, there was in the North of Italy a leaven of comparatively pure faith that would not bow down to the gradually increasing exactions of Romanism. Here then was the 'materiel' of a form of Protestantism long prior to the Great Reformation:—Protestantism to which a merchant of Lyons might give his adherence, but to which as being of elder date it is hardly likely, *rerum naturâ*, that he should leave his name. Again, writers such as Bernard, nearest the time of Waldo, do *not* derive Vaudois or Waldenses from Waldo, but from Vallis. We know that this derivation is opposed as being very unetymological, but it must always be borne in mind when dealing with patristic or monkish Latinity that we have to do with *debased* Latin, not Latin of an Augustine age. An instance in point is the etymology of a word in use in our own language, viz., 'veterinary'—to etymology we believe insoluble on any classic hypothesis, but capable of comprehension, at all events, when we know that 'veterana' in *monkish* Latin means 'domesticated quadrupeds.\*' Looking, then, at the texture of middle-age Latinity, we do not think the derivation of Vaudois and Waldenses from Vallis improbable. Further, we think that the internal evidence respecting the date of 'La Nobla Leyezon' is not to be impugned, and pretty well settles the matter of origin. So much for a question which has a passing interest in relation to Christian antiquities.

We could have liked to give our readers an outline of M. Muston's history, but our limits say it must not be. All we can do is to glance at the peculiar interest attaching to the rise, persecution, and final extinction of the Church at Saluces, 'whose history,' says our author, 'no one has hitherto written;' and to hint to the student of the history of religious opinion, about the mine of 'precious stuff' deep in Vaudois history, especially in its connexion with the secret religious societies of mediæval Europe—the Taborites, Bohemian Brethren, &c. We are convinced that no earnest student can rise from the perusal of these volumes without broader views, or without feeling disposed to cherish larger and more liberal theological opinion. He will see in the antique disagreement of the Taborite 'Confession' and the

\* See De Quincey's *Miscellanies*, p. 14.

Vaudois 'Treatise on Purgatory' respecting Justification, a type that has been reproduced in our own time of differences agitating minds about whose thorough Protestantism there can be no doubt. And what such a student's intellectual vision gains in breadth, his real, true faith will gain in depth, and from the very bottom of his soul will surge up a stern indomitable opposition to that Romanism, the essence of whose soul-dwarfing, body and spirit-crushing tyranny, is legible in her perverted and blood-stained motto of 'Semper eadem.' Verily, Romanism wots not of change! Climate and colour affect her not. Take the following extract descriptive of the Vaudois massacre of 1655, and say whether, only altering date and place, it might not read like a last year's news-letter respecting atrocities at Delhi, Bareilly, and Cawnpore?—

'Little children were torn from the arms of their mothers, dashed against the rocks and cast carelessly away. The sick or the aged, both men and women, were either burned in their houses, or hacked in pieces; or mutilated, half-murdered, and flayed alive; they were exposed in a dying state to the heat of the sun, or to flames, or to ferocious beasts; others were tied in a state of nakedness, into the form of balls, the head between the legs, and in this state were rolled down the precipices. Some of them torn and bruised by the rocks from which they had rebounded, remained suspended from some projecting rock or the branch of some tree, and still groaned forty-eight hours afterwards. Women and young girls were violated, impaled, set up naked upon pikes at the corners of the roads, buried alive, roasted upon lances, and cut in pieces by these soldiers of the Faith as by cannibals. . . . And, finally, the massacre and the removal of children were succeeded by conflagration.'—Vol. 1. p. 349.

Such were the deeds of the Propaganda, and upon such things the grand old Alps looked down, their snowy peaks piercing the cloudland like white imploring fingers lifted in mute prayer and silent testimony to Him who cometh to judge his saints. Romanism is still the same. With her as with Hindooism, it is the old struggle of darkness against light, of ignorance against knowledge, and truly the acts of superstition are everywhere the same.

In concluding this notice of a valuable work, it is only due to the publishers to say that the whole style of getting-up is highly creditable. There is one want, and that is a want which seems to cling to English books of reference—the want of a good index. To such a work a mere table of contents is not sufficient.

*A Plea for the Ways of God to Man; being an Attempt to Vindicate the Moral Government of the World.* By WILLIAM FLEMING, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.—'This small book on a great subject,' to borrow words from its inscription to the memory of Principal Macfarlane, we have read with interest. Unpretending in character, Professor Fleming's volume is weighty in substance. Too often this subject is treated much too dogmatically, but in the book before us there is the evidence of a calm, philosophical spirit, aiming to reconcile some of the apparent discrepancies in what is termed the Moral Government of the world. There is a genuine religious feeling about the whole which vindicates the modest yet manly avowal of the

preface—‘Both reason and Scripture have been appealed to, since there is no discrepance between them; and philosophy is not complete but in theology, when it seeks to irradiate its dark places by turning to the Fountain of Light, and to sustain the feeble and finite by leaning on infinite power and absolute goodness.’

The objections which this work attempts to meet are, of course, the existence of physical and moral evil, as supposed to be contrary, the one to the goodness, and the other to the holiness of God; along with the difficulty in relation to the justice of the Divine Being, which attends the disproportion alleged to exist between the crimes and the punishments of this life. The section on moral evil, after a definition of its subject, treats of the evidences and measures of moral government in the world:—the extent and efficacy of moral government; the compatibility of the prosperity of the wicked and the adversity of the righteous with moral government; concluding with a dissertation on the hereditary principle in moral government. In this, the last part of the ‘Plea,’ there are some remarks well worthy the attention of a class of minds in the present day, very apt to sneer at a doctrine which it terms ‘bitterly Calvinistic,’ and ‘characterized by the absence of practical adaptation to the circumstances of society,’ namely, the old-fashioned doctrine of original sin. It is easy to describe this doctrine as adapted only to those who love a perpetual November, or who would fain live for ever in a mist of more than Scottish denseness. But it behoves those who oppose this tenet to beware lest, in the advocacy of what seems a sunnier creed, they overlook facts. The natural world is not all sunshine, neither is the moral creation. The existence and connexion of sin and suffering, however mysterious such existence and connexion may be, are facts of every day life, and while the disciple of a school termed ‘broad,’ may, in his relish for the beautiful, think such facts ugly, and those who must be observant of them narrow, still the *facts remain*, and more, it remains to be seen whether that is broad which ignores fact, or that narrow which, facing fact, endeavours to show that there may yet be a possible harmony between the realities of life and the teachings of revelation about original sin and consequent suffering. Our space does not permit us to follow our author through his disquisitions on physical and metaphysical evil. We close this review by commending the book to the thoughtful student. To say that the writer is not indebted to Butler, Balguy, Tucker, Paley and others, would be only to contradict his own acknowledgment; but if not highly original, he has, at all events, the merit of lucid statement, and for the most part of a plain and manly style of writing on topics of paramount importance.

*Hidden Life. Memorials of John Whitmore Winslow, Undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin.* By his Father, OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. London: John Farquhar Shaw.—The book before us, from the pen of Dr. Winslow, is the biography of an eldest son. As its title intimates, the silent and secret growth of spiritual life in a youth of more than ordinary promise is its subject. John Whitmore Winslow was one of those rich and rare spirits whose

exceeding beauty and merit are, to a large extent, concealed from the gaze of the curious, and even from the eye of affection. From the age of fourteen, it would seem by papers found after his death, that his life was hid with Christ in God. He passed through the ordeal of a public school with credit, and in 1853 was entered an under-graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. He there, both in his first and second year, highly distinguished himself; and all seemed to bid fair for his being a man of mark and usefulness, when suddenly his life on earth was for ever hidden. Bathing at Dover, he sank, it would seem, without a struggle, beneath the waters; and so, in the twenty-first year of his age, 'he was not, for God took him.' Dr. Winslow will not be without the sympathy of many hearts. The book is earnestly and affectionately written; and, as all acquainted with the writer might suppose, evangelical truth occupies no subordinate position in its pages.

*English Hearts and English Hands; or, the Railway and the Trenches.* By the Author of the 'Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars.' James Nisbet and Co.—All honour to the lady whose sympathy with the British workmen has been so genuine as to lead her to spend much of her time in penetrating the haunts and reaching the hearts of those supposed pariahs of our society—the 'Navvies.' God bless her, and them, say we, after reading this book—a book suggestive of no little thought to the divine and the social economist, as well as to the practical Christian. Even beneath the brawny breast of the navvy there beats a heart that has, at times, its strange throbbings after a better state of things between itself and its Maker, than consciousness admits to be existing. Take the strong Saxon way of stating this yearning from the lips of one who has looked at the sanctions of religion with the notion that what 'must be must be,' and that this is too hard upon a poor fellow; but who, on being told, in simple language, of such a thing as choice or free will, falls, navvy fashion, into a difficulty that has pressed upon others besides Edward Perry:—

'Well,' he replied, 'I do see that it is a different case from what I thought before; but now look here. I am a poor fellow—don't pretend nor profess; yet I have a quarrel with a mate—feel to hate him—will drub him well next time we light on one another. Think better of it—offer him half my bread and cheese when we chance of meeting—and we are friends. Now, why can't God do a generous action like that, and forgive us outright.'—p. 5.

His difficulty is met by what we deem the right answer, put in plain words suited to his capacity—the requirements of a real government, whether it be God's or man's. And this Goth, in a fix, sees at length some light dawning on the truth, that in the very sanctions of religion God may be, nay, is, man's friend, and not his enemy. Among the navvy pitmen, too, are some who raise misshapen thoughts to heaven and its realities:—

'My mate and I were working in a pit; and says he, 'I wonder, Bill, whether it is true what they say of heaven being so happy—whether, now, it can be happier than sitting in the public over a good jug of ale, with a fiddle going? I don't know a pleasure as comes up to that.'—p. 18.

As we read this very Scandinavian sentiment, and think of these same men in the trenches before Sevastopol, we must echo the question of the author, 'Is this the highest pleasure within the grasp of these noble fellows?' Even among these rugged rocks of humanity some delicate veins of ore peep forth. A young navvy disappoints hopes of his reformation, by giving way to the temptation of drink. True, he was hounded by false friends, but he had gone into the hated 'public' of his own will, and had been served right. He is penitent, and wishes to see his friend—the woman who had been so kind to him. His 'mate' thinks he is afraid of a scolding, and assures him, 'She won't scold you, Henry, 'taint her way with us.' Mark the reply of the repentant Samson. 'No, I'm not afraid of that; but it's them two tears I can't abear.'

'Such men,' says the writer, 'are worth an effort, the effort of a lifetime, to deliver them from the thralldom of one fatal habit, which deprives them, for the period of its power, of every good gift of God to heart and intellect. Save such men from crowding our prisons, and overflowing our penal settlements. . . . Few souls have ever been threatened into a Christian life. How many have been loved into it will never be known until the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.'

*Altar Sins; or, Historical Illustrations of the Eucharistic Errors of Rome, as taught and enforced in England.* By EDWARD MUSCUTT. Svo. Judd and Glass.—A book full of historical information touching the progress of error in our history concerning the matter of which it treats, and showing the profitable uses to which such errors have been applied.

*The Orthodox Doctrine of the Apostolic Eastern Church.* Translated from the Greek. By G. POTESSARO. London: Whittaker and Co.—We think it is in Southey's 'Doctor,' that Daniel Dove is represented as walking on one occasion through a picture gallery in Madrid, and falling into conversation with an octogenarian servitor, who, with the touching quaintness of 'garrulous old age,' exclaimed, on observing the visitor's admiration of some of the works of art, 'Oh, sir, I have lived here so long, and seen so many changes, that I begin sometimes to think that they'—pointing to the pictures—'are the realities, and all else but shadows.' The pathetic beauty of the sentiment is undeniable, but the old man was, after all, unconsciously obeying a law of mental assimilation, which has another aspect somewhat the reverse of beautiful. The mind becomes very much that upon which it dwells. This law of our nature the translator of the volume before us has ignored. He claims for the Greek church place and respect as the depository, according to its catechism, of an orthodox system of doctrines; but all ecclesiastical history shows, that bad as is the church phase of the spirit without the letter, infinitely worse is that of the letter without the spirit. Such is, and has been for centuries in the Greek church the phase of religious existence, if that which vegetates, not lives, deserve the name of existence. It is good for a church to 'hold fast the form of sound words,' but good only in proportion as the letter conserves the spirit of truth. In this English



version of the *Greek Church Catechism*, by Plato, Metropolitan of Moscow, we find the worship of images and pictures defended on the ground of their presenting truth to the mind, and of its being the truth so presented that is worshipped, not truth's 'eidolon.' As if the history of the human mind did not prove the danger of multiplying the mere images of truth. Man does that but too readily, and many so become disposed, with the Madrid octogenarian, to take at last the pictures for the realities. As a book of reference in regard to the history of religious opinion of course this work has a value of its own for the thoughtful.

*Decision and Consistency, exemplified and honoured in the History of Daniel and his Three Friends.* By THOMAS COLEMAN. London: Judd and Glass.—This is a clear, plain, and practical exposition of the history of Daniel. Thorough and discriminating in its analysis of the subject, we commend it to the attention of the young. There is a want of force and point in Mr. Coleman's style, which we think he would do well to remedy in any future work. With his turn for the practical, his sentences should have more grasp about them.

*Athenagoræ Philosophi Atheniensis Opera.* Ad optimos libros MSS. partim nondum collatos recensuit, scholiis Parisinis nunc primum integris ornavit, prolegomenis, adnotatione, versione instruxit, indices adjecit JOANN. CAROL. THEOD. OTTO, Jeneſis Phil. et Theol. Doctor, &c. Jena: Mauke. Williams and Norgate.—This new edition of *Athenagoras*, by the same scholar to whom we owe excellent editions of Justin Martyr and of Tatian, is a welcome contribution to patristic literature. Dr. Otto has spared no pains to render his text as perfect as possible. His notes are copious and really serviceable. Many of them notice or discuss the various readings, while others are full of interest from the illustrative passages they contain, gathered from the Fathers or from classic authors. The book is well and carefully printed. The white and clear pages of a portable modern octavo are a veritable luxury after the yellow ponderous folios, once the only vehicle for reading of this kind. The value of the edition is increased by four excellent indices—one on the Greek words, a second of the subjects, a third of the citations made by Athenagoras, and, lastly, one of the author's referred to in the notes and prolegomena. It is scarcely necessary to observe that this edition of Athenagoras contains only the *Supplicatio pro Christianis* and the *De Resurrectione Mortuorum*, not the spurious romance which once passed under his name—'The Treatise on pure and perfect Love, or the Loves of Theagenes and Charis, Pherecides and Melangenia.'

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